THE REVEILLE.

For the Soldier in the Field and Hospital.

VOL. 1. NEW ALBANY, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 4, 1865. NO. 43.

The Reveille,

Published every Wednesday, at Hospital No. 6, New Albany, Ind.,
BY
C. T. ATHEARN,
AND
M. UMBDENSTOCK.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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Poetry.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

The old man is dead, young heir!
And gone to his long account;
Come! stand on his hearth, and sit in his chair,
And into his saddle mount!

The old man's face was a face to be fear'd,
But thine both loving and gay;
O, who would not choose for that stern white beard,
A bright young cheek alway?

The old man he had outlived them all,
His friends, he said, were gone;
But hundreds are wassailing now in the hall,
And true friends every one!

The old man mourned both sore and long
Of pleasures past, he said;
But pleasures to come are the young heir's song,
The living, not the dead!

The old man babbled of old regrets,
Alack! how much he owed;
But the young heir has not a feather of debts
His heart withal to load!

The old man used to shudder, and seem
Remembering secret sin;
But the happy young heir is as if in a dream—
Paradise all within!

Alas! for the old man,—where is he now?
And fear for thyself, young heir;
For he was innocent once as thou,
As ruddy, and blithe, and fair;

Reap wisdom from his furrowed face,
Cull counsel from his fear;
O, speed thee, young heir, in gifts and in grace,
And blessings on thee—New Year.

Miscellany.

Why the Valley was Cleaned out.—Those who take exception to the severe military measures adopted in the Shenandoah Valley, will find occasion to reconsider their opinions, if they reason like the old campaigner with Sheridan, who, according to a war correspondent, thus stated the case:

"'I asked them about Sheridan's order to clear the valley. 'Well,' said one, 'I tell you 'tis pretty hard. We get orders to clean out a section. The Captain, he picks his men,' (here they all grinned;) 'he knows pretty well who to take, and then we get orders to burn every barn, every stack of grain, everything except the houses, and then we start the people. We go out in squads of ten or a dozen, and the way we ride is a caution. You see the most of 'em's secesh families; the women are Union—to a man,' winked he, 'and their husbands and brothers are with the rebs; but for all that it's hard when the women comes out on their knees, crying and praying, and their children clinging to 'em.'

"'But,' said he, 'it's a good deal harder to go along the road, and right along by the side of the woods, to find your own brother hanging to a tree, with his ears, his nose, and his lips cut off, as I did mine last week! These devils,' said he, 'if they'd only come out in clear day, and fight us as we do them, and not murder us, they never would have had their country cleaned out as we have been forced to do.'"

An Extraordinary Case.—A soldier in Sherman's army, with throat cut from ear to ear, was thought to be mortally wounded by a council of surgeons, but the one under whose immediate care he was, thought he was justified in making an experiment for the good of others, at the same time having great hopes of saving the man. He first commenced his task by cutting through where the two upper ribs met the sternum, and through this orifice for forty days he has been fed five gallons of milk per week, and sometimes his appetite required five per day. He is fat and hearty, and the surgeon thinks in two weeks he will have him able, and the inside of his throat so nearly healed, as to allow him to swallow by the natural passage. He at first introduced a stomach pump, and thus fed his patient, and after a few hours would clear his stomach in the same manner, thus producing artificial digestion, till it was no longer necessary. A silver tube is now used to feed him.

Practical Jokes Played by a Horse. The following anecdote is from an English paper: There was, some years ago, a very fine horse in the possession of Henry Meux & Co., the eminent brewers, used as a dray horse, but so tractable that he was left sometimes without any restraint to walk about the yard, and return to the stable, according to his fancy. In the yard there were also a few pigs of peculiar breed, fed on grain and corn, and to these pigs the horse had evidently an insuperable objection. There was a deep trough in the yard holding water for the horses, where this horse went often, taking his mouth full of corn. When he reached the trough he let the corn fall near it on the ground, and when the young swine approached it (for the old ones kept aloof,) he would suddenly seize one of them by the tail, pop him into the trough, and then caper about the yard, seemingly delighted with the frolic. The noise of the pig soon brought the men to his assistance, who knew from experience what was the matter, while the horse indulged in all sorts of antics, to show his glee, and then return quietly to his stable.

Putting a Hole Through It.—One night Gen. ——— was out on the line and observed a light on the mountain opposite. Thinking it was a signal light of the enemy, he remarked to his artillery officer that a hole could easily be put through it. Whereupon the officer, turning to the corporal in charge of the gun, said:

"Corporal, do you see that light?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put a hole through it," ordered the captain. The corporal sighted the gun, and when all was ready he looked up and said:

"Captain, that's the moon.,'

"I don't care for that," was the Captain's response, "put a hole through it any how.'"

How to make Pencil-Writing Indelible.—A correspondent of an agricultural paper gives the following information, which may be of service to some of our readers:

A great many valuable letters and other writings are written in pencil. This is particularly the case with the letters our brave soldiers send home from the army. The following simple process will make lead pencil writing or drawing as indelible as if done with ink: Lay the writing in a shallow dish and pour skimmed milk upon it. Any spots not wet at first may have the milk placed upon them slightly with a feather. When the papor is wet all over with the milk, take it up and let the milk drain off, and whip off with a feather the drops which collect on the lower edge. Dry it carefully, and it will be found to be perfectly indelible It cannot he removed even with India rubber. It is an old recipe and a good one.

A New Invention.—One of the new inventions in the art of photography is that of photographing on porcelain. The effect is quite pleasing, the picture being clear and distinct like fine line engraving, and especially beautiful when suspended where light can pass through the porcelain, which renders the shading soft and delicate, and brings out many effects which cannot be produced in the ordinary picture.

A lawyer, in cross-examining a witnes, asked him, among other questions, where he was on a particular day, to which he replied, "In company with two friends." "Friends!' exclaimed the lawyer, "two thieves, I suppose you mean." "They may be so," replied the witness, "for they are both lawyers."

"All bitters have a heating tendency or effect," said a doctor to a young lady. "You will except a bitter cold morning, wont you?" inquired the lady.

There is no doubt that of all the States, the one in which the most earnest heart-prayers are offered up for the Union, is the state of Single Blessedness.

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints, which, if properly applied, might remove the cause.

Never meet trouble half way, but let him have the whole walk for his pai ns Perhaps he will give up his visit in sight of your house.

A man that will not do well in his present place because he longs to be higher, is fit to be neither where he is nor yet above it.

Most people are a little shy of religion. They give it a day entirely to it self, and make it a stranger to the other six.

One thing must be conceded, which is, that, General Thomas knows how to make a livelihood (lively Hood) better than any other man in the country.

[Pittsburg Chronicle.

The Reveille.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 4, 1865.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE REVEILLE.

Kind Patrons—friends of the Carrier Boy—A Happy New Year to you all. The old year has passed away. Its dying knell falls soft on the morning air, as if 'twer by an angel's hand chimed out. Like a shadow it has come and gone, or a light bubble passing down on a swift-gliding stream, to be seen no more; noted by one alone, who sits high on his throne, in grandeur fair, majestic and sublime, with pageant pride, as ancient as the sun, with portly form, strong and erect, with visage bold and grave, furrowed deep with age, and strongly marked with indifference; brow firmly knit with fierce defiance, the index of a heart as hard as adamant, cold as the breath of Blance's cloud o'ertopping crest; hoary-headed and bold, the Titan ruler of kingly crowns; of nations, free, enslaved, and yet unborn; the dread monarch of the glass and scythe,—relentless Time.

Though Sixty-Four has passed away like a glimmer on the scroll of time, yet it has been eventful; dark indeed its issues; dread mandates for the nation's woe have been canopied with the pall of pleasure; the glassy, spectre-haunted waste of death, dropped with the mouldering cerements of the past. Low lies the fair and stately form of youth, and high ambition and uncurbed desire, smote down from his proud eminence of life, and made a mockery and a thing of dust; his silken locks yet fragrant with the kiss of rosy love; his young, unweary feet, with nerves unknitted from their cunning web, with muscles lax and sinews all unstrung, dip in the stirless waters of the past. And with him, in robes of luxury and pride, crimsons of Tyre, and golden Samite, rich as the deep splendor of a sunset cloud, we would note rosy pleasure has been a gem, sweet with the beauties of life. Her bright hair, unbound and free, dusky with rich perfumes; her fair round arms, bare as her brow of snow, and guiltless of concealment; her snowy bosom flushed with the wild dreams of passionate youth and love, rising and falling like a morning lake, with a rare sunrise on it—and the wind; she from a jeweled cup of fiery gold has poured a bewildering tide of festal wine in our midst.

While these we note with pleasure, now neath the mouldering ashes of the past, war, whose splendor in the eclipse of wasteful gloom, sublimely lifts his gloomy altitude above all strife, of fear and chance and change. Forth from the vaulted fastness of his realm—by the old path the scoriac demon took—has blasted the smiling landscape with his breath: has trod the yellow harvest under foot, of our fair, smiling and peaceful land, and mowed the earth with the hot seed of death; who, tossing his blazing torch high in air, kindles the gates of cities as he flies, and flings her crimson shadow on the gleam of peaceful altars, till her flames arise from hill and valley, and the skies are red with the fell splendors of the earth.

In the grim pathway of the demon monster, the slaughtered victims of his ruthless hate, the wailing orphan and the widowed wife lie crushed and helpless, while his triumph march, led by Grant, Sherman, Thomas and Sheridan—brave heroes in the fearful strife for union—he holds relentless o'er their bleeding hearts; and in his mighty footsteps evermore the hungry spectre, famine, follows afar, the dread mandate of foul rebellion.

But above all these dread issues of the day, that hang o'er the new-born year sixty-five, like a dark storm-cloud, "we take no note of time but from its loss," in our brief passage to the grave. We glide along on he swift current of existence before the gale of pleasure, or adverse winds, that drive hard on the pale realm shore. A few eventful years crowding back to dust, pass swiftly away, and we are with the past.

"Be wise to-day." The Carrier Boy, who, through nearly a year past has brought he REVEILLE to your door, waits your gift, whose calm blue eyes, uplifted, full of peace and good wishes for your future happiness, speak a volume of good wishes; and he prays that when life's fitful dream with you is o'er, past the etherial heights of solemn space, and through the golden gates, you may pass to God's white throne, see the shinging throng, taste the living waters and the palm of life in endless happiness.

OLD AND NEW YEAR

Old Father Time, that hoary-headed potentate, has bourn upon his fleeting pinions the last great drama of the past old year, whose date, scenes, changes, existence and revolutions are already chronicled in that mighty catalogue of events, that has registered the existence of nearly six thousand of his predecessors.

Farewell, Old Year, with thy silvery locks dampened by the dewy tears of affliction. Farewell to thy tones of discord and disunion; and as the last sad notes of thy requium echoes on the breeze thy funeral dirge, we kindly say farewell for once, forewel forever.

But behold, the scene changes. A stranger, unknown only in imagination, now presents himself, following closely in the footsteps of his departed brother, bearing the inscription, plainly inscribed on his forehead, New Year. His step is light and boyant with the elasticity of youth; his face unwrinkled by care and sorrow; his brow unclouded by trials and disappointments; his countenance radiant with smiles: he greets the acclamations of the rising generation with generous gratitude, bestowing upon each as he passes, a gift from St. Nicholas' pack.

There is no period of time so universally commemorated by the inhabitants of the civilized world as the first day of the year. It stands primeval to all. It is not simply a national holy-day, to be kept only by one nation, but a universal allotment of time, allowed to each individual that inhabits this vast planet of ours. Should we not be grateful then to that great Benefactor, who so kindly and impartially bestows upon each, all the blessings of time, and the rewards of eternity.

ANONYMOUS.

We heard a Washington county man say, on Tuesday, that a refugee in his neighborhood, repeatedly expressed the hope "that Sherman would be defeated." All such refugees need moving. They excite prejudice against honest, Union loving refugees. There is a wide distinction between the traitor stamped refugee, and the honest, peaceable, Union loving refugee. For the sake of our own well being, for the sake of the true Union refugee, the loyal people of the North should give the authorities prompt notice of the whereabouts of every refugee who utters disloyal sensiments, and it must be done.

[Salem Advocate.

THE INCOME TAX.

There are some very strange things connected with the five per cent. income tax of 1863. Some persons who were supposed to be doing a large business and making money, are—if we may believe their returns correct—living on an income which, in these times, is a mere pittance. We are sorry to say that the disposition to defraud the Government is not entirely confined to Copperheads. Some who are in favor of spending the last cent and shedding the last drop of blood in defence of the country, are, when it comes to a personal appropriation, in the same fix with Artemas Ward, willing, if it comes to the worst, to give up, not only all of their wives' able-bodied relations, but their own.

Many are willing to pay any amount the Government calls for, but they do not like to have others shirk. It is not just to the honest or to the country that such persons should escape punishment. Many have committed purjury who would be horrified at committing it for any other object. Persons with good incomes and living in fine style, return six hundrd dollars or less income. Men who are in Government employ, and whose pay is known, return less than their pay, even when having other sources of revenue. Men with stores and houses renting at high figures, report little or no income. Men with thousands invested in stock or bonds and mortgages, are fearfully poor. One hoary headed rebel sympathizer, with $20,000 in stock in one bank, which pays 10 per cent. dividends, besides plenty of other property, pays less than $40 tax. One of the wealthiest individuals in this city, who, as a certain broker told the writer, "buys up all the bonds and mortgages he can get," returns an income which ought to make even the stones to cry out.

In Louisville it is even worse. Men living in $20,000 houses, in fashionable style, with extravagant daughters, pay little or nothing, and in one case less than $10. We trust that the Assessors in Louisville and New Albany will take the matter in hand, as it is their solemn duty to see that the Government who employs them is not swindled.

THE 17TH IND. CAV.—This regiment has been at Louisville for some time, drawing fresh horses and equipments. Since they came here several recruits have joined them, which swells their number to 1040 men, and we hope the boys will prove themselves worthy of the name of Hoosiers. This regiment has seen some service, as the following list of battles will show: Cheat Mountain, Greenbriar, Munfordsville, Hoover's Gap, Chattanooga, Rock Springs, Ringold, Chickamauga, McMinniville, Shelbyville, Farmington, Kenesaw Mountain, Big Shanty, Sweetwater, Atlanta, Rome, and many others. The 17th is now commanded by Col. I. G. Vail, of Princeton, Ind., who will send us accounts of their doings, ANON.

The solemn stillness of our editorial atic was broken a few days since by the entrance of our jovial friend, W. B. Lent, Esq. It does ones heart good to see his beaming countenance, surrounded as we are by sickness, sorrow and death. We believe that if he could visit us once in a while it would do the boys more good than physic or pills. Come often and we will show you our new press, type, &c., and present you with an extra copy of the "Reveille." Our friend is a public-spirited citizen, and has been a warm friend of our paper from the start. May his years not be few or his shadow grow less. By the way, he suggests a little more poetry as an improvement. Well, friend Lent, we will get our "machine" well greased and try and grind some out on your next visit.

Chaplain Potter of Hospitals No.s 5 and 8, has been presented with a fine gold pen and holder, by the patients of No. 5, for which he wishes to return thanks through the Reveille. Most of the patients at No. 5 are unable to write, and he will have abundant opportunities to try the pen,

SOLDIERS' FAMILIES.

The evidence comes to me from every part of the State that many of the wives, children and parents of our soldiers are destitute of the necessaries of life, and must greatly suffer unless immediately provided for. Let me again earnestly entreat the patriotic, humane and Christian people of Indiana to devote themselves at once to making an ample provision for all who are dependent upon our soldiers for their support and comfort. And let me entreat them not to wait until they are called upon for relief, but to go about in their several communities and seek out the needy and the suffering.

Some of these are unable to give notice of their condition, and know not where to apply for relief, while others are too proud or too sensitive to ask for that which should have been freely offered by a patriotic and Christian people. Let me especially entreat the clergy of the various denominations to address themselves systematically to this great work of religious and patriotic duty, and by thorough visitation and inquiry, make themselves acquainted with every case of need in the neighborhood in which they live, and then make earnest appeals to their congregations to supply the wants which they have discovered. In this way I am assured that they can accomplish more than any other class of men.

And again, let me appeal to the various county and city authorities throughout the State, to make ample appropriations for the relief of soldiers' families in their respective jurisdictions. Some, it is true, have made liberal provisions, others have done nothing, and others again have taken action which comes far short of meeting actual necessities.

Every consideration of patriotic duty, humanity, Christian obligation, and the honor of our people, enjoins it alike upon our authorities and our citizens that no soldier's family shall be permitted to want for the necessities and comforts of life in a State overflowing with pro-perity and abundance.

O. P. MORTON.
Gov. Ind.

Kerosene Oil applied to the parts affected, is the latest remedy for rheumatism.

THE WAR NEWS.

From the telegraphic dispatches we gather the following summary of war news:

The World's corespondent says that the rebbles planted torpedoes in the roads leading to Savannah, causing our troops much annoyance. Generla Sherman compelled the rebel prisoners to point out these places. The line of inuestment around Savannah was nearly thirty miles long. in several places it was made ub of lakes and swamps, with only a single line of pickets. The only approaches the rebels had to our lines were by four roads, as the swamps at the time of the surrender ware flooded. Preparations were nearly compleat for cutting the Union causeway inclosing Hardee's army. A long line of heavy artillery was in position and shelling about to commence. Sherman told the division commanders that the first one to enter should be made Military Governor of the post. This fact brought the troops up as fast as possible.

Gen. Hardee, at the time of his escape, opened fire with the ram Savannah and his guns along the line, thus covering his movemments. As soon as the crossing was completed their rams were blown up. General Foster's corps next moved up. taking up some of the torpedoes, and returned as soon as dispatches were written. The city is uninjured and a Provost Guard is detailed to preserved order. It is rumord that a considerable quantity of rebel government property is in the city. A thorough search will be made.

The forts for the defense of thecity prove less formidable than was supposed, the principal reliance being on the torpedoes and biles. One torpedo boat and three smell steamers were captured. The people are quiet and well disposed. and reported many Unionists among them. The officers who escaped from the rebel prisons say they were concealed and kindly treated in Savannah.

In addition to the 32,000 bales of cotton captured, about $2,000,000 worth of rice has been discovered. In the march from Atlanta to Savanah, it is estimated that 15,000 bales of cotton were destroyed, togather with all other public property. Kilpatrick had only one flight of importance. Sheman's whole loss since leaving Atlanta is less than 2,000 men. About 400 were lost in tne investment of savannah and 500 by straggling in the march. Kilpatrick at one time chased Wheeler 40 miles without bringing him to a fight.

Gen. Geary has been appointed Military Governor of Savannah, his division being the first to enter the city.

While Wheeler's cavalry was stationed in Savannah, it plundered many stores and committed numerous outrages. After Hardee's evacuation, and before our troops occupied the city, mobs broke into several shops and warehouses. Gen. Hardee's wife and children remain in Savannah.

A special dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette, dated Decatur, Ala., Dec. 29, says:

General Steedman transferred his command to the south bank of the Tennesse, above this place, night before last, and threw it quiakly upon the town. The enemy, under Hood, rapidly retreated.

Our cavalry, under Colonel Polley, 10th Indiana, captured two 12-pounders guns, with their horses and caissons. They also took a number of prisoners.

In the recent attack on Wilmington the 117 New York regiment captured the Captain of a battery and a battallion of reserves, who surrendered without any resistance, and marched in good order with their captors, under command of their own officers, and carrying their own arms. It was considered a piece of most exquisite pleasantry to convey a party of the enemy who equalled them in numbers, and each of whom was armed with a loaded and capped Austrian rifle.

AFFAIRS AT MOBILE.—The New Orleans Era of Dec. 14, says: A gentleman called upon us yesterday, who left Mobile on the 5th inst., and arrived here yesterday morning. He is an old resident of Mobile, and fully conversant with affairs in that place. The people are very gloomy and desperate, and two-thirds are longing for our forces to capture the city. There was much disappointtent felt because the fleet did not push on to me city immediately after the capture of the forts.

There are about seven thousand troops at Mobile, all militia excepting Baker's brigade of Alabamians, numbering 500 or 600 men, and the 15th Confederate cavalry, of Forrest's command. There are but two ironclads, and neither of these of much use, owing to lack of propelling power. It is the firm belief of our informant that the defences of the city can be taken without much fighting, by a land force; but he thinks gunboats would experience great difficulty from torpedoes. They can, however, get within shelling distance of the city.

Gen. Stoneman has retnrned to Nashville from a successful expedition into East Tennessee and South Western Virginia. The loss by this raid—to the rebels—is irretrievable. The railroad bridges from New River, Va., to the Tennessee line, are destroyed, Thirteen railroad trains with the locomotives of several trains, and extra cars without engines, were captured and destroyed. All the depots of supplies in South Western Virginia, the railroad depots, all the foundries, mills, factories. storehouses, wagons and ambulance trains and turnpike bridges were destroyed.

In addition, we captured 2500 rounds of artillery ammunition, 2000 pack saddles and a large amount of harness and a great quantity of small arms; 2000 horses and 1000 males. Among the captures were two rebel editors and four secession printing presses. The latter were sent to Parson Brownlow as a Christmas gift

A severe loss to the rebels was the destruction of the salt works at Saltvtlle and the lead works at Leadville. Both were rendered valueless.

Our losses were very small—not exceeding 200 killed, wouneed and missing. Among the killed was Col. Boyle, of the 11th Kentucky cavalry. Our captured rebel prisoners amount to 34 officers and 845 men.

East Tennessee is now free from any organized bands of rebels, and Kentucky is not infested with any rebel forces,

On the 13th a small force of our troops made a raid into Alabama, to sever communication by telegraph and rail at Pollard, and destroy such property and stores as might be found there. The quartermaster's and commissary's storehouses were filled with stores and the ordinance building with 2000 stand of arms. The trestle work and a number of miles of rail raad were destroyed by our troops. On the return they were met at Little Escambia by the enemy under Col. Armistead, who opposed their crossing the bridge. The enemy were repulsed and seven of their flags captured. Col. Robinson of the 97th Colored Infantry, was wounded in the thigh.

Jeff. Davis having asked for an iecreased salary, a bill passed the rebel Senate to provide for ligiuting and warming the Executive Mansion, &c., &c., also on the svpply of forage and commissary stores for the Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the Confederate States. The Examiner redicules the act with biting sarcasm.

The Richmond Examiner of the 29th says the pirate Alexandria has been seized at Nassau by order of the British Government.

Col. Mulford goes to Richmond this week, to negotiate a new cartell that will probably exchange all our prisoners in the South.

The authorities at Richmond are about to organize a movement which will astonish the world.

Nearly all the vessels of the fleet sent to Wilmington, have returned to Fort Monroe.

The railroad between Chattanooga and Nashville is now open.

MEDALS.—Medals of honor for valor have been presented to the following, among other soldiers, of the Army of the Potomac. The names of the battles in which the recipients displayed bravery are appended: Lewis Rounds, C, 4th Ohio, Spottsylvania; Lewis Morgan, C, 4th Ohio, Spottsylvania; Oliver Rood, F, 20th Ind., Gettysburg; Sergt. W. P. Thompson, G, 20th Ind., Wilderness; John M. Opel, G, 7th Ind., Spottsylvania.

SHARPSHOOTING AMONG THE D. D.'s. At a great breakfast party lately given by members of the Union League Club in New York, to a distinduished gentleman, a passage at arms between Rev. Dr. Cox and Rev. Dr. Bellows created some amusemant. In the course of a speech made by Dr. Cox. he stated in substance that, as a clergyman, he felt bound to abstain from seculiar contests, and he had therefore not felt at liberty to vote at elections or give his voice at any meetings called for the promotion and encouragement of the war. He then went on to speak with some severity of the management of the Sanitary Commission. Dr. Bellows, in reply, is said to have brought down the house by the suggestion that "Cocks that will neither vote nor fight had better abstain from crowing."

SANITARY FAIR INCIDENT IN CALIFORNIA.—A poor little boy brought a white chicken to the fair, which was all that he had to offer, saying it might make some broth for a poor sick soldier. He had decked his little offering with ribbons of "red, white and blue;" but as he had no money to pay the admittance fee, when he come to the door he was rejected. As he went down the street, some gentleman seeing his distress listened to his story, gave him a ticket and sent him in. The simplicity of the donor and the beauty of the offering attracted attention, and the chicken was put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder for $460 in gold, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission.—[Letter from Marysville, Cal.

A Rebel Soldier, was asked by a Federal soldier, if he was not ashamed to fight against so glorious a flag, pointing towards the stares and stripes, that were waving, so proudly on the breeze. Why no said he, I never saw or heare of it, until I joined the army. The Federal being convinced of his ignorance, turned away and left him for a moment, then returned and said, my friend, do you know that Jesus Christ is dead? With astonishment he answered, is he dead? to what Regiment did he belong? When was he killed? Without anothr word, the Federal left him with his last question unanswered.

An Englishman has taken the pains to weigh the clothes worn by a lady of eighteen of average size, and says their weight is 14½ pounds. He thiuks there is no doubt that by continually carrying this burden about them, ladies waste their physical strength.

Hospital Chaplains.

Rev. E. J. PURDY Chaplain No. 6. Religious Services at No. 6. Tuesday 7½, P. M. Sunday 11 o'clock. A. M.

Rev. W. V. DANIEL, Chaplain No. 4, and Floating Hospital.

Rev. S. S. POTTER, Chaplain No's. 5 and 8. Services at 10 A. M, and at 2 and 6 P. M. Sunday.

HOSPITAL REPORT.

Changes at General Hospital No. 6, for the week ending January 4th.

Whole number of beds,	550.
Admitted,	0.
Discharged from Service,	0.
Returned to duty,	11.
Transfered	6,
Deserted,	0.
Furloughed,	3.
Died	2.
Remaining	475.

Cigars.

20,000 Cigars, on hand and for sale by JOHN MANN.

CHEAP

CLOTHING!

FRANK SMITH,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Market Street, corner Lower First,

NEW ALBANY, IND.

dec21

Sundries.

50 Boxes strictly prime W. R. Cheese,

50 Kitts Extra Mackerel.

Just received and for sale by

JOHN MANN,
No. 67 State Street.

Dec. 21.

VARIETIES

For Christmas!

Sweet Cider in Bbls; Cheese; Beautiful New Raisins in quarter boxes.
Real Pennsylvania Buck Wheat Flour.
Hominy by the barrel or bushel.
Bologna Sausage. Cuba Six Cigars.
Citron. Dried Beef, &c.
For sale at REILLY'S,
41 45 State Street.

IF YOU WANT A

TRUNK,

VALISE,

Or anything in the traveling line, call at

JOHN STACY'S,

on Main, between Pearl and State, No. 278, where they are made, and will be sold cheaper than they are in Louisville, by 25 per cent. JOHN STACY.

dec21

CHEAP

Boots & Shoes.

J. C. HURSELL,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Ladies', Jentlemen's and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 244 MAIN ST., NEW ALBANY. IND

All descriptions of Boots and Shoes at very lowest prices.

Persons will do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

dec21

ATTENTION!

EVERYBODY!

If you want good

PHOTOGRAPHS,

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Wilson's Gallery,

No. 42 State Street, between Main and Market. 89cf

MISCELLANY.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.—The following interesting illustration is selected from the journal of a missionary who travelled in Greece some time ago:

Having my attention directed to the words, "The sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name," etc., I enquired if it was usual in Greece to give names to sheep. He informed me that it was, and the next day I had an opportunity of verifying the truth of his assertion. Passing by a flock of sheep, I asked the shepherd the same question, and he gave me the same answer. I then bade him call one of his sheep. He did so, and it instantly left its pasturage and its companions, and ran up to the hand of the shepherd, with signs of pleasure, and with a prompt obedience I had never before observed in any other animal. It is also true of the sheep in this country, that "a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers." The shepherd told me that many of his sheep are still wild; that they had not yet learned their names; but that by teaching they would all learn them. The others, which knew their names, he called tame. [Chris. Times.

GOOD ADVICE.—William Wirt's letter to his daughter on the "small, sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned:

"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, who cared for nobody—no, not he, because nobody cared for him. And the whole world would serve you so, if you gave them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is still to please, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting or standing."

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SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE
Constantly on hand, as
TEA SETS,
CASTORS,
WAITERS,
PITCHERS,
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SPOONS,
FORKS,
GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,
Spectacles, Gold Pens of the finest quality,.
In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of
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MERCHANT TAILOR,
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50 Kitts Extra Mackerel.
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JOHN MANN,
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For Christmas!
Sweet Cider in Bbls; Cheese; Beautiful New Raisins in quarter boxes.
Real Pennsylvania Buck Wheat Flour.
Hominy by the barrel or bushel.
Bologna Sausage. Cuba Six Cigars.
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BOOTS AND SHOES,
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All descriptions of Boots and Shoes at very lowest prices.
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If you want good
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FRANTZ'S
STENCIL ESTABLISHMENT,
Get your name cut on BRASS or SILVER PLATE, so that you will be able to mark your name on Linnen, Silk or Cotton Apareal, Books, Cards, &c. with Indelible Ink.
Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates for all business. Many years experience and uniform price enable me to confidentally recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.
P. FRENTZ.
No. 336 MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.
NEW ALBANY, INDIANA, September 3rd, 1864.

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DRUGGIST & CHEMIST,
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☞ Prescriptions carefully prepared at all hours

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TRY
STRICKLAND'S
MELLIFLUOUS
COUGH BALSAM.
Cures Caughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of
STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM,
to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gurgle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.
Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by Druggists generally. Sold at J. H. Conner's Drug Store New Albany, Indiana.

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HERMAN PRALLE,
Wholesale and retail dealer in
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PIPES, TOBACCO BOXES, ETC., ETC
Next door to the Post Office, sign of the big Indian.

THE REVEILLE.

For the Soldier in the Field and Hospital.

VOL. 1. NEW ALBANY, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 11, 1865. NO. 44.

The Reveille,

Published every Wednesday, at

Hospital No. 6, New Albany, Ind.,

BY

C. T. ATHEARN,

AND

M. UMBDENSTOCK.

Terms, fifty cents for three months

Letters and communications should be addressed to the "Reveille."

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted in this paper at the rate of One Dollar a square for a single insertion; and continued for One Dollar per month.

POETRY.

OLD KING COAL.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul,
"I'll move the world," quoth he;
"My country's high and rich and great,
But greater she shall be;"
And he called for the pick, and he called for the spade,
And he called for his miners bold;
"And it's dig," he said, "in the deep, deep earth,
You'll find my treasures better worth
Than mines of Indian gold."

Old King Coal was a merry old soul,
Yet not content was he;
And he said, "I've found what I desired,
Though 'tis but one of three."
And he called for water and he called for fire,
For smiths and workmen true;
Come build me engines great and strong;
"We'll have," quoth he, a change ere long,
We'll try what steam can do."

Old King Coal was a merry old soul,
"'Tis fairly done," quoth he,
When he saw the myriad wheels at work
O'er all the land and sea;
They spared the bones and strength of the men,
They hammered, wove and spun;
There was naught too great, too mean or small,
The giant steam had power for all;
His task was never done.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul,
Quoth he, "We travel slow;
I should like to roam the wide world round,
As fast as the wild winds blow."
And he called for his skilful engineers,
And soon through hills and vales,
O'er rivers wide, through tunnels vast,
The flying trains like lightning passed,
On the ribs of the mighty rails.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul is he;
May he never fail in the land we love,
Who has made us great and free.
While his miners mine, and his engines work,
Through all our happy land,
We shall flourish fair in the morning light,
And our name and our fame, and our might,
and our right,
In front of the world shall stand.

MISCELLANY.

AN ADVENTURE.

The late celebrated Mr. Clay once told the following anecdote to a friend:

Travelling in early manhood in a public conveyance, in a South Eastern State, he found himself in the company of three other persons, consisting of a young lady and gentleman, her husband, and of a person muffled up in a cloak, whose countenance was concealed, and who appeared to be indulging in tete-a-tete with Morpheus. Suddenly a big, brawny Kentuckian got into the coach smoking a cigar, and frowning fiercely around, as much as to say, "I am half horse, half alligator; the yaller flower of the forest, all brimstone but the head and ears, and that aqua-fortis." In fact, he looked as savage as a meat axe, and puffed forth huge volumes of smoke without reference to the company within, especially of the lady, who manifested certain timid symptoms of annoyance. Presently, after some whispering, the gentleman with her, in the politest accents, requested the stranger not to smoke, as it annoyed his companion. The fellow answered, "I reckon I've paid my place. I'll smoke as much as I darn please, and all h—l shan't stop me, no how." With that he looked dangerous, and rolled his eyes round as fiercely as a rattle-snake. It was evident he had no objection to a quarrel, and that, if it occurred, it was likely to lead to a deadly struggle. The young man who had spoken to him shrank back and was silent. Clay felt his gallantry aroused. He considered for a moment whether he should interfere, but experienced a natural reluctance to draw upon himself the brutal violence of his gigantic adversary. In that lawless country he knew his life might be sacrificed unavenged. He knew himself physically unequal to the contest, and he thought, after all, it was not his business Quixotically to take up another man's quarrel.

Feeling pity for the insulted, and disgust for the insulter, he determined to take no notice; when, very quietly indeed, the cloaked figure in the corner assumed an upright position, and the mantle was suffered to fall from it without effort or excitement. The small but sinewy frame of a man, plainly dressed in a tightly-buttoned frock-coat, with nothing remarkable about his appearance, was seen, and a pair of bright gray eyes sought the fierce optics of the ferocious Kentuckian. Without a word, this "lay figure" passed his hand under his collar and at the back of his neck, and slowly and deliberately pulled forth a long, extremely long, and glittering knife from its sheath in that singular place.

"Stranger," he said, "my name is Colonel James Bowie, well known in Arkansas and Louisiana, and if you don't put that cigar out of the window in a quarter of a minute, I'll put this knife through your bowels, as sure as death."

Clay said he never forgot in after life the expression of the Colonel's eyes at that moment. The predominant impression made upon him was the certainty of the threat being fulfilled, and apparently the same conviction impressed itself upon the offender. During two or three seconds his eye met that of Bowie. He was the weaker, and he quailed. With a curse, he tore the cigar from between his teeth, and flung it scowling, but downcast, out of the coach window. Upon this, Colonel James Bowie as deliberately replaced his long knife in its eccentric hiding-place, and without saying a word to any one else, or even vouchsafing a glance at any one, refolded his cloak around him, and did not utter another syllable to the end of the journey.

[New Quarterly Review.

A Lady's Repentance.—A young lady was addressed by a young man who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father. Of course he could not consent to the union, and she determined to elope. The night was fixed, the hour came, he placed the laddder to the window, and in a few minutes she was in his arms. They mounted a double horse, and were soon at some distance from the house. After a while the lady broke silence by saying, "well, you see what proof I have given you of my affection; I hope you will make me a good husband." He was a surly fellow, and gruffly answered. "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not." She made no reply, but, after a silence of some minutes she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh! what shall I do? I have left my money behind me in my room." "Then," said he, we must go back and fetch it." They were soon again at the house, the ladder again placed, the lady remounted, while the ill-natured lover waited below. But she delayed to come, and so he gently called, "Are you coming?" when she looked out of the window and said, "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not;" and then shut the window down, and left him to return upon the double horse alone. Was not that a happy thought on the lady's part—a famous joke?

[Life of Dr. Raffles.

The oldest man in Wisconsin, aged 100, was lately married to widow of 88.

Grant's Railroad.—Who but a parcel of Yankees would have thought of building a railroad along the battle-line of an army, with one terminus the outer chain of fortifications? These Yankees who have settled Richmond have done this thing. The railroad goes over the ups and downs. If you are seated in one of the last cars of a long train, half the time the locomotive drawing you is out of sight over the hill; but the best of all is the covered way, where the road runs through the field near Hancock, under the fire of the rebel batteries of Whiteworth guns on Cemetery Hill. The rebels used to amuse themselves by shelling the trains. They never did any damage, but it was judged best to make sure against mishaps, and so a breastwork for the railroad was thrown up across the entire field. Down into the cut goes the train, and whirls safely under the friendly cover of earth to beyond the point of danger. With all its goings up and comings down, with all the instability of its road-way, there has never been any accident on the road, no trains ever collided, none have ever got off the track. The railroad is a great thing.—[Scientific American.

An Arkansas judge lately charged a grand jury, in Pulaski county, that "holding or selling slaves is a crime amounting to a felony," and four-fifths of the qualified jurors agreed to find bills of indictment against the slave-holders of that county, in accordance with the charge. It would have been a bold prophet who should four years ago have predicted a state of affairs in Arkansas in which this could be possible.

A bookseller's clerk in Boston was sent out to buy a book his employer had not in the store, and called for "The Hen which Croweth." After an anxious but unavailing search he was asked to read the written order again when he found it to be "The Hour which Cometh," a volume of sermons by Rev. James F. Clark.

A farmer on being asked if his horses were matched said, "Yes, they are matched first-rate; one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should."

When we hear that a friend has detected some fault in us, we are always disposed to do him the same favor.

Colt's arms are useful when you want to fight, but if you want to run away colt's legs are better.

The Reveille.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 11, 1865

OUR PRISONERS.

Young Robert Crosier, Co. B, 53d Ind. Vols., a brother of Dr. Crosier, and formerly a member of this hospital, has just returned from a five months' sojourn in the rebel prisons. He was captured July 22d, before Atlanta, when McPherson's left wing was outflanked, and a large number of Gen. Gresham's brigade captured. Several other boys belonging to Harrison County were exchanged with him, some of whom had been in prison fifteen months.

His account of the sufferings of our men in those loathsome prisons makes one's blood run cold. He was first confined at Andersonville, Ga., afterwards at Charleston, S. C., and more recently at Florence, S. C. The same treatment was experienced at all these places, with scarcely any variation. The same brutality, and the same system of starving the men, were exhibited in all.

The ground where they were confined was enclosed by a stockade—timbers placed upright in a trench, and fifteen or twenty feet high. Along the top of the stockade was placed a platform, running the whole length at Andersonville, but at Florence placed at intervals. Here the guards were stationed. Inside of the stockade was a space marked off sometimes by an imaginary boundary, generally by a line of stakes, called the "dead line." Any one attempting to cross this line was at once shot down by the guard. It frequently happened that new-comers would blunder upon the line, so that the shooting of men was of daily occurence. Sometimes the poor fellows would become so utterly discouraged from suffering and starvation that they would voluntarily cross the line in order to be shot. A touching instance was related where a poor emaciated being crossed the dead line begging to be shot, but the guard, who was an old man, refused to shoot him, and beckoned him back several times, till a brutal Lieutenant peremtorily ordered the guard to shoot him down. A man was shot in the head and instantly killed, while reaching a little too near the dead line for some clear water from the miserable sluice which supplied them.

At all the prisons a prominent feature was the presence of a large number of bloodhounds. They were kept in a corral near by, and every morning at Andersonville, two officers rode around the prison, followed by the whole pack of hounds. They were thus enabled to detect the escape of any one from the prison. It was of common occurrence for prisoners who had escaped to the woods, to be brought back torn and mutilated so badly by the dogs that they could with difficulty be recognized. At Florence a Lieut. Bennett, belonging to the 5th Ga. distinguished himself for unheard-of acts of brutality. He would come into the prison, and if anything displeased him he would commence firing his revolver directly into the crowd. Men were killed daily by this scoundrel. Even the men of his own regimunt became disgusted at his brutal behavior, and threatened to shoot him when they went to the front again. The regiment was ordered to Augusta to oppose Sherman on his great raid, but Bennett remained behind.

At Andersonville a marsh was in the centre, through which ran the stream that furnished the prisoners with water. This stream first ran through the rebel quarters, and received all the filth which they could possibly throw into it. It was little else than a sewer. In this swamp he states that he has seen as many as ten or twelve men at a time lying dead, having gone down for water, and being too weak to extricate themselves from the mud, had lain down and died. Some had crawled out of the mud to a dryer place and died there.

The details of rebel atrocities are astounding. He remarks that it is impossible to form an idea of the horrors of those places without seeing them and experiencing the treatment of the rebel authorities. No descriptions have half portrayed the sufferings of our poor starving soldiers.

No buildings were put up for their accommodation—nothing but the empty field. The men soon made themselves burrows with sticks covered with dirt.

The ration was a *pint of dry meal per day*. Nothing whatever was added. Sometimes beans or flour was issued in lieu of the meal, but this was very seldom. No means of cooking the meal were provided. Clay ovens were constructed by the prisoners, and on these all the cooking was done, which amounted to little more than making it into mush, as it was found to go farther than bread. Such a state of affairs seems incredible, yet all bear testimony to the truth of the statemant.

The only exception to the rule was in the so-called hospitals, where the pint of meal was cooked. Men who were able to work were allowed an extra ration for building roads, &c., and at Florence for putting up sheds for Hospitals.

The ration of wood for three days was one stick of pine about as thick as the wrist and two feet in length. The supply was wholly inadequate for cooking purposes alone. Yet great pine forests grew up to the very sides of the stockade. All the stumps were grubbed up for fuel, even to the smallest roots. Men were frequently seen in the swamps' with their arms immersed up to their elbows in mud and water, digging for roots. This instance of barbarous cruelty has not a shadow of excuse even from the rebels themselves.

At Charlaston, on one of the hotest days of August, they were turned loose on an open race-track, with nothing to cook with, and not a particle of water within the enclosure. They were obliged to dig wells with fragments of canteens.

The South is represented as a picture desolation. Stores are closed, farms deserted, fences dilapidated, railroads and cars in miserable condition—in fact all the towns which he saw—Griffin, Macon, Millen, Augusta, Charleston,—and the whole country passed over, bear the unmistakable marks of war. Charleston is badly shattered, many blocks being entirely burned. Every building which he saw bore evidence of Gilmore's shells. The penetentiary in which they were confined, while waiting to be exchanged, had been penetrated by shells in every direction. Here our union officers were confined when the rebels had them under the fire of our guns.

In this hospital there is also another witness of rebel atrocity. Robert Woodman, Co. E, 5th Ind. Cav., from Salem, Ind., was exchanged at about the same time. He has been literally starved to death. He reached this place almost entirely bereft of reason, and now lies a hopeless wreck, with little chance of recovery.

What a terrible retribution awaits the authors of these gigantic crimes! History furnishes no parallel for such fiendish brutality. The savages themselves have never shown such an utter lack of all traces of humanity. It shocks the mind to contemplate it; and makes one wonder if it can be true that we live in a Christian age and in a Christian country.

At the Farragut reception in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the other night, a lady asked the old Viking if it was true that he was lashed to the masthead down at Mobile. "Well," said the Admiral—who is as artless as a child—"I'll tell you all about it. You know in a fight the smoke of the guns lies on the water, and, naturally, I would want to see over it, to know what was going on. Well, I would jump upon a box—so high," (indicating with his hand,) "then I would get up a little higher; and by-and-by I got up to where they say. I suppose I was two hours getting as high as that. I had a little rope that I had lashed around me to keep me from falling in case I should get hurt. Every one, yon know, is liable to get hurt in a fight."

A few nights since, when the military were on duty at Detroit, they arrested a suspicious looking fellow, whom they took to be a rebel spy that had forgotten his business and got drunk. Next morning the fellow woke up, pulled a special policeman's commission ont of his pocket, and demanded two dollars for his night's service.

There is a large quantity of vacant public land in Missouri—some six millions acres—which can be entered under the homestead act or located with land warrants, agricultural college scrip or cash. There are a good many reasons for settling in Missouri, and this land ought to be in good demand.

An army correspondent, among other incidents at City Point, tells the story of a person wearing the uniform and eagles of Colouel, who attempted to go on board the boat for Washington and was very indignant at being asked for a pass. Something in the haughty airs of the person caused suspicion, and she was arrested—for the Colonel proved to be a woman, and is now imprisoned as a rebel spy.

Aubrey, in his manuscript collections, relates that in several parts of England, when two persons are driving a bargain, one holds out his right hand and says, "Strike me!" and if the other strikes, the bargain holds; whence the phrase "striking a bargain." The practice is retained in the custom of saying "Done," to a wager offered, at the same time striking the hand of the wagerer.

A letter written on rolled iron so thin that it is only twice the weight of an ordinary sheet of paper, was recently transmitted to Sheffield, England, from the Sligo Iron Works, Pitsburg It is only one-thousandth part of an inch thick, and is the thinnest ever made. The thickest plate ever rolled was made at Sheffield, and has a diameter of thirteen and a half inches.

The ladies of Paris are shaving their cheeks, and preparing them for whiskers. A good many have had whiskers on their cheeks and moustaches on their upper lips for several years—more or less. The ladies of this country resolutely set their faces against them.

Col. Cyrus Hamlin, eldest son of the Vice President, has been promoted to the rank of Brigadier General. Col. Hamlin was one of the first officers in the army to offer his services to command colored troops.

At the golden wedding of Deacon Lewis Chapin, of Worcester, Mass., week before last, a cake was presented to him bordered with fifty gold dollars, and with an eagle and four gold dollars in the centre.

Vice Admiral Farragut was a midshipman on board the frigate Essex when she was treacherously attacked by two British corvettes and captured in the neutral port of Valparaiso, in 1814.

Judge John Moore, for fifty years a resident of Vincennes, Ind., and a leading citizen of that section of the State, died on the 25th ult., at the age of 76.

The beggars in Richmond do not ask for pennies. Their position is put thus: "Will you give me five dollart to buy a loaf of bread?"

The Wisconsin State Prison is vacant and the jailor is away on a vacation.

OUR COUNTRY.

The New York Post has a private letter from Savannah, which speaks of the order prevailing in that city since its occupation by our army and the confidence the citizens have in our protection. A citizen, one night, exhibited his watch to the writer and said he would not have dared to wear a watch or anything else of value in the streets at night before the arrival of Sherman. The writer was also informed that Gov. Brown was about to issue a proclamation before Hood moved toward Sherman's rear, calling a convention to propose terms of peace, both was deterred by Hood's movements. He was afraid of Jeff. Davis.

It would appear that the destruction of the Gulf Railroad by Sherman struck a staggering blow to Lee and Davis at Richmond. The President has received a private letter fron a citizen of Savannah, which states on the authority of an officer of that road, that it supplied Lee's army up to the time it was broke with 11,500 head of cattle per week, the cattle comming from Florida and Southern Alabama. There is reason to believe from information in the possession of residents of Savannah, that Lee has not thirty day's supplies on hand.

The New York World's Beaufort correspondent says; Increasing preparations are making by Sherman's army to resume the offensive. Refugees say that Charleston is being surrounded by formidable earth works.

A portion of Dahlgreen's fleet was engaged in removing obstructions from the Savannah River, some of which are very formidable.

A spacious channel has been made for vessels plying between Hilton Head and Savannah. Foster's army is still at Broad River Landing, covering the Charleston & Savannah railroad. The citizens of Savannah speak well of Sherman's rule.

The N. Y. Herald's Savannah letter says the city is remarkably quiet. When our troops first entered the citizens remained in their houses through fear of personal injury. These fears have passed away and the people now come freely on the streets. The majority appear desirous of placing themselves in a loyal position towards the Government. Many of the citizens have taken the oath of allegiance.

The 3d division, 20th army corps, had moved across the Savannah into South Carolina, and met and drove a regiment of Wheeler's cavalry. No other rebel force was found.

The N. Y. Times correspondent says: A number of merchants, formerly connected with the business community of New York, are to proceed North by the next steamer, for the purpose of starting again on the old basis. They hope to win back commerce as it formerly existed.

Cotton continues to be found in the city and surrounding country. The quantities brought to the city are very large. Merchantmen are about opening their establishments, convinced of the protection promised by Sherman.

The Savannah Republican of the 29th ult. contains the proceedings of a public meeting called by the Mayor and a large number of influential citizens to take into consideration matters relating to the present and future welfare of the city. Resolutions were adopted:

First—That we accept the position of the surrender of the city, and in the language of the President of the United States, seek to have peace by laying down our arms and submitting to the national authority, under the Constitution, leaving all questions which remain to be adjusted by the peacefu means of legislation, conference and votes.

Second—That laying aside all differences and by-gones we will use our best endeavors to bring back the prosperity and commerce we once enjoyed.

Third—We do not put ourselves in the position of a conquered city, asking terms of a conqueror, but claim the immunities and previleges contained in the proclamation and message of the President, and all legislation in Congress in reference to a people situated as we are.

Fourth—We ask the General to call a convention of the people to say whether they wish the war continued.

Fifth—That it is the unanimous desire of all present that Gen. Geary be continued as military commander of this post, and that for his urbanity and kindness he is entitled to our thanks.

MEMPHIS, Jan. 3.—General Dana has received information from his cavalry force sent out from here on the 21s ult. They struck the Mobile and Ohio road five miles below Corinth, and had, on the 27th ult., utterly destroyed it to below Okalona. Tweety-nine bridges, a great deal of trestle-work, thirty-two railroad cars, three hundred army wagons, and four thousand carbines were destroyed.

Forrest's camp of dismounted men at Verona was dispersed, and six officers and twenty men captured. There was not a man lost on our side. Gen. Grierson has orders to destroy the road as far as Meridian, and release our prisoners at Cahawba if posible,

On the 19th General Granger was at Franklin creek, Mississippi, only thirty miles from Mobile; he met but little opposition. The rebels are busy night and day in endeavoring to blockade the water front of the city. The rebel ram Breaville is expected down the Alabama from Selma.

Some force from Pensacola, under General McKean, is reported moving in Blakely and Baldwine counties, Alabama, twenty miles from Mobile.

A World has a Washington dispatch going to show that England and France will recognize the South on the 4th of March because Mr Lincoln did not carry the Southern States; that England has for some time been quietly organizing a military force in Canada, that an order preemptorily refusing leave of absence to officers in the best regiments of the English army have been issued; that the recent articles in the Richmond papers were prompted by Louis Napoleon, and that the South being now harder pressed than ever England and France can not see the Union restored, and will never permit the South to be conquered. Montreal papers putting forth the same views are also quoted; and the whole goes to make up quite a sensation.

Samuel Freeborn deserted from the 20th New York Cavlry, while on duty at Norfolk, and he induced a woman named Linden to conceal him. As she was going to Baltmore, he prevaled upon her to let him get into her immense travelling trunk, and thus make the voyage. He bored a hole in the trunk to afford him air, but it did not prove sufficient, and the poor wretch suffocated. On arriving at Baltimore, a nauseous smell issued from the trunk, which caused it to be opened. The corpse was discovered, and the woman then made the above explanation.

Thos. Sims, once a fugitive slave, "to send whom back to slavery, Boston got on its knees, shed its tears, and brandished its weapons," is now at Nashville, acting as recruiting agent for the U. S. Army.

At a Masonic meeting in Savannah there were representatives of Massachusetts, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, Illinois, Indiana, Colorado, Michigan, Iowe, Wisconsin, New York and Ohio.

A detachment of men from the Potomac flotilla, under Acting Master Hill, landed on the Rappahannock River on Wednesday, six miles above its mouth, and destroyed two barrels of powder and two torpedoes, which the rebels had collected.

The New York Post says several merchants from Savannah have already forwarded funds to pay the debts they owed in New York, The funds are in greenbacks.

Moral beauty, the reflection of the soul in the countenance, is as superior to superficial comeliness, as mind is to matter. Those who look good caenot fail to be good-looking.

A good way to "kill time,"—sleigh it.

Hospital Chaplains.

Rev. E. J. PURDY Chaplain No. 6. Religious Services at No. 6. Tuesday 7½, P. M. Sunday 11 o'clock. A. M.

Rev. W. V. DANIEL, Chaplain No. 4, and Floating Hospital.

Rev. S. S. POTTER, Chaplain No's. 5 and 8. Services at 10 A. M, and at2 and 6 P. M. Sunday.

HOSPITAL REPORT.

Changes at General Hospital No. 6, for the week ending January 11th.

Whole number of beds,	550.
Admitted,	4.
Discharged from Service,	0.
Returned to duty,	18.
Transfered	14,
Deserted,	0.
Furloughed,	0.
Died	3.
Remaining	415.

FOR SALE.

A PRINTING PRESS,

LOW'S PATENT, size 10 x 14. Apply at this office.

Cigars.

20,000 Cigars, on hand and for sale by JOHN MANN.

CHEAP

CLOTHING!

FANK SMITH,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Market Street, corner Lower First,

NEW ALBANY, IND.

dec21

Sundries.

50 Boxes strictly prime W. R. Cheese,

50 Kitts Extra Mackerel.

Just received and for sale by

JOHN MANN,
No. 67 State Street.

Dec. 21.

VARIETIES

For Christmas!

Sweet Cider in Bbls; Cheese; Beautiful New Raisins in quarter boxes.
Real Pennsylvania Buck Wheat Flour.
Hominy by the barrel or bushel.
Bologna Sausage. Cuba Six Cigars.
Citron. Dried Beef, &c.
For sale at REILLY'S,
41 45 State Street.

IF YOU WANT A

TRUNK,

VALISE,

Or anything in the traveling line, call at

JOHN STACY'S,

on Main, between Pearl and State, No. 278, where they are made, and will be sold cheaper than they are in Louisville, by 25 per cent. JOHN STACY.
dec21

CHEAP

Boots & Shoes.

J. C. HURSELL,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 244 MAIN ST., NEW ALBANY, IND

All descriptions of Boots and Shoes at very lowest prices.

Persons will do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

dec21

ATTENTION!

EVERYBODY!

If you want good

PHOTOGRAPHS,

call at

Wison's Gallery,

No. 42 State Street, between Main and Market.

THE CONTENTED WIFE.

I would not change this happy scene
For all the earth calls proudly great;
I would not change my humble home
For kingly rank or queenly state.

I would not change my husband's love
For all that earth can give of fame;
Nor barter his approving smile
To wreathe a halo round my name.

I would not change my child's sweet glance
For all the love earth's wealth could gain;
Nor change the certain bliss I feel,
For all ambition might obtain.

May He who gave me these good gifts,
Send down his blessings of content;
Preserve my treasured ones in health
Or give me strength if ills be sent.

God's Plan of Your Life.—Never complain of your birth, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something if you only had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands his own plan, and he knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things that you most depreciate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisons. No! a truce to all such impatience. Choke that envy which gnaws at your heart, because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will, and do his work, in your lot and sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations, and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but consistent with it.—[Dr. Bushnell.

Marriage in Lapland.—It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her friends. When a young man has formed an attachment for a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet to behold the two parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of one-third of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid outrun the suitor, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penalty for the man to renew the motion of marriage. But if the virgin has an affection for him, though at first she runs fast to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atlanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she comes to the mark or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own wills, and this is the cause that in this poor country the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness.

Boots and shoes now pay eight different taxes before they reach the wearer.

The story goes that when things were working so badly in the Shenandoah Valley, Secretary Stanton applied to General Grant for a remedy. "Send me," says the Secretary, "the very best man you have got in the army." Grant replied by sending Phil. Sheridan, saying, "there isn't much of him, but he's the man you want." It is said that the Secretary looked somewhat askance at the slight and youthful figure standing before him; but he set him at work, and now he is convinced that Grant knew his man.

A Mine of Three Cent Pieces.—an excentric individual named Wm. Cilley died recently at Lockport, N. Y. He lived alone, kept a grocery, and willed his property, valued at $18,000, to his relatives in England. He kept his specie burried in the cellar in an old boiler. Among the deposits in this private vault were over fifty thousand three-cent pieces. How many millions of coin are thus hoarded in various parts of the country?

An honest grazier, who had seen "Richard" performed in Cincinnati, waited upon the manager next morning to say, that if the gentleman who wanted a horse on the previous evening held his mind, he had got an abundance of tidy nags in his meadows, and should be happy to have a deal with him.

At a church fair in St. Paul a few weeks ago, a series of connundrums were read and a set of Coopers' works promised to the person who should answer the most appropriately. The winner received the prize in the shape of small wooden pails.

"Ma," said a little boy, "Why is a postage stamp like a bad scholar?" "I can't tell my son. Why is it?" 'Because it gets licked and put in a corner.'

At Wheeling, Va., recently, a man digging post holes came to a burried tan vat, and found some nicely tanned sheep skins that were placed in the vat over thirty years ago.

Advertisements

PATENT
MEDICINES,
BY A. KNOEFEL,
DRUGGIST,

219 Market Street, New Albany, Ind Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Sarsaparilla, Fever and Ague Cure, Pills; Jane's Expectorant, Alterative; Hembold's Extract Bucha; Hall's Balsam; Temple's Boneset Syrup; Hoffland's Bitters; Hosstetter's Bitters; Plantation Bitters; Mexican Mustang Liniment; Tobia's Liniment; Dr. Cheesman's and Clark's Female Pills; Brown's Troches; Wright's Pills, Brandreth's Pills, Strickland's Medicines, Christadora's and Batchelor's Hair Dye, French Capsules, Bussian Salve, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. 42

Thos. P. Fetsch's
FINE ART
AND
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

PEARL ST. BETWEEN MAIN AND
MARK T.
40tf

Marcus W. Lewis. Frank A. Lewis
LEWIS BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
FOREIGN LIQUORS
AND DISTILLERS OF
American Brandies, Gins and Whiskies,

Also sole Agents for the South and West, for GENESEE AND BORBON COUNTY OLD WHISKIES,

No. 258 Main Street, Crawford's Building,
NEW ALBANY IND.
New York, Cincinnati and Louisville Prices. 40tf

JOHN KNEFFLY,
No. 300 Main St.,

Has just received a New and Complete Stock of Gold and Silver Watches, Chains, Clocks of every description, and Jewelry of the most hansome and latest styles.

SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE
Constantly on hand, as
TEA SETS,
CASTORS,
WAITERS,
PITCHERS,
GOBLETS,
SPOONS,
FORKS,
GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,
Spectacles, Gold Pens of the finest quality,.

In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of

FANCY GOODS.

As Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases,
&c., &c.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.
40tf JOHN KNEFFLY.

POPULAR
Amusements.
SHOOTING GALLERY,
BOWLING SALOON
AND FREE READING ROOM.
One door above Doll & Vance's Clothing Store, on Main street, New Albany, Ind. dec21

GET ONE,
FRANTZ'S
STENCIL ESTABLISHMENT,

Get your name cut on BRASS or SILVER PLATE, so that you will be able to mark your name on Linnen, Silk or Cotton Apareal, Books, Cards, &c. with Indelible Ink.

Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates for all business. Many years experience and uniform price enable me to confidentially recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.

P. FRENTZ.
No. 336 Main Street, New Albany, Ineiana.
New Albany, Indiana. September 3rd, 1864.

R. C. HOFFELD & BROTHER,
DRUGGIST & CHEMIST,
Corner Market and Upper 4th Streets,
NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.
He keeps constantly on hand the best selected stock of
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, SOAPS, COAL, OIL, LAMPS, Etc., Etc.
Prescriptions carefully prepared at all hours.

COUGH N' MORE!
TRY
STRICKLAND'S
MILLIFLUOUS
COUGH BALSAM.

Cures Caughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of
STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM,
to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gurgle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.

Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by Druggists generally. Sold at J. H. Conner's Drug Store New Albany, Indiana.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS!
HERMAN PRALLE,
Wholesale and retail dealer in
TOBACCO, CIGARS,
PIPES, TOBACCO BOXES, Etc. Etc.
Next door to the Post Office, sign of the big Indian.

THE REVEILLE.

For the Soldier in the Field and Hospital.

VOL. 1. NEW ALBANY, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 18, 1865. NO. 45.

The Reveille,

Published every Wednesday
HOSPITAL No. 6, NEW ALBANY, IND.,
BY
C. T. ATHEARN,
AND
M. UMBDENSTOCK.

Terms, fifty cents for three months

Letters and communications should addressed to the "Reveille."

ADVERTISEMENTS

nserted in this paper at the rate of One Dollar a square for a single insertion; and continued for One Dollar per month.

POETRY.

Written for the Reveille.

ACROSTIC.

Copperheads are almost frantic,
On them scowls the Union so;
Pains internal make them hickup;
Put them down for feuds they get up.
Each true patriot hails his comrade,
Round him shouts of victry roar;
Hear him call for those he loveth,
Early, late and ever more.
Ah! behold her! proud Atlanta!
Did she yield to our command?
Shout, oh patriots, clap your hands.

Down with traitors, clear the vineyard,
Every Copperhead subdue;
Tell them how they have disgraced it,
How our laws they've broken through.
Read their dark plans, do not falter,
On them put your mark also;
Now attend to what I've written,
Eagerly our cause persue;
Down, down, with Hydra Copperhead.

Men and brethren, strike the anthem
Of your victries as you go;
Rend the air with thunders louder
Every time you meet your foe.

Abraham by the help of Alla,
Never shrinks, goes fearless on;
O'er him waves the stars and stripes so,
Nations cry, our country's won.

All hail to sweet America;
May our chief ruler take the helm;
Every way to do her justice;
Now, again, I'll shout Amen.

ARMOFLEED.

Edgartown, Mass., Dec. 26, 1864.

We have only to be noble, and we belong at once to the nobility.

Brevity of speech is sure to give comprehensiveness of thought.

A man is oftener hated than loved without sufficient cause.

Sorrow is a fruit; God does not let it grow on a branch too weak to bear it.

MISCELLANY.

THE BABY TOWER IN SHANGHAI, CHINA.—The only structure like a tower, if we except the turrets on the city walls and watch-towers erected within the past few years, when the Taepings have threatened the city, is a tall white monument, rising to the hight of twenty feet, and without inscription or distinguishing mark of any kind. It looks like a fine white tomb, higher and more ambitious than usual, and truly it is a "whited sepulchre!" Baby tower, it is called by foreign residents, for it is filled with the bones of infants—not such as have died a natural death, as Bayard Taylor asserts, but which have been thrust into this horrid monument of heathen cruelty when but a few hours old. Humanity shudders at the thought! These dazzling white baby towers, with their mockery of purity, their object known to all men, and openly inviting, as it were, the most unnatural and heartless of murders, are among the most hideous spectacles to be met with in a heathen land. True, a river or pond will be pointed out to you in other parts of China, or in India, where babies are daily drowned like puppies or kittens; but they do not affect the mind with such a horror as these palpable structures, erected with the best skill of their architects for this express purpose. The water closes over the murdered infant, and no trace of the crime remains; but here is a tower—a high tower—with deep foundations, filled with the bones of murdered babes that have been accumulating for generations. No wonder that Christian mothers, resident in the East, cannot speak of them or see them without a shudder, and never willingly pass them in their drives. Who knows but they might hear, if they approached the tower, the wail of some poor infant just thrown in, or meet its father returning from his cruel errand? At Shanghai, the baby tower stands on the southwest side of the city, without the walls, but at Foo-Chow, where the crime of infanticide is still more prevalent, they use no baby towers, but have provided ponds for this express purpose. It is the saddest part of this great national crime of the Chinese, that it is sanctioned by the mandarins, and viewed as a disagreeable necessity, not as a crime.

It has been the fashion of late years to deny the existence of this abomination; the doubters, wise in their own conceit, insisting that the crime is too great for human nature. Human nature, unfortunately, has proved but a frail barrier to crimes of this character in all parts of the world, and the facts of Chinese infanticide are indisputable. The witnesses are too numerous, the crime is too public, and the evidence of it too notorious to deny its existence. The children destroyed are girls; the most common methods of destroying them are: first, by drowning in a tub of water; second, by throwing into some running stream; third, by burying alive. The last named mode is adopted under the hope and with the superstitious belief that the next birth will be a boy, The excuse is that it is too expensive to educate a girl, but if some friend will take the child to bring up as a wife for a little boy, the parents will sell or give away the infant rather than destroy it. The regular price is two thousand copper cash, or two dollars for every year of their lives, for sometimes a girl will be saved for a year or two, and then sold for a wife or slave. Many instances have come to the notice of missionaries where large families of girls have been destroyed. There is one woman now employed as a nurse in a missionary's family at Fuh-Chow, who says that her mother had eight girls and three boys, and that she was the only girl permitted by her father to live. We never heard of an instance of a boy being destroyed at birth. There is a village about fifteen miles from Fuh-Chow, which is swarming with boys, but where girls are very scarce. The people account for it themselves by alleging the common practice of killing the girls at birth, a practice which is indulged in by the rich as well as by the poor.—[Continental Monthly.

A TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.—The following beautiful tribute to woman was written several years ago. It occurs in a tale of touching interest, entitled "The Broken Heart." Its author is Dr. F. J. Stratton:

"Oh, the priceless value of the love of a pure woman! Gold cannot purchase a gem so precious. Titles and honors confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moments, when disappointment and ingratitude, with corroding care, gather thick around and even the gaunt form of poverty menaces with his skeleton fingers, it gleams around the soul with an angel's smile. Time cannot mark its brilliancy; distance but strengthens its influence; it follows the prisoner into his dark cell and sweetens the morsel that appeases his hunger, and in the silence of midnight it plays around his heart, and in dreams he folds to his bosom the form of her who loves on still, though the world has turned coldly from him. The couch made by the hand of the loved one is soft to the weary limbs of the sick sufferer, and the potion administered by the same hand loses half its bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by her brings repose to the fevered brain, and her words of kind encouragement revive the sinking spirit. It would almost seem that God, compassionating woman's first great frailty, had planted this jewel in her breast, whose heaven-like influence would cast into forgetfulness man's remembrance of the Fall, by building up in his heart another Eden, where perennial flowers forever bloom, and crystal waters gush from exhaustless fountains."

AN INCIDENT AT CLIFTON BRIDGE. For eight years after the Marquis of Northampton had laid the foundation-stone of the Leigh Woods abutment, workmen and the public in general were enabled to pass over the immense chasm by means of an iron bar seven hundred feet in length, which was hung across the river. On this bar there was a "cradle" basket, or car, and persons who wished to make the dangerous passage, paid a fee which varied from one to five shillings. By this contrivance, thousands of persons crossed the Avon. The basket ran by its own gravity down the incline to the centre of the bar, and was drawn up on the other side by means of a rope, On one occasion, a Somersetshire wedding-party went to see the fairy bridge, and the bride-groom having had enough cider to make him adventurous, persuaded the not unwilling bride to make the flying passage. The two got into basket; but when they had reached the centre of the bar, high over the Avon, and the moment arrived when they were to be drawn up on the opposite side, it was found that the communicating-rope had broken, and as no provision had been made for such a contre-temps, the enthusiastic husband and his newly-wedded wife dangled in mid-air—to the astonishment of the rooks, no doubt—for several hours their extraordinory position being rendered none the more comfortable by their friends on the abutment shouting across to them that they would have to remain in the basket all night. This novel way of beginning the honeymoon was avoided, however, but the party were not rescued till they had passed several hours in their strange carriage.

[Chamber's Journal.

The Reveille.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 18, 1865

THE SPECIAL DIET KITCHEN.—One of the marks of progress in the treatment of our sick and wounded is found in the establishment of the special diet kitchen under new and better auspices. From the first the patients in a hospital were naturally divided into two classes, one embracing all who Were able to go to the general table, and the other the remainder, or those who eat in the ward. To the latter the office of the special diet kitchen wholly applies. The Surgeon General has given a "Diet Table," with the various Diets—Full, Half, Low, Milk, Beef Tea and Chicken,—together with the articles and amount appropriated to each. This table is the result of very careful and accurate experiments made in several of the largest hospitals in the United States, and is fully sufficient, except in a few cases, for the patients. The articles required in these exceptional cases, constitute what is called "Extra Diet." The Commissary furnishes, generally, an ample supply of the more substantial articles of diet, and it is only the more delicate and nicer articles which the Christian and Sanitary Commissions have found it necessary to furnish.

The great stumbling block, however, has been the proper preparation of the food, so as to be palatable and nutritious to the sick. The men who were detailed for that purpose have been generally too careless and too little conversant with the arts of cooking to render just the service needed. Mrs. Annie Whittenmyer of Iowa, appreciating fully this difficulty, undertook to remedy it. Her plan was eminently practical and so simple that anybody could understand it. It was just to take the Government Kitchen as already organized, with all its means and materials, with its defects and advantages, and attempt to make it, through the aid of inteligent Christian ladies, what the kitchen is in a well regulated household. Thus far the plan has worked admirably. The Christian Commission, with its noble charities, has given supplies of all articles not readily obtained through the Commissary. Thus the small fruits, both dried and canned, with many things to gratify the taste and please the fancy of the sick, have been abundantly supplied.

But the chief advantage is in the fact that ladies of the rarest attainment and the highest Christian character have given direction to everything appertaining to the kitchen. Generally two ladies are assigned to each special diet kitchen. While, in all matters pertaining to conduct of the hospital they are under the control of the Surgeon in charge, they are in the service of the Christian Commission and ace subject to the direction of Mrs. Whittenmyer, its authorized agent. Her instructions are so plain and simple that there is not the slightest danger of interference on their part, with the arrangements of the hospital.

The articles of diet sent to the sick are always furnished on the order of the Surgeon in charge of the ward, and are never given to the patient under any circumstaaces, without his consent. Thus one great source of trouble is avoided.

As a rule which does not admit of an exception within the writer's knowledge, all articles furnished by the Christian Commission have been faithfully distributed. The Government supplies the ladies with rations, and there is not the slightest occasion for them or their friends to appropriate the stores to their own use. Besides their high character as a sufficient guarantee. The stores are secure in their hands, a circumstance in itself of great consideration. Five cents would buy many times over all the stores of the Christian Commission which have been misapplied in this hospital, and this is true, we have no doubt, of many, if not all others, where these kitchens have been established.

For some time the special diet kitchen of this hospitsl has been entirely inadequate. Nearly two hundred men have been supplied daily with every variety of food which could be imagined or the fantastic taste of the patient suggest. A Diet Bulletin is issued every day to the wards, exhibiting the articles of Full, Half and Low Diet, appropriate for that day, together with a list of articles which can be ordered on Extra Diet. A glance enables the surgeon to see precisely what articles are on hand, and is his guide in making out his orders for diet. These are entered on printed lists made for that purpose, and consolidated for each ward by the Commissary Steward. This consolidated order serves as a guide both for drawing from the Commissary and for issuing to the nurses of the ward.

The greatest system and order prevails throughout, and it rarely happens that the patient fails to get exactly what his surgeon ordered for him.

While this method increases the responsibility and adds to the work of the surgeon, it certainly promotes, to a much greater extent, the welfare of the patient. Attention to diet thus becomes one of his most important and most necessary duties. It should never have been otherwise. Health, strength, and life itself, depend more upon the efficiency of the kitchen, than upon the power of medicines, or the agency of external comforts. A mind which could conceive, and a will which could carry out the designs of a plan of such vital importance to the hospital-work, deserves and should receive the highest admiration.

LADIES' CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.—Some time ago the ladies of the 1st Presbyterian Church of this city, organized a Christian Commission, to assist in the great and noble work now prosicuted so earnestly and well by the national Christian Commission. The ladies of the 2d Presbyterian Church followed with a simlar organization. The efforts of both have been chiefly directed towards the relief of the soldiers in our own Hospital. This has been timely, and the articles furnished have been very much needed. We give below the names of the officers of each:

LADIES' CHRISTIAN COMMISSION OF THE 1st PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—

Mrs. Mary A. Richardson, Pres;
Mrs. Silas C. Day, Vice Pres;
Mrs. William Culbertson, Trasurer;
Miss J. Potter, Sect;
Mrs. Silas C. Day, } Managers of
Mrs. Davis Crane, } Work;

LADIES' CHRISTIAN COMMISSION OF THE 2d PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH:

Mrs. John G. Atterbury, Pres;
Mrs. Joseph Cadwallader, Vice Pres;
Mrs. Jesse J. Brown, Treasurer;
Mrs. Edward H. Mann, Sect;

The following articles have been furnished to Hospital No. 6 by the Ladies' Christian Commission of the 1st Presbyterian, since its organization, (Nov. 1st 1864.)

73 Shirts, 275 Handkerchiefs,
16 Prs. Drawers, 12 Arm Slings,
2 Leg Slings, 19 Eye Shades,
35 Rolls Bandages, 34 Bundles Rags,
1 Vest; 1 Prs Woolen Stockings,
3 Prs Socks, 3 Collars,
1 Paper Mustard,

The Ladies' Chris. Com. of the 2d Presb. has furnished as follows:

21 New Shirts, 4 Old Shirts,
14 Rolls Bandages, 75 Handkerchiefs,
6 Prs Drawers,

The Children's Aid Society of the 1st Presby. Ch. visited the Hospital and distributed, themselvs, a large number of pin-cushions a very acceptabe and useful donation.

The Ladies of these Churches, with the children of the 1st Presb. have performed a noble work in behalf of our sick and wounded. Organized affort is the secret of their efficency. Indivduals of all denommations, aad no denomination, have frequently very kindly rememberd the soldiers, but it requires system to accomplish great good when there is great need. The thanks of all are gratefully tendered to every one who has rentered assistance to our suffering soldiers.

Again we have rumors of peace propositions, but we cannot see that there is any more foundation for them than there has been to fromer rumors of this kind. It is certain that the leaders of the rebellion do not want any peace which they can gain by submission to that Government which they have tried to overthrow. They are determined to rule if possible, and if they fail, they will prevent as far as they can, the restoration of the authority of our Government at the South. They had rather submit to the rule of some foreign power than to return to their allegiance to the Government which they have disgraced. Hence it is folly to listen to any propositions of peace coming from them.

But there seems to be a class of people at the South who are getting tired of the rule of Jeff. Davis & Co. There are, no doubt, many people there who never desired a separation from the old Union; and of those who did favor it some are getting their eyes open to the folly that has been committed; they begin to see that liberty for which the rebel leaders are fighting is the liberty of keeping themselves in power and the common people in subjection to them. It is to this class of people that we must look for any signs of returning loyalty, and peace.

The greatest barrier to the return of peace and union, is the ignorance of a large class of people at the South. Their ignorance and degredation is almost incredible to those who have not seen it.

It has been the aim of those in power at the South to keep the people in ignorance, for thereby they have rendered them the tools of tyrany and oppression. It is well known that popular education is condemned by the leading people of the South.

We think that the breaking up of society as it has existed at the South, is to have a beneficial effect on it. While society remained in its old condition, there was little if any prospect for any improvement or any advancement in civilization. Now there will be a general breaking up of a barren soil—or of a soil that produces little else than rank and poisonous weeds—a general overturn of an ignorant and degraded state of society; all impediments to civslization and Christianity will be removed; clouds that have hung like a dark pall over many human minds will vanish away. The storm of war will clear the spiritual atmosphere from many noxious exhalations.

We have great hopes for the future that a better and happier state awaits us as a nation, than any we have heretofore experienced.

AMALGAMATION.

For years Southern slave bre have kept up a great hue an against the opponents of sla styling them "nigger worship "amalgamationists," desiring n equality, &c. Once in a while a st of some white person having marri a nigger, "in one of the Norther States," would go the rounds of th whole Southern press, and be commented upon for months. Norther slaves—worshipers of the divine inst tution—would reiterate the charg and epithets of their Southern maste and if possible, go farther in their m representations.

During the rebellion all the Copperhead press, from the New York World down to the Ladger, have tried to aid their old allies, and provoke opposition to the Administration by appealing to the prejudices of the ignorant and charging Union men with loving the nigger better than the white man, and as in favor of negro equality and miscegenation. In the enlightened State of Ohio the daughters of those who vie with the poor white trash of the South in their devotion to the peculiar institution and obsequancy to their masters, bore in a proctssion during the late campaign, a placard on their breasts inscribed with this agonizing appeal, "Save, O save us from nigger husbands!" Whether this appeal was necessary, owing to the importunity of some enterprising darkey, or on account of their irresistible impulse to marry *somebody*, we cannot say.

The preceeding remarks were suggested by a sight which we witnessed in the Portland cars a few days since. A coarse looking man of about 35 in full suit of butternut, got on the cars from a boat which had just come up the river. He was followed by an intensely black woman and four light-colored children to whom he paid great attention. One of the boys lost his hat but of the door, when one of the girls about eight years old said, "Pa, John has lost his hat;" whereupon the amalgamationist got out and recovered it. Said a gentleman present, "I'll bet that is a good Democrat, who hates abolitionists and charges Union men with being in favor of

"nigger equality" and "miscegenation."

We would call the attention of the Ledger to this case of one of its friends, and advise it to keep it in mind when it talks about negro equality.

HENRY S. FOOTE, formerly U. S. Senator, whose late bitter denunciations of the Jeff. Davis Government in the rebel Congress have excited so much attention, is father-in-law to Senator Steward, just elected to the United States Senate from the new State of Nevada. This fact is supposed to have something to do with an effort made by Mr. Foote to reach Washington, the particulars of which have just been developed. The Government received information Thursday evening that in attempting to escape from rebeldom and enter our lines, Senator Foote was arrested at Occoqnan, on the Occoquan river, about fifteen miles southwest of Alexandria. He was accompanied by his wife. When found he was at the residence of Mammel. Mr. Foote was overtaken in his flight by two rebel cavalrymen, who obliged Mr. Hammeto harness his horse and wagon and convey the captive back as far as Dumfries towards Richmond. The military authorities of Alexandria were ordered to send at once to Occoquan for Mrs. Foote, and she was rescued, and reached Alexandria Friday afternoon. Mr. Foote and wife were detained a day after reaching Occoquan for want of facilities to cross the river. Fears are entertained that Jeff. Davis may deal harshly with Mr. Foote. The Government has taken steps to prevent any injury being done. Should Jeff. Davis be so rash as to take the life of Mr. Foote, it is probable that the act will cost the highest rebel official in our custody his life.—[Washington cor. Cincinnaty Gazette.

PAID OFF WITH HIS OWN COIN.—A few days since as a few hundred of the rebel officers captured before Nashville, were on their way to Johnson's Island, and while detained at the depot a few hours, waiting the arrival of the train, several Generals were observed, one of whom had a large cut upon his forehead yet unhealed. This prominent wound drew around the unfortunate General a large crowd, when one of the most curious—a man somewhat distinguished for his "wanting to know" nature, addressed the General, as follows:

"I say, General, that's a considerable gash you carry, he."

"Yes, sah," replied the General. "That wound I received, sah by one of your Indiana Colonels, sah, after I had surrendered; and I consider it not only ungallant to butcher a man after he has surrendered, sah, but an act of extreme brutality, sah."

"My sentiments exactly, General, and have been, sir, ever since the Fort Pillow massacre."

The General dried up, and the dialogue ended.—[Indianapolis Journal.

The Hon. EDWARD EVERETT died at his residence in Boston, at 4 o'clock on Sunday morning. He was nerrly eighty years of age.

The following are further particulars of Grierson's recent raid from a rellable soarce. They brought in 700 prisoners, including two Colonels and a large number of other officers, 1,000 able-bodied uegroes, 1,000 horses and mules. They killed and wounded 150 of the enemy. Among the farmers is Brigadier-General Gholson.

A fortified place called Egypt, on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, was carried by assault and the garrson of 500 rebels captured, whilst Gen. Gardoer was in sight with 200 infantry which Grierson held at bay, while Col. King's brigade chargee the stockade on horseback, and fired over the top till the garrison surrendered. The whole country was in arms by this time, and forces even brought from Macon, Ga.

Hampred by a large number of prisoners and opposed by gretly superior forces, Grierson could not go to Cahawbe and release our prisoners, as directed by Gen. Dana, but struck for Grenada, and thence to Vicksburg. Forty miles of the Eobile & Ohio Railroad were so badly damaged that Hood's whole army can't repair it in a month.

New pontnons, new wagons, and a very large amount of supplies, en route to Hood were destroyed on the cars. Besides the factories a large amount of clothes, wool, leather and shoes were destroyed at Brukston.

All the railroad and public property was burned at Granada, and 200 wagons, 5,000 new English carbipes, for Forrest and large quantities of ammunition, were destroyed at Grenada. Grieson's loss was 25 killed and 80 wounded

Forrest is represented as concentrating a large force at Paris, Tenn. A great number of his men are hovering around their homes in Tennessee and Kentucky, conscripting, robbing and murdering Uniou men. Rumors prevail or a force being organized to attack Paducah again.

THE STORM GATHERING IN NORTH CAROLINA.—There are the strongest reasons for believing that the storm is at last being raised in the interior of this State, which must, ere long, eventuate her deliverance from the remorseless jaws of the Richmond despotism. Refugees are pouring in, and they all bring one uniform story of suffering and destitution, and the most unmitigated oppression and tyranny ever inflicted upon any people since the reign of those monsters in human shape, in old Rome, Caligula and Nero. Some are ready to seek refuge by proceeding North, while others are willing to "bide their time" by remaining among us. All join in heaping imprecations on the in famous rule of Davis and his wicked conspirators. A real genuine Union feeling is strengthing and impressing in every town in almost every quarter of the State. It will yet overwhelm and crush the contemptible despots now engaged with the desperation of demons in trying to keep it down. Many refugees now look forward to the joyous hour when they can return back again to their homes under the protecting folds of the Stars and Stripes.—[North Carolina Times.

At the camp of rebel prisoners at Elmira, N. Y., of the 8000 confined there, 2000 would gladly take the oath of allegiance There are 1400 in camp between fourteen and eighteen years of age. Many of them are just learning to read, and are eager for primers and spelling books. Eight thousand suits of clothing and 8000 blankets have been distributed to them. They have plenty to eat ond are covered by excellent barracks.

The Missouri Convention has passed an act abolishing slavery in that State. The Union Convention at Nashville has passed resolutions to the same effect for Tennessee.

Mrs. Sarah Vandegriff, who died at Trenton, New Jersey, on the 25th of November, a few months short of the age of ninety-five, was one of the company of young maidens who sang the ode of welcome to Washington when he passed through Trenton to New York, April 21, 1789. This lady never lost the enthusiasm of that day, and within two weeks of her death, recited with animation the song she had learned seventy-five years ago, in honor of the first President of the United States.

A correspondent with the Army of the Potomac suggests that rebel prisoners should be guarded by our men who have tasted Southern hospitality in the prison pens of the South.

Genneral G. H. Thomas has been promoted to Major General in the regular army, to date from December 18, the day of his great victory over Hood, and to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of J. C. Fremont.

The Richmond Examiner of Friday contains the following from the Mobile Advertiser: The Yankees 4000 strong are at Franklin Mills, on Dog River. Owing to the formation of the country, their position is unassailable. Our forces are in proper position to stop any move they may make. In a skirmish the other day two or three Yankees were killed and five captured.

On Friday last, says the Charleston Mercury, the Yankees in unknown force were reported to have crossed New River, on their road to Grahamsville. The main body however is still in the neighborhood of Hardeeville.

Advertisements

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20 Boxes Western "Resrrue" and Hambur Cheese. 5 Bbls Cider Blogna and Ham Sausage. Cincinnattie Sugar Cured Hams, a Choice Article. Pensylvany Buck Wneat Flour. 10 Doz Brooms, Tubs, Buckets and Meal Seives. 30 Boxes German Casteel, and Shaving Soap. Navy and Golden Era Tobacco Fine Cut Smoking Tobacco. Gunpowder Imperial Hyson and Black Teas. Cuba Sixesg Pearl Starch. 20 Boxes Glass Tumblers 10 Boxes Squat ½ Gall Jars. Wrapping Twine. Sea Grass Clothes Lines.

At RILEYS. 45 Market Street

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Worth of Jewelry to Be sold Regardless of cost. One Dollar each article, at the one Dollar, Corner of main and Pearl Street. A splendid assortment of Jewelry suitable for

SOLDIERS

To send home to their Friends such Lockets miniture Pins Fancy Sets, watch chains finger Rings Jents Pins etc. Also a splendeid stock of silver ware and many other articles that is suitadle for Soldiers.

Jewelry by wohlesale at reduced Price.

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20,000 Cigars, on hand and for sale by JOHN MANN.

Thas P. Fisch's FINE ART AND PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

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WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FOREIGN LIQUORS, AND DISTILLERS OF

American Brandies, Gins and Whiskies,

Also sole Agents for the South and West, for GENESEE AND BORBON COUNTY OLD WHISKIES,

No. 258 Main Street, Crawford's Building,

NEW ALBANY IND.

New York, Cincinnati and Louisville Prices. 40tf

JOHN KNF FLY,

No. 300 MAIN ST.,

Has just received a New and Complete Stock of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, CHAINS, CLOCKS of every description, and JEWELRY of the most hansome and latest styles.

SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE

Constantly on hand, as

TEA SETS,
CASTORS,
WAITERS,
PITCHERS,
GOBLETS,
SPOONS,
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GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,

Spectacles, Gold Pens of the finest quality,.

In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of

FANCY GOODS.

As Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases, &c., &c.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.

40tf JOHN KNEFELY.

POPULAR Amusements.

SHOOTING GALLERY,

BOWLING SALOON

AND FREE READING ROOM,

One door above Doll & Vance's Clothing Store, on Main street, New Albany, Ind. dec21

MISCELLANY.

THE COUNTRY PEOPLE OF GEORGIA.—The New York Post publishes an interesting letter from its correspondent, describing Sherman's march through Georgia. The following description is given of the country people:

"Frequent occasions occurred for conversation with the people. In the upper part of the State, not meeting with any but the poorer, more ignorant class, I was led to believe that the rich and refined class had fled further south; but although I have made diligent search for the intelligent aristocracy, I have met only with failure and disappointment. Rich men there are, whose plantations line the road for miles; men and women who own, or did own, hundreds of slaves, and raised every year their thousand bales of cotton; and their ignorance is only equalled by that twin sister of ignorance, intolerance. I can understand as I never did before why it was that a few persons who every year represent the South in Congress, were able to wield that influence as a unit. To be sure the interest of slavery was all controlling, yet it never would have brought this people to the pitch of civil war, had they received the most common benefits of education. The solemn truth is, that the Southern people have never had any conception of the nation as I did. They do not know what it is to be an American.

"It must not be supposed that we do not meet many persons who claim to have been Unionists from the beginning of the war. The vote of Georgia was undoubtedly given by a large majority against secession, and almost every old man, when he sees his pigs and poultry killed in his very door-yard, and gazes with mournful eyes upon the wagons that are filled with corn, protests that *he* always was a Union man. It seems hard sometimes to strip such men as clear of all eatables as do our troops, who have the art cultivated to the most eminent degree, but as General Sherman often says to them: "If it is true that you are Unionists, you should not have permitted Jeff. Davis to dragoon you, until you are as much his slaves as once the niggers were yours."

CONSEQUENCES OF THE EARTH BEING STOPPED IN ITS ORBIT.—If the earth should be stopped in its orbit, it would begin to fall straight toward the sun. As it approached more nearly to that great source of heat it would soon reach a point where the temperature is as high as two hundred and twelve degrees, and then all the waters of the ocean would be evaporated. As it drew still nearer the rocks would be melted, and afterwards they also would be evaporated. Before it reached the sun this solid earth would be converted into a vast volume of red hot gas, which, when it fell into the fiery atmosphere of the sun, would merely produce blasts of wind from the point where it struck outward in all directions.—[Scientific American.

You often say, "How much good I would do with my money if I were as rich as this man, or the other." How much good do you do now with what you have? "Oh, if I had only time: what would I not learn," says another. How do you spend the time you have?

PUT UP A PICTURE IN YOUR ROOM.—Better put up a rough' varnished engraving, than none at all,—or pin, or stick up, any engraving whatsoever, at the hazard of its growing never so dirty. You will keep it as clean as you can, and for as long a time; and as for the rest, it is better to have a good memorandum before you, and get a fresh one when you are able, than to have none at all, or even to keep it clean in a port folio. How should you like to keep your own heart in a portfolio, or lock your friend up in another room? We are no friends to portfolios, except they contain more prints than can be hung up. The more, in that case, the better.—[Leigh Hunt.

A man applied to Dr. Jackson, the celebrated chemist of Boston, with a box of specimens:

"Can you tell me what this is, sir?"

"Certainly I can sir; this is iron pyrites."

"What, sir?" in a voice of thunder.

"Iron pyrites."

"Iron pyrites! and what is that?"

"That's what it is," said the chemist, putting a lot on the shovel over the hot coals, where it disappeared. "Dross."

"And what is iron pyrites worth?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Why, there's a woman who owns a hill full of that in our town, and I've married her!"

HERE is a little war story from the far west: A Lieutenant of the Tenth United States Infantry recently met with a sad rebuff at Fort Kearny. The Lieutenant was promanading in full uniform one day' and approached a volunteer on sentry, who challenged him with "Halt! who comes there?" The Lieutenant, with contempt in every lineament of his face, exclaimed indignantly, "Ass!" The sentry's reply, apt and quick, came, "Advance, Ass, and give the countersign!"

A goose has many quills, but an author can make a goose of himself with only one quill.

A good way to "kill time,"—sleigh it.

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MEDICINES,
BY A. KNOEFEL,
DRUGGIST,

219 Market Street, New Albany. Ind Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Sarsaparilla, Fever and Ague Cure, Pills; Jane's Expectorant, Alterative; Hombold's Extract Bucha; Hall's Balsam; Temple's Boneset Syrup; Hoffland's Bitters; Hosstetter's Bitters; Plantation Bitters; Mexican Mustang Liniment; Tobia's Liniment; Dr. Cheesman's and Clark's Female Pills; Brown's Troches; Wright's Pills, Brandreth's Pills, Strickland's Medicines, Christadora's and Batchjor's Hair Dye. Franch Capsules, Bussian Salve, Mrs. Winslow's Soothng Syrup. 42

CHEAP
CLOTHING!
FANK SMITH,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Market Street, corner Lower First,
NEW ALBANY, IND.
dec21

Sundries.
50 Boxes strictly prime W. R. Cheese,
50 Kitts Extra Mackerel.
Just received and for sale by
JOHN MANN,
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Dec. 14.

VARIETIES
For Christmas!
Sweet Cider in Bbls; Cheese;
Beautiful New Raisins in quarter boxes.
Real Pennsylvania Buck Wheat Flour.
Hominy by the barrel or bushel.
Bologna Sausage. Cuba Six Cigars.
Citron. Dried Beef, &c.
For sale at REILLY'S,
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IF YOU WANT A
TRUNK,
VALISE,
Or anything in the traveling line, call at
JOHN STACY'S,
on Main, between Pearl and State, No. 278, where they are made, and will be sold cheaper than they are in Louisville, by 25 per cent. JOHN STACY.
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CHEAP
Boots & Shoes.
J. C. HURSELL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's
BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 244 MAIN ST., NEW ALBANY. IND
All descriptions of Boots and Shoes at very lowest prices.
Persons will do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.
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ATTENTION!
EVERYBODY!
If you want good
PHOTOGRAPHS,
call at
WILSON'S GALLERY,
No. 42 State Street, between Main and Market.

GET ONE.
FRANTZ'S
STENCIL ESTABLISHMENT,
Get your name cut on BRASS or SILVER PLATE, so that you will be able to mark your name on Linnen, Silk or Cotton Apareal, Books, Cards, &c. with Indelible Ink.
Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates for all business. Many years experience and uniform price enable me to confidentally recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.
P. FRENTZ,
No. 336 MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, INEIANA.
NEW ALBANY, INDIANA, September 3rd, 1864.

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DRUGGIST & CHEMIST,
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He keeps constantly on hand the best selected stock of
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, SOAPS, COAL, OIL, LAMPS, Etc., Etc.
☞ Prescriptions carefully prepared at all hours

COUGH NO MORE!
TRY
STRICKLAND'S
MELLIFLUOUS
COUGH BALSAM.
Cures Caughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM, to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gurgle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.
Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by Druggists generally. Sold at J. H. Conner's Drug Store New Albany, Indiana.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS!
HERMAN PRALLE,
Wholesale and retail dealer in
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PIPES, TOBACCO BOXES, ETC. ETC.
Next door to the Post Office, sign of the big Indian.

THE REVEILLE.

For the Soldier in the Field and Hospital.

VOL. 1. NEW ALBANY, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 25, 1865. NO. 46.

The Reveille.

Published every Wednesday
HOSPITAL No. 6, NEW ALBANY, IND.,
BY
C. T. ATHEARN,
AND
M. UMBDENSTOCK.

Terms, fifty cents for three months

Letters and communications should be addressed to the "Reveille."

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted in this paper at the rate of One Dollar a square for a single insertion; and continued for One Dollar per month.

POETRY.

For the Reveille.

NOT SO EASY, LITTLE MAC.

No, not so easy, Little Mac,
For I was there to see;
You may have had an easy time,
But it was hard on me.

I shall remember, Little Mac,
E'en to my dying day.
How in Virginia's miry swamps
Week after week we lay.

Your stars shone brightly, Little Mac,
Your gloves were white as snow;
But we, poor soldiers, in the mire
Were flound'ring to and fro.

The rebs laughed at us, Little Mac.
Who could their mirth condemn?
We toiled like muskrats in the mud,
The negroes toiled for them.

T'was kindness in you, Little Mac,
To set no negro free;
T'was kindness to your Southern friends,
But rather hard on me.

T'was manly in you, Little Mac,
To leave our foes their slaves;
They doubtless needed them to dig
Their trenches and their graves.

But 'twas not easy, Little Mac,
For us, worn out with toil,
To meet such foemen as we met
Upon the sacred soil.

They fought us fiercely, Little Mac—
Had naught to do but fight;
Our guns were rusty with neglect,
Our spades alone were bright.

And you remember, Little Mac,
That famous "change of base;"
To us that fought that seven days fight,
It was no pleasant race.

You say 'twas easy, Little Mac;
But I remember well,
'Twas hard to see friends fall so fast,
And leave them where they fell.

And all who fell there, Little Mac,
Will tell, and tell you true,
That it's no easy thing to save
Freedom and slavery too.

No, not so easy, Little Mac,
For I was there to see;
And when you try that work again,
Pray do not call on me.

If I must meet our foes again,
Give me a leader true—
Lincoln or Sherman, Grant or Banks,
Or any man but you.

New Albany, Jan. 16, 1865.

MISCELLANY.

THE NOBLE EARL AND THE HONEST FARMER.

A farmer once called on the late Earl Fitzwilliam, to represent that his crop of wheat had been severely injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his lordship's hounds had, during the winter, frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed, that in some parts he could not hope for any produce.

"Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am well aware that we have done considerable injury—and if you can produce an estimate of the loss you have sustained, I will repay you."

The farmer replied that, anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist in estimating the damage, and they thought, as the crop seemed quite destroyed, fifty pounds would not more than repay him. The Earl immediately gave him the money.

As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field which were most trampled, the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and being introduced, said:

"I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood."

His lordship immediately recollected the circumstance.

"Well, my friend, did not I allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?"

"Yes, my lord, I find that I have sustained no loss at all, for where the horses had most cut up the land, the crop is the most promising, and I have, therefore, brought the fifty pounds back again."

"Ah!" exclaimed the venerable earl, "this is what I like—this is as it should be between man and man."

He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family—how many children he had, etc. His lordship then went into another room and returning, presented the farmer with a check for one hundred pounds, saying:

"Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it."

We know not which to admire the more, the benevolence or the wisdom displayed by this illustrious man; for while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation.

SIGNS THAT FAILED.—We all remember the story of the inn-keeper who became proud as he prospered, and taking down the sign of the Ass, put up a portrait of George IV, in its place. His neighbor immediately raised the cast-off effigy, and "in this sign he conquered." The first landlord, alarmed at the increasing popularity of his rival, and understanding the cause, wrote underneath the grim visage of his Majesty: "This is the real Ass."

But a more ludicrous incident of the kind is just now told at the expense of the good Bishop of Llandaff. He took up his abode near the head of Lake Windermere, where the principal inn had been known as the Cock; but the landlord, by way of compliment to his distinguished neighbor, substituted the "Bishop" as the new sign. An innkeeper close by, who had frequently envied mine host of the Cock for his good fortune in securing a considerable preponderance of visitors, took advantage of the change, and attracted many travelers to his to his house by putting up the sign of the Cock. The landlord with the new sign was much discomfitted at seeing many of his old customers deposited at his rival's establishment; so, by way of remedy, he put up, in large. red letters, under the portrait of the Bishop; "This is the old Cock."

TRUE HEROISM.—Lieut. Buttrick, of the 59th Massachusetts Regiment, writes:

In the battle of the 20th of September there was a young man killed, a member of the 57th regiment, who used to live in Concord. His name was Broad. He never was in battle before, as he had been connected with an ambulance train. He met his death in this way: There was a man struck by a solid shot, it cutting one of his legs nearly off. The poor fellow was bleeding to death, but if brought off would in all probability get well. Broad was the only man who would volunteer to go out and fetch him in. It was almost certain death for any man; "but," said Broad, "I have neither wife nor child to suffer if I am killed;" so out he went and picked him up, put him on his shoulder, and brought him in safely, though the bullets flew like hail around him. He came in so promptly that we all thought he escaped the bullets. But, alas! poor Broad was a wounded man. He laid his burden on the ground, saying, "I may have saved your life, but I have lost my own." He was shot through the bowels, and died very soon after. He was as brave a man as ever lived.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—You know my opinion of female society. Without it we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with ten-fold force to young men and those who are in the prime of manhood. For, after a certain time of life, the literary man may make a shift (a poor one I grant) to do without the society of ladies. To the young man nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guide it from pollution, which besets it on all sides. A man ought to choose his wife, as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding gown, for qualities that "wear well." One thing at least, is true, that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasures. A Newton, or a mere scholar, may find employment in study, a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend and children around him to cherish and support the dreariness of old age.

Eternity has no gray hairs. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; the world lies down in the sepulchre of age, but time writes no wrinkles on eternity. Eternity! Stupenduous thought! The ever present, unborn, undecaying and undying—the endless chain composing the life of God—the golden thread entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave, its honors are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces; its pleasures; they are but bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourns. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no demons of decay.

The separation of friends by death is less terrible than the divorce of true hearts that have loved, but have ceased to sympathise, while memory is still recalling what they once were to each other.

Write your name with kindness love and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten.

The Reveille.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 25, 1865.

FORT FISHER LESSONS.

Fort Fisher has proved a good teacher to the North, and we are not sure but that it has conveyed some little information to gentlemen of the Southern persuasion. We venture to give three lessons particularly impressed upon Federals by this earthwork.

We have learned that bold and unwonted strategy will pay. It may not be very magnanimous to throw sand in your opponent's eyes, and then double him up in confusion; we rather think it is justifiable. It may be mean and ignoble not to fight according to book, but an original tactic is often as efficacious as it is impudent. The lion is said never to repeat its spring when with the first attempt it misses its prey. Not so with the eagle. The first swoop failing he returns to the charge, having remeasured the distance and marked the cause of failure. The American Eagle made an empty grasp. Disappointed, but not baffled, on muffled wing he pounced successfully upon his victim. Dropping metaphor: while Johnny Reb thought he had settled us upon land and sea, so far as Wilmington was concerned, and while he was gawking amused at Butler and Porter pulling each other's hair, the expedition returned and snatched away the bone of contention.

The second lesson taught by Fort Fisher is: that perseverance, coupled with daring, rarely fails of success Seven hours' hard fighting is no child's play; and assaulting is the bloodiest work of war. But the ride of the immortal Six Hundred showed no more daring and not so much cool determination, as did scaling the parapets of the rebel stronghold by our men. The bull-dog tenacity, peculiar to Grant, cropped out very manifestly on this occasion. For, though that General Grant was not present, the enterprise bore the impress of his magnetic power.

The third lesson burnt in with the bombarding gun-powder, is the benefit of keeping our own counsel. We are proverbially a frank people, and, it is to be feared, inclined to 'gostration' Like big children, as we are, we love to be the announcers of important news. The papers greedily appropriate everything in the item line that comes within their reach, but most generously disseminate the same. More than once we have premature by disclosures, scuttled our own ships. This time, by request, the press put a wholesome gag upon itself. The results were a surprise, an assault, a capture.

We might add one more lesson which we have accidentally touched upon in the spread-eagling of another paragraph. That is, we brought into requisition, in our last attack upon Fort Fisher, the knowledge that we gained in its first futile bombardment. The strong and weak points of the object of assault were developed and remembered, and our movements associated with the successful issue were modified by our knowledge of them.—[Indianapolis Journal.

The New York Post makes the following "Professional expostulation:

"It sometimes happens in the contests of the prize ring that an overmatched hero, whose chivalrous spirit spurns the thought of defeat, continues to stagger forward at the call of 'time,' only to fall helpless under the blows of his antagonist. In such cases it is held to be the duty of the seconds to withdraw their man and put an end to the fight. We refer to this rule of the ring now, in order to ask John Bull—the great patron of the game, and chief backer and bottle-holder of the Southern Confederacy—whether it is not quite time for him to throw up the sponge.

His champion has made a very gallant battle; he has taken punishment like a glutton, we think that is the phrase, he has shown undoubted pluck; and he is entitled to a subscription hereafter that may set him up in the public line. But he has been fearfully beaten; his nose, which we may call the Mississippi, ran claret long since; his peepers or ports are effectually closed; Sherman has hit him a stunner in the bread basket, and Grant has got his head in chancery. In these circumstances it would be no more than mercy to hand the poor creature out of the ring, even though his body be past mending.

Mr. Bull, having put up a good deal of the money dependent upon the event of the fight, and having robbed, washed, petted and cheered his favorite in the intervals of the rounds, ought to submit gracefully to the chances that have gone against him, by acknowledging the superiority of the winner."

A Deserter Killed and Two Officers Arrested.—On the 16th, Captain McCormack's company of Sullivan Co. Legion, assisted by the Widner Township, Knox county company, under command of Lieutenant Smith, made a descent upon the premises of James Willis, a deserter from the 33d Indiana Volunteers, and, in the attempt to capture him, shot and killed him. He was a desperate man, having successfully resisted all attempts to capture him for two years. The Legion found him asleep in a stable, and called upon him to surrender. He jumped to his feet and commenced firing with his revolver, the second shot from it inflicting an ugly, though not dangerous wound, in the shoulder of John Kimberlin. The third shot grazed the face of a man named Hollingsworth, who, slipping to the end of the building, and, as Willis raised to fire the fourth time, shot him through the ribs, killing him instantly. The company then went to Fort Robinson, an infamous den of treason, which takes its name from three or four families of that name living near, huddled together to resist the draft. Two of the houses were surrounded, and two of the Robinson boys, who had been drafted and failed to report, were captured, together with Charles Robinson, who had been endeavoring to raise a company to resist the draft. Quite a lot of guns, pistols, ammunition, &c., were also captured. Among the guns was an old flint-lock United States musket.

[Indianapolis Journal'

Earnest efforts are about to be made in Spain for the abolition of slavery in her colonies. In Madrid an anti-Slavery Society has been formed, under the designation of La Sociedad Abolicionista Espanola, consisting of men of all political parties, who have adopted as their fundamental rule that politics should not be brought into any of their discussions, but that the great question shall be treated upon the broad basis of humanity, justice and religion. The society has appointed a committee to inquire into the results of emancipation wherever it has been carried into effect, and to report upon the best means of abolishing slavery in the Spanish colonies.

From Cuba we learn that anti-Slavery sentiments are rapidly spreading among the native population. A considerable number of newspapers advocate emancipation, the probability of which is improving from day to day.

[N. Y. Tribune.

Men make their own history, and have no right to complain because others either write or read their history. As a man makes his bed, so must he lie. Those who took repose in the cradle of the treasonable organization of the Sons of Liberty, must not complain because others will rock them The sinner that repents and forsakes his sins will find mercy; but those who give themselves sorrow for their political sins, simply because their sins have overtaken them, can hope for little mercy. Repentence must be sincere. The thirteen hundred and sixty-five Sons of Liberty in Washington county, who were well posted in the contemplated treasonable risings of last August, have not as yet publicly repudiated the organization. All such need bring forth fruits mete for repentence.—Salem Advocate.

We learn that Col. Oliver Ormsby intends raising a company of volunteers in this county. Mr. Ormsby is a clever gentleman, and we have no doubt he will make a good officer. We hope and believe that the citizens of the county will lend him all the encouragement and assistance necessary to accomplish this patriotic purpose.—Vevay Reveille.

A Frenchman, writing a letter in English to a friend, and looking in the dictionary for the word "preserve" and finding that it meant to pickle, wrote as follows: "May you and all your family be pickled to all eternity."

Heavy Guns in Russia.—The Invalide Russe says:—"A fourth enormous cannon in iron was lately cast at Petrozavodsk, in Russia, on the American system—that is to say, by cooling the inside with water. In a rough state those guns weigh two thousand pounds (thirty-two and a half pound), and when finished twelve hundred. Their diameter is fifteeen inches, and they are more than twelve feet long. They throw balls weighing three hundred and ninety-eight pounds. This gun when tried bore a very heavy charge of powder, and produced a most destructive effect on a plate of iron of considerable thickness, particularly when shells cast in hard metal were used. Those cannon cost one-sixth less than those in steel, and yet the system has never been adopted except in America and at Petrozavodsk."

A company has been formed in New York, which employs vessels to follow the path of blockade runners, and pick up cotton thrown overboard by them when chased by our gunboats, and they are making a good thing of it.

At a recent railroad dinner, in compliment of the legal fraternity, the toast was given:—"An honest lawyer—the noblest work of God; but the old farmer in the back part of the hall rather spoiled the effect by adding, in a loud voice, "And about the scarcest."

The Indianapolis Journal says it is ascertained that eighty-five counties in Indiana, out of ninety-two, have made appropriations to pay bounties to volunteers from $100 to $300 each. These appropriations have been made by the Boards of Commissioners.—Vevay Reveille.

Some years ago the Shakers had a spiritual revelation forbidding the use pork, and most of the branches of this peculiar sect still shun the forbidden meat. Those at Enfield, however, have it is stated, so far softened their prejudices as to keep swine and sell the pork to the outside barbarians.

The King of Siam, whose full name is "Phra Bart Somdetch Phra Paramende Maha Monghut Phra Chaum Klow Chow Yu Hua," recently celebrted his sixtieth birthday, the ceremonies being of the most gorgeous character.

A young man of this place named Samuel Vanduzen was seriously injured last Monday week, caused by a bale of hay falling on him, while engaged in stowing it in a flat-boat.

[Vevay Reveille.

Eighteen clergymen were elected to the Legislature of Vermont at the late election. Clerical salaries in Vermont cannot be very high.

New York city will have to furnish about ten thousand men on the present call for troops.—Vevay Reveille.

A Wisconsin girl had one of her eyes gouged out by a cow the other day, and then walked ten miles to see a physician. There's pluck for you.—Vevay Reveille.

The N Y. Tribune's correspondent writing from before Mobile, 7th, says: As matters now rest the advantages of the situation are largely on our side. Deceived as to our original intention, most of the rebel forces designed to protect the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, and the navigation of the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers, are far up in the interior, or else scattered in their endeavors to cover vulnerable points of railroad, so as to have no great strength. Furthermore, the fear of another raid from Vicksburg or Memphis will not permit them to alter the present disposition of their troops.

They cannot make a movement without endangering the communications of Mobile. This state of affairs being taken advantage of, and such movements and dispositions being made as promise speedily to compass the fall of the city, Gen Granger is already active, while troops on an near Pensacola river will not be far behind. I expect soon to write you of heavy fighting on both land and water

---

The Tribune's Washington special says one of the results of Secretary Stanton's visit to Savannah is to solve a doubt as to the soundness of Gen. Sherman on the negro question. This soldier's views and policy are those of the Government. His treatment of the negroes of Savannah has inspired them with confidence, and they rely on him wholly. He has borne in his heart a great scheme for the benefit of their race in Georgia, and it is understood here that the country will be electrified in a few days by an order from him, partitioning among them the abandoned sea island property of rebel planters, and establishing them in their new freehold, and laying the foundation of a new social condition in the South, whose superstructure but few politicians in the country are now permitted clearly to see.

At an early hour on the 16th three light-draught vessels went up Cape Fear river to a position opposite Fort Fisher. Several torpedoes were found in the river, connecting with the fort. At 1 A. M, on the 17th, the enemy evacuated and blew up Fort Caswell. They also destroyed several large vessels in the river, supposed to be blockade-runners. Stores are being conveyed to the shore from our transport fleet.

Some years ago there was a bill introduced in the Georgia Legislature to lay a tax of ten dollars a year on all jackasses. Some appreciative member proposed to amend it so as to include lawyers and doctors. The amendment was accepted, and, amidst much jocularity, the bill passed. Several efforts have since been made to repeal it, but in vain, and to this day all jackasses, lawyers and doctors are obliged to pay a yearly tax of ten dollars.

A wicked New York Tribune correspondent, who accompanied General Sherman's column through Georgia, paid a visit to an aristocratic rebel mansion in Clinton, representing himself as the correspondent of the World. He received in that character the most cordial and sumptuous hospitality from the lady inmates of the house, who were extremely disgusted to be informed, when he took his leave, of the paper with which their guest was actually connected.

An Irish family in Colchester, Conn., were put to an expense of $150 for the transportation from the Army of the Potomac of the remains of their husband and father, which were afterwards consigned to the tomb, with appropriate ceremonies. The family were accordingly surprised when the aforesaid father, alive and in good health, walked into the house the other day.

Present indications are that Gen. Thomas' army will not soon move from its present position on the Tennessee River, as winter quarters are being constructed.

Mush and milk suppers, for the benefit of the poor, are just now the go. One given at Worthington, Green county, a few days ago, netted $144.—Vevay Reveille

Colonel W. H. Morgan, formerly of 25th Indiana Vols., has received an appointment as Colonel in Hancock's Army Corps.

Hospital Chaplains.

Rev. E. J. PURDY Chaplain No. 6. Religious Services at No. 6. Tuesday 7½, P. M. Sunday 11 o'clock. A. M.

Rev. W. V. DANIEL, Chaplain No. 4, and Floating Hospital.

Rev. S. S. POTTER, Chaplain No's. 5 and 8. Services at 10 A. M, and at2 and 5 P. M. Sunday.

HOSPITAL REPORT.

Changes at General Hospital No. 6, for two weeks ending January 25th.

Whole number of beds,	550.
Admitted,	117.
Discharged from Service,	0.
Returned to duty,	45.
Transfered	14,
Deserted,	2.
Furloughed,	0.
Died	7.
Remaining	470.

Advertisements

JOHN KNEFFLY,

No. 300 MAIN ST.,

Has just received a New and Complete Stock of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, CHAINS, CLOCKS of every description, and JEWELRY of the most handsome and latest styles.

SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE

Constantly on hand, as

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CASTORS,
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GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,

Spectacles. Gold Pens of the finest quality.

In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of

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As Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases, &c., &c.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.

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All descriptions of Boots and Shoes at very lowest prices.

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Varieties.

20 Boxes Western Resrrue and Hamburg Cheese. 5 Bbls Cider Blogna and Ham Sausage. Cincinnattie Sugar Cured Hams, a Choice Article. Pensylvany Buck Wneat Flour. 40 Doz Brooms, Tubs, Buckets and Meal Seives. 30 Boxes German Casteel, and Shaving Soap Navy and Golden Era Tobacco Fine Cut Smoking Tobacco. Gunpowder Imperial Hyson and Black Teas. Cuba Sixesg Pearl Starch. 20 Boxes Glass Tumblers 10 Boxes Squat ½ Gall Jars. Wrapping Twine. Sea Grass Clothes Lines.

At RILEYS. 45 Main Street.

Sundries.

50 Boxes strictly prime W. R Cheese,

50 Kitts Extra Mackerel.

Just received and for sale by

JOHN MANN,
No. 67 State Street.

Dec. 14.

Cigars.

20,000 Cigars, on hand and for sale by

JOHN MANN.

MARCUS W. LEWIS. FRANK A. LEWIS

LEWIS BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FOREIGN LIQUORS,

AND DISTILLERS OF

American Brandies, Gins and Whiskies,

Also sole Agents for the South and West, for GENESEE AND BORBON COUNTY OLD WHISKIES,

No. 258 Main Street, Crawford's Building,

NEW ALBANY IND.

New York, Cincinnati and Louisville Prices. 40tf

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STENCIL ESTABLISHMENT,

Get your name cut on BRASS or SILVER PLATE, so that you will be able to mark your name on Linnen, Silk or Cotton Apareal, Books, Cards, &c., with Indelible Ink.

Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates for all business. Many years experience and uniform price enable me to confidentially recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.

P. FRENTZ,

No. 336 MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

NEW ALBANY, INDIANA, September 3rd, 1864.

R.C. HOFELD & BROTHER,

DRUGGIST & CHEMIST,

Corner Market and Upper 4th Streets,

NEW ALBANY, INDIANA,

He keeps constantly on hand the best selected stock of

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, SOAPS, COAL, OIL, LAMPS, Etc., Etc.

☞ Prescriptions carefully prepared at all hours

COUGH NO MORE!

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MELLIFLUOUS

COUGH BALSAM.

Cures Caughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of

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Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by Druggists generally. Sold at J. H. Conner's Drug Store New Albany, Indiana.

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TOBACCO, CIGARS,

PIPES, TOBACCO BOXES, ETC. ETC.

Next door to the Post Office, sign of the big Indian.

POETRY.

CARPE DIEM.

BY PRESIDENT HILL, OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

Build not on tomorrow,
But seize on to-day!
From no future borrow,
The present to pay.

Wait not any longer
Thy work to begin.
The worker grows stronger;
Be steadfast, and win.

Forbode not new sorrow;
Bear that of to-day,
And trust that the morrow
Shall chase it away.

The task of the present
Be sure to fulfill;
If sad, or if pleasant,
Be true to it still.

God sendeth us sorrow,
And cloudeth our day;
His sun, on the morrow,
Shines bright on our way.

MISCELLANY.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN ZEPHYR.—The Virginia City (Nevada) Union, of the 27th ult., says:

"About 10 o'clock night before last, while ye zephyr was raiding through town, tearing down awnings, twisting off window shutters, signs, and all that sort of thing, it came across one of the big wagons of the Reese River Fast Freight Line standing on South C street, and just took it up bodily and carried it over house-tops and everything else, and landed it about half a mile away over Cedar Ravine, smashing it pretty essentially. This wagon weighed about 2,200 pounds. If they have got any gentle zephyrs anywhere that can match ours when they get agoing, just let 'em fetch 'em along.

A FRENCH REBUS ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS. A French journal recently exhausted its ingenuity by giving its readers what it styled an "American Rebus," which is thus translated:

Hurrah for	The old Union
Secession	Is a curse
We fight for	The Constitution
The Confederacy	Is an infernal league
We love	Free discussion
Rebellion	Is treason
We glory in	The liberty of the press
Separation	Will not be tolerated
We cherish	The old flag
The Southern Cross	Is a flaunting lie
Death to	Jefferson Davis
Abe Lincoln	Is our leader
Down with	State rights
Law and Order	Will triumph
Long live	Universal freedom
Negro Slavery	Cannot exist.

Each colum read separately contains the creed of the rebels; the two read together that of the Unionists.

At a recent SEANCE of the Davenport Brothers, a gentleman asked leave to fire his revolver at the "spirit hand" which was thrust out of the aperature in the box where the mediums were confined. The showman refused amid great laughter.

That man who runs down the girls, speaks ill of the married women, throws a quid of tobacco into the contribution box, and takes a penny out to buy more, can never have peace in this world. Bedbugs, musquitoes and the night mare, and all the hobgoblins of a guilty conscience will haunt him on his way to that well heated prison where convicts are fed on aquafortis soup and are allowed no other amusement than to sit and pick their teeth with a red hot poker through eternity.

]Dow, Jr.

A JUVENILE WARRIOR OF EXPERIENCE.—The town of Swanzy in New Hampshire, is the home of George B. Mattoon, a young man only eighteen years oid, who has served three years in the Union army, has been in forty-three battles and twenty-seven skirmishes, had two horses shot under him, and during the whole time has not received a single injury nor been absent from duty a single day.

As the eagle dips his wings in the crystal spring, to beautify and strengthen them for his upward flight, so should the young go to the fountain of literature and science to adorn and strengthen their minds, that they may be qualified to rise to a sphere of usefulness in the world.

Faith laughs at the shaking of a spear: unbelief trembles at the shaking of a leaf—unbelief starves the soul; faith finds food in famine, and a table in the wilderness.

The editor of the New York Dutchman, speaking of a drink he once had occasion to indulge in, says he couldn't tell whether it was brandy or a torchlight procession going down his throat.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

Market Street, corner Lower First,

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50 Boxes strictly prime W. R. Cheese,

50 Kitts Extra Mackerel.

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Cigars.

20,000 Cigars, on hand and for sale by

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MEDICINES,

BY A. KNOEFEL,

DRUGGIST,

219 Market Street, New Albany. ind Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Sarsaparilla. Fever and Ague Cure, Pills; Jane's Expectorant, Alterative; Hombold's Extract Bucha; Hall's Balsam; Temple's Boneset Syrup; Hoffland's Bitters; Hosstetter's Bitters; Plantation Bitters; Mexican Mustang Liniment; Tobia's Liniment; Dr. Cheesman's and Clark's Female Pills; Brown's Troches; Wright's Pills, Brandreth's Pills. Strickland's Medicines, Christadora's and Batchjor's Hair Dye. Franch Capsules, Bussian Salve, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. 42

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THE REVEILLE.

For the Soldier in the Field and Hospital.

VOL. 1. NEW ALBANY, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 1, 1865. NO. 47.

The Reveille,

Published every Wednesday at
HOSPITAL No. 6, NEW ALBANY, IND.,
BY
C. T. ATHEARN,
AND
M. UMBDENSTOCK.

Terms, fifty cents for three months

Letters and communications should be addressed to the "Reveille."

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted in this paper at the rate of One Dollar a square for a single insertion and continued for One Dollar per month.

POETRY.

TRUE BLUE FOREVER BOYS.

COMPOSED BY WILLIAM DOWELL, 12th WIS. VET. VOLS.

'Twas in eighteen-hundred and sixty-one
When first the call was given,
By Abraham that noble man
To come and fight for freedom.

Says Abraham, my boys I know
Your hearts are brave and true,
And for our country you will fight
In jackets of true blue.

The rebs then thought that they were some
And made a bold assertion,
We'll whip them yankees five to one
And prove our right's secession.

We yankee boys could never see
The play go so uneven,
We have often tried them one to one
But they were then for leaving.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-one
Old Abe says, now my boys we'll try,
Our arms are few, yet we'll prove true
And save our country though we die.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-two
Old Abe says, Mack, is this your plan?
You have tried the rebels long enough
Now I will try some other man.

Little Mack says all is quiet now
My army in the Chickahomony lies,
And now I can no further go
Then rebel guns does me surprise.

The boys walked up to Mack and said
Them quaker guns are made of wood,
But Mack was not the man to flight
So he off for the gunboats stood,

But General Sherman is the man
And U S. Grant is too,
To make the rebels understand
That quaker guns wont do.

Then three cheers for General Thomas
Likewise for his brave crew,
Who fought old Hood at Nashville
And whiped him badly to.

We have a noble leader yet
His name is Abraham.
He has steered our ship for four years now
We want no other man.

Old Abe's time is not out yet
He has four years more to serve,
We sympathize with little Mack
Who lays in the reserve.

Brave Sherman now is marching on
Down south he is quite familiar,
The copperheads have taken back
That four years of a failure.

We have a noble army now
We have brave Generals to,
Can march through the confederacy
And crush rebellion through.

We have but a few mere miles to march
We have but a few more days to fight,
We have but a few more rebs to whip
Until rebellion takes its flight.

Old Jeff will then come out and say
Old Abe you have freed my darkies,
Sure one of us will never try
Again to whip five yankees.

Brave yankee boys you are true blue
And we do beg your pardon,
You are every thing while we do claim
We are not worth a farthing.

And now that we are conquered
And you have gained the day,
Go home go home brave yonkee boys
We have no more to say.

We will then put on the crown
Of glory and of honors,
Which is due to every man
Who has fought for Union banners.

The world then to us will say
Brave Unjon name your cause is blessed.
Your honors shall forever stand
Praise God the Union is saved at last.

MISCELLANY.

ELOQUENT APOSTROPHE TO COLD WATER.

Col. Watt exclaimed in a sneering voice, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised us not only a good barbacue, but better liquor. Where is the liquor?"

"There!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, pointing his motionless finger at the matchless Double Spring gushing up in two columns, with a sour like shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his fleet like a convicted culpret. "There is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gasses, and surrounded with stench of sickening odors and rank corroption, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water; the red deer wander, and the child loves to play; there God brews it; and down—down in the deep valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high on the tall mountain tops, where the native granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm cloud broods, and the thunder tones crash; wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, "sweeping the march of God," there he brews it, that beverage of life, health giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty—gleaming in the dew-drop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seemed turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world, and weaving the many colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction. Still also it is beautiful, that blessed ice water! No poison bubbles on its brink: its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its clear depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of despair. Speak out, my friends; would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?" A shout like the roaring of a tempest answered 'No!'

Critics need never tell me again that backwoodsmen are dead to the divine voice of eloquence; for I saw at that moment the missionary held the hearts of the multitude, as it were, in his hand.

THE SCHOOLMASTER NOT ABROAD.—Several years ago, when the efforts in behalf of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association were at the height of activity throughout the country, Mrs. —— was one of the local agents to collect funds in a certain town. In the prosecution of her labors she called at a comfortable looking dwelling in the outskirts of her district, and the head of the family being away, addressed the "lady of the house" in an eloquent appeal in behalf of the association. To her surprise she was asked:

"Why, who is Mr. Washington?"

Astonished at discovering such density of ignorance on the part of a well-to-do-woman, in this land of enlightenment, Mrs. —— briefly but forcibly recapitulated the leading events in Washington's career, and his claims upon his country's gratitude, in recognition of which, as she explained, an effort was being made to raise funds to prevent his home from passing into other hands. But the answer showed that, notwithstanding the efforts of the teacher, the student of history didn't yet see the point.

"Well, ma'am," said the latter, "I should like very much to help the good old man keep his place, if I could afford it, but the fact is, that we hain't as yet paid for ourn!"

This cogent argument was too much for the benevolent agent of the society, who immediately beat a retreat for some other locality where the schoolmaster was abroad.

THE HABITS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN. Rev. Dr. Adams of Philadelphia, in his recent thanksgiving discourse, speaking of an early morning call upon Mr. Lincoln, made the following interesting statement:

"Morning came, and I hastened my toilet, and found myself at a quarter to five, in the waiting-room of the President. I asked the usher if I could see Mr. Lincoln. He said I could not. 'But I have an engagement to meet him this morning.' "At what hour?' 'At five o'clock.' 'Well, sir, he will see you at five.' I then walked to and fro for a few minutes, and hearing a voice as in grave conversation, I asked the servant—'Who is talking in the next room?' 'It is the President, sir.' 'Is any body with him?' 'No, sir, he is reading the Bible.' 'Is that his habit so early in the morning?' 'Yes, sir, he spends every morning, from four o'clock to five, in reading the Scriptures and praying.'"

Dr. Samuel Johnson, while courting his intended wife, in order to try her said that he had no property, and once had an uncle hanged. To which the lady replied that she had no property, and although she never had a relation that was hanged she had a number that deserved to be.

How to stuff a goose—cut a piece of hair from a Skye terrier, and send it in a letter to a coxcomb, telling him it is a lock of a young lady who has fallen in love with him.

If a cat had wings, no bird would be left in the air. If every one had what he is wishing, who would have anything?

"Mary," asked Charles, "What animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain dear," was the whispered reply.

The Reveille.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 1, 1865.

THE UNION AS IT WAS.

There are those who wish to have the Union restored as it was before the war; but a little reflection might show uny one that this is impossible, All things in this world are subject to change. Even those things which appear most solid and durable are constantly changing. If there are things on which time makes but little impression they are those which possess no life, such as petrifactions, and remains of past ages. But even the monuments of the past are subject to decay.

If our war had been avoided the Union could not have remained unchanged. The genius of every succeeding generation is different from the preceding one; and as our government derives its character from the character of the people, it follows that as the people change the government will also change. And why should we wish it to be otherwise? Why should we wish to retain anything in the character of our government which has proved to have been a hindrance to our welfare? Should not every impediment to our growth in strength, knowledge, civilization and Christianity, be removed? Especially should not every cause of disunion, of contention, and of angry or envious feelings be totally removed.

The Union as it was may have been well adapted to the people of a past generation;—the people of this and the coming generation demand some modification of the basis of Union; they demand a safer foundation. They see one great cause which has produced our present troubles, and demand its removal, and that demand is in the process of being fulfilled.

We cannot go back; neither do we wish to go back. Forward we must go. The clog which has heretofore impeded our progress is being cut loose and cast aside, and we are preparing to make more rapid marches than ever in everything which goes to make a great and prosperous nation.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

The patriot in this war is the private soldier; the man who endures all the hardships and faces all the dangers of the war with no share in its rewards, and but an undivided portion in its glories, which brings no personal honors. They advance to the charge which decides the fate of the battle in the face of a storm of death, or they rush to the assault of murderous fortifications, a glorious victory is won, the commander's name rings throughout the land, the swift gratitude of the Government mounts the popular impulse and promotes him, perhaps repeating it at the instant; they fall to unknown graves, their names even too numerous for the war bulletins. An indifferent addenda to the glorious ascription mentions our loss as so many thousands, and the country congratulates itself on the cheapness of the victory, and pays its debt of gratitude in honors and offerings to the fortunate commander.

But the sober second thought of the American people will not enlarge and perpetuate this injustice. The care of the fame and future comfort of the soldiers belongs to the people at large. The government can reward generously the fortunate commanders, both in rank and pay, but in the nature of things it cannot extend this scale of rewards and honors to the mass of the soldiers. It not only cannot provide them rank and high pay for life, but it cannot or does not provide them a bare support, though crippled and their vigor spent in its service. The people must assume for their share the duty of providing for the soldiers. Their patriotism, liberality and means are sufficient for this great work if wisely organized and directed. This organization and direction is an undertaking worthy the best minds and the noblest patriotism in the country.

The war is discharging and will discharge a large number of soldiers crippled or otherwise broken down by the service. It would be a shame to the country if these men were left to their own shifts. The Government pension is not adequate for subsistence. To provide for these is the first claim upon the patriotic offerings and upon the common honesty of the people. Let Ohio take the lead in such a testimonial to her soldiers, and take the same distinction in providing for her troops that she has in the war. A Soldier's Home on a grand scale, where those worn out in the service would have the comforts of a home and a sure subsistence for the remnant of their lives, would be as honorable to the State as the service of its troops in the war has been. There all the economical arrangements which community of living makes practicable could be brought to use, so that the provision of every comfort might be carried out with economy. There such labor as the invalid veterans were capable of could be made to contribute to their own support and health. There their last days would have the satisfaction of an appreciating country, instead of wearing out in reproaches for its ingratitude.

The Government generously dispenses its system of partial bounties. It leaves the mass of the army to be provided for by the people. This is our duty. It is a work for the greatest minds in the State, and it will honor those who organize and put it in the way of success. It should not be a work of legislative appropriation of the public money, but the voluntary offering of the people—a testimonial to the soldiers of the gratitude of the people, which will be an honor to both

[Cincinnati Gazette.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE JAMES, Jan. 24.—Last night the enemy made an unsuccessful attempt to run past our batteries. They took advantage of the storm and darkness to send down a fleet of eight vessels of war and three torpedo boats. This flotilla consisted of the Virginia, Fredericksburg and Richmond, iron clads, mounting four guns each; wooden vessels, Drury, Nansemond and Hampton, of two guns each; the Bedford, one gun; the steamer Torpedo, and three torpedo boats.

The following are the particulars as far as they could be obtoined from a deserter from the expedition, who came into our lines after daylight this morning:

The fleet left their moorings about 6 o'clock last evening, and proceeded quietly until they got near our batteries when they were discovered, and immediately the batteries opened on them, to which they replied. At about 12 o'clock they succeeded in cutting the chain in front of our obstructions beyond the lower end of Dutch Gap Canal, when the Fredericksburg, under full head of steam, passed through the obstructions, completely demolishing one of the sunken canal boats. The Richmond, Virginia and Drury, in attempting to follow, grounded, when the Fredericksburg had to go to their assistance. The Drury could not be got off, and was obliged to be abandoned, as it was now daylight, and they were in range of Battery Parsons. As soon as it became light the battery opened on the Drury, one of the shells falling in her magazine, which exploded, completely demolishing her, and the remainder of the fleet again made their way back up the river. It was supposed that an attempt would be made to go through again to-night. The only damage done was the dismounting of one gun on Fort Brady. The deserters report that only one man was killed and two wounded by the explosion of the Drury, and four deserters swam ashore and came into our lines.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—By the Atlanta from Mobile, it is reported that a formidable expedition had left Forts Morgan and Gains up the East Pascagouly river, to take a position in the rear of Mobile, placing the city partly at the mercy of our troops. The river was found navigable, and its occupation cannot fail to render the city an easy capture. Deserters report that there is much dissatisfaction with the rebel government in Mobile.

REBEL VIEW OF SHERMAN'S MOVEMENTS.—A Charleston letter to the Richmond Dispatch says: Sherman has commenced his movements against Charleston and Branchville. The enemy once firmly established on the railroad, either at Branchville or some point near Augusta, the fate of Charleston becomes only a question of time, and a short time at that. We may leave it to the President and General Lee to decide what effect such a movement would have upon Richmond and the Army of Northern Virginia. The failure to re-enforce the army in Georgia and South Carolina is producing a very bad effect. The enemies both of the cause and of the President are taking advantage of this omission and are multiplying the difficulties in many ways.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—A Savannah letter dated on the 18th says: The South Carolina campaign of Gen. Sherman has already begun, though a month at least must elapse between the present time and the attainment of its object. The Army of the Tennessee, under General Howard, has already made a settlement in an important neighborhood, and the other corps are in readiness to start, or are being forwarded on another route of co-operation.

THE SEWING WOMEN AND THE PRESIDENT.—The N. Y. Tribune's special says a committee of ladies representing 14,000 working women of Philadelphia, employees of Government contractors, waited on the President Friday to tell of their sufferings and wrongs. Simon Cameron, John W. Forney, and other Pennsylvanians, accompanied them. The President, deeply impressed, sent for Acting Quartermaster-General Thomas, and told him the story he had heard, and then said with feeling: "I shall consider myself personally obliged if you can hereafter manage to have the supplies of contract work for the Government made up by women, so as to give them remunerative wages for their labor." The General declared if could be done it should be.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—The steamer United States, from Savannah, Ga., brings a report that the national forces near Pocotaligo, S. C,, had captured 2,000 rebels and their artillery.

THE WAY YOU ALWAYS STOPPED.—The Vermont Record tells a good story of an innocent old lady, who never before had "rid on a railroad," who was passenger on one of the Vermont railroads at the time of a recent collision, when a freight train colided with a passenger train, smashing one of the cars, killing several passengers, and upsetting things generally. As soon as he could recover his scattered sences, the conductor went in search of the venerable dame, whom he found sitting solitary and alone in the car, (the other passengers having sought *terra firma*,) with a very placid expression upon her countenahce, notwithstanding she had made a complete summersault over the seat in front, and her band box and bundle had gone nncerremoniously down the passage way. "Are you hurt?" inquired the conductor. "Hurt! why?" said the old lady. "We have just been run into by a freight train, two or three passengers have been killed and several others severely injured," "La me! I didn't know but that was *the way you always stopped!*"

TRYING TO GET AT A SECRET.—A list of New York Income tax payers has been published, whereupon the Tribune tries to get at the secret of how some men live. We quote the following:

We wish the gentlemen named in these lists who live in four-story brown stone houses,

or board at the Fifth avenue or Clarendon Hotel, on income of from six to one thousand seven hundred dollars. each, would tell us how they contrive to do it. There are evidently secrets in their style of housekeeping which we have never mastered. So the eminent lawyer and financier, who is General Mc Clellan's next friend, and who is popularly esteemed a millionaire, has only, it seems ten thousand dollars a year, instead of the fifty or eighty thousand which has been laid to his charge, while the lawyer, who has probably the largest admiralty practice in our city charges has clients so moderately that his income is barely two thousand five hundred dollars per annum. This world is evidently better than its reputation.

GEMERAL TERRY, the captor of Fort Fisher like General Butler, was appointed from civil life, which shows, at least, that General Grant in the removal of the latter, was not swayed by West Point prejudices. General Terry is a native of New Haven, Connecticut, where he graduated at Yale College, and began the practice of the law not long before the outbreak of the rebellion. He entered service in 1861 as Colonel of the 7th Connecticut Volunteers, and has acquitted himself handsomely in every position in which he has since been placed. He was made Brigadier General in May, 1862.

A Savannah belle stepped off the sidewalk the other day, with a pouting expressio, to avoid walking under an American flag which hung in front of an officer's headquarters. General Geary, military commandant of the city, immediately gave orders for her to promenade back and forth under the hateful symbol for an hour, as a warning for similar offenders.

A Pleasant Parlor Pastime.—A favorite play with Dr. Whatley was penciling a little tale on paper, and then making his right hand neighbor read and repeat it in a whisper to the next man, and so until everybody around the table had done the same. But the last man was always required to write what he had heard, and the matter was then compared with the original retained by his grace. In many instances the matter was hardly recognizable, and Dr. Whately would draw an obvious moral; but the cream of the fun lay in his efforts to acertain when the aleratious took place. His analytical powers of detection proved, as usual, accurate, and the interpolatious were playfully pilloried. The play is called "Russian Scandal."

A business man in this city, who has been supposed to be very rich, took a note to one of our banks a few days since to be discounted, when it was refused because, from his return of income, his own responsibility was inadequate security.—[Albany Journal.

HOSPITAL REPORT.

Changes at General Hospital No. 6, for the week ending February 1st.

Whole number of beds,	550.
Admitted,	7.
Discharged from Service,	0.
Returned to duty,	56.
Transfered	1,
Deserted,	1.
Furloughed,	0.
Died	1.
Remaining	442

Hospital Chaplains.

Rev. E. J. PURDY Chaplain No. 6. Religious Services at No. 6. Tuesday 7½, P. M. Sunday 11 o'clock. A. M.

Rev. W. V. DANIEL, Chaplain No. 4, and Floating Hospital.

Rev. S. S. PETTER, Chaplain No's. 5 and 8. Services at 10 A. M, and at2 and 6 P. M. Sunday.

Advrtisments.

Job Printing

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Constantly on hand, as

TEA SETS,
CASTORS,
WAITERS,
PITCHERS,
GOBLETS,
SPOONS,
FORKS,
GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,

Spectacles, Gold Pens of the finest quality,.

In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of

FANCY GOODS.

As Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases, &c., &c.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.

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For Furloughs and Vouchers,

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50 Boxes strictly prime W. R Cheese,

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Dec. 14.

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NEW ALBANY IND.

New York, Cincinnati and Louisville Prices. 40tf

Varieties.

20 Boxes Western Resr rve and Hambur Cheese. 5 Bbls Cider Blogna and Ham Sausage. Cincinnattie Sugar Cured Hams, a Choice Article. Pensyivany Buck Wheat Flour. 10 Doz Brooms, Tubs, Buckets and Meal Seives. 30 Boxes German Casteel, and Shaving Soap Navy and Golden Era Tobacco Fine Cut Smoking Tobacco. Gu npowder Imperial Hyson and Black Teas. Cuba Sixes Pearl Starch. 20 Boxes Glass Tumblers. 10 Boxes Squat ½ Gall Jars. Wrapping Twine. Sea Grass Clothes Lines.

At RILEYS. 45 State Street.

Cigars.

20,000 Cigars, on hand and for sale by

JOHN MANN.

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FRANTZ'S

STENCIL ESTABLISHMENT,

Get your name cut on BRASS or SILVER PLATE, so that you will be able to mark your name on Linnen, Silk or Cotton Aparcal, Books, Cards, &c., with Indelible Ink.

Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates for all business. Many years experience and uniform price enable me to confidentally recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.

P. FRENTZ,

No. 336 MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

NEW ALBANY, INDIANA, September 3rd, 1864.

Cures Caughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM,

to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gurgle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.

Price 75 cents per bottle. For sale by Druggists generally. Sold at J. H. Conner's Drug Store New Albany, Indiana.

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Wholesale and retail dealer in

TOBACCO, CIGARS,

PIPES, TOBACCO BOXES, Etc. Etc.

Next door to the Post Office, sign of the big Indian.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
And rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's Jewelled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death. The dust we tread
Shall change below the summer showers,
To golden grain of mellow fruit,
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The frost cleaves daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death. The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours'
The coming of the May.

There is no death. An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our loved ones away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate—
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or hearts too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to the world of light—
To dwell in Paradise.

Born in the undying life,
They leave us but to come again·
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

In the South Carolina Convention of 1860, Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, uttered these prophetic words, to the verification of which events seem to be fast hurrying: "If secession shall take place. of which I have no idea—for I cannot conceive of such stupenduous madness—I shall consider the institution of slavery as doomed, and that the great God, in our blindness, has made us the instruments of its destruction."

A story is told of a certain Mrs. Petroleum, whose husband had suddenly come into the possession of a large fortune, and had erected a house to correspond to the enlargement of his means. Mrs. Petroleum had heard that it was necessary to have a "libery," and accordingly sent to a popular bookstore and ordered one. A well assorted library of standard works was sent up to her house. Next day, down came the lady in a towering rage at their selection. "Choicest works!" cried she, as an explanation was attempted, "bother your choicest works; they were all different sizes and colors. I wanted them all in blue and gold, to match my furniture,"

Why is a broken chair like one who despises you? Because it can't bear you.

There are some plain Illiois farmer who own more land than goes to make up some German Principalities.

The only love in which a man has no rival, is in the wonderful love he generally has for himself.

He who lives for himself alone, lives for a mean fellow.

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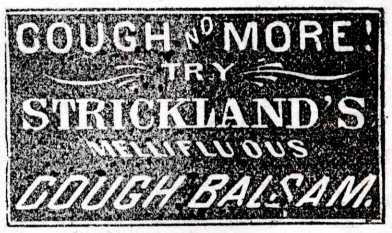
He keeps constantly on hand the best selected stock of

DRUGS, MEDICINES PERFUMERY, SOAPS, COAL OIL, LAMPS, Etc., Etc.

☞ Prescriptions carefully prepared at all hours



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THE REVEILLE.

For the Soldier in the Field and Hospital.

VOL. 1. NEW ALBANY, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 8, 1865. NO. 48

The Reveille,

Published every Wednesday at
HOSPITAL No. 6, NEW ALBANY, IND.,
BY
C. T. ATHEARN,
AND
M. UMBDENSTOCK.

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☞ *ADVERTISEMENTS* ☜

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Poetry.

LONGING FOR HOME.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

A song of a boat;
There was once a boat on a billow,
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
And bend like wand and willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went courtesying over the billow,
I marked her course till a dancing mote
She faded out on the moon lit foam,
And I staid behind in the dear loved home;
And my thoughts all day were about a boat,
And my dreams upon a pillow.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short;
My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me—
Ah me!

A song of a nest;
There was once a nest in a hollow,
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed
Soft and warm, and full to the brim;
Vetches leaned over in purple and dim,
With buttercups to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long;
You shall never light in a summer quest
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestfull, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter
That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nest full once of my own,
Ah, happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them; but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly—
Oh, one after one, they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I were going too.

I pray you what is that nest to me—
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the West?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went
And the land where my nestlings be;
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me—
Ah me!

Miscellany.

From the St. Louis Democrat.

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

HOW TO CONVERT REBEL WOMEN.

Seven rebel women arrested in Chariton county for giving aid and comfort to bushwhackers, arrived at St. Louis on the 25th ult., by the North Missouri Railroad. On arriving at the depot they were taken in charge by some of Capt. Tallon's men, placed in an ambulance and driven to the Gratiot Street Hotel. The girls were in high spirits. As the ambulance rattled over paving stones they chattered like magpies, occasionally giving a war-whoop that made the horse break into a fast gallop and kick up his heels as though a hornet's nest was after him. A few weeks seclusion in Gratiot will no doubt tame their rebellious spirits, and make them more tractable. Several of the party are said to be rather good looking.

There were eight females in the party when they arrived at Macon City, but there one of them became converted to Unionism, and was left behind. The lost pleiad was Miss Olivia Wall, and the manner of her conversion was as follows:

At Macon City the Provost Marshal paroled Olivia to the limits of the city, and she formed the acquaintance of a Union soldier, who laid siege to the citadel of her affections, and she surrendered on honerable terms. With her it was banishment or marriage, and she chose the latter, as any sensible girl would. The difference between being locked up in Gratiot and then sent down to Dixie, where the men are pretty nearly all killed off, and being locked up in the heart of a boy in blue, with full rations of love and sow-belly, to say nothing of hard tack and warm blankets, presented itself to her mind, and she chose the latter. The soldier loved the girl for her beauty, her impudence in helping bushwhackers, and perhaps he felt sorry for her misfortunes. As for her rebel principles, he thought he could cure her of that disease, and was anxious to try it on. The courtship was brief. The match was made and the marriage consummated. The sequel shows that the soldier had not counted without his host; for the next day he found Olivia's rebellious propensities all gone. She declared herself to be for the Union TO A MAN, and said she wouldn't give up her soldier boy for Price's whole army.

This is the reason that there was a vacant seat in the ambulance on Wednesday night. The Provost Marshal wrote to Colonel Baker, giving him an account of the affair, and begging that he would procure the pardon of the lady, as she was giving a fair share of aid any any amount of comfort to a true Union soldier, with a good prospect of bringing forth "fruits meet for repentance." Col. Baker, in consideration of the circumstances, and finding that a Wall of the rebellion had been breached, gave his sanction to the proceedings, and the soldier and his bride are in the full enjoyment of the honey moon.

There is another bit of romance connected with the banishment of these ladies, which did not end so agreeably. The soldier above spoken of was not the only one who was struck by the blind boy's butt shaft. After the girls were given over to the keeper of the prison, a soldier from Macon City applied to Col. Baker for the privilege of UNIONIZING one of the fair rebels in the same manner that his comrade had converted Miss Wall. He had no doubt he could induce her to forswear bushwhackers and become loyal, but as the Colonel had some doubt about the ability of the applicant, he put him off, and advised him to tarry at Jericho. The women will be sent South in a short time, and if the lover is sincere, he can go after his flame when the war is over.

MERCANTILE INTEGRITY.—The Boston Journal says that "some thirty years ago a dry goods dealer in Washington street failed in business, but soon started again in another branch of trade in State street. Not finding his second enterprise profitable, he applied for and secured a clerkship at one of our money-eyed institutions, from which he has risen to be one of its chief officers. He has been for some years paying the most needy of his early creditors, whose claims were outlawed long since. On Saturday last he was able to pay the last of his creditors the full amount of his indebtedness. Some of these persons had forgotten the debt, and were equally surprised and gratified at such a noteworthy instance of mercantile integrity. The debts in this instance were not paid with funds gained by speculation or good fortune in business, but by systematic and honerable appropriation of a portion of a salary, not very large, to such a noble purpose."

A BLESSED DAY.—What a blessed day is the Sabbath, to the man who necessarily catches but brief glimpses of home during the toiling week, who is off in the morning while little eyes are closed in slumber, nor back at night till they are again sealed in sleep? What would he know of the very children for whom he toils, were it not for the blessed breathing respite of the Sabbath? What honest working man's child will ever forget this day, when clean and neat it is his previlege to climb father's knee, and tell him all the news which goes to make up his narrow little world. "Narrow" did we say? We recall the word, for it widens out into the boundless ocean of eternity. Sabbath is for the working man's children. So would we have it—a day hallowed by sweet, pure, and home influences; when the little hand, quite complete, shall rest from labor, and love shall write it down the blessed day of all the seven.

The flollowing is the latest oil story: "A man went from New York to the Pennsylvania oil region and spent $4,500 in boring for oil, but without success. He had no funds left, but bought five barrels of oil on credit, carried them to his well in the night, poured the oil down his pipes, and the next morning began pumping with a success which astonished all his nrighbors. Before the flow stopped he sold his well for $7,000 and went home Where are the wooden nutmeg makers?"

A weapon recently invented for the use of English highway robbers has been found on criminals on this side of the water. It is called the "sand club," and is made of strong canvas, in the shape of a club, twenty inches long, and from six to eight in circumference, and is filled with fine sand. This elegant instrument does its work more neatly than a bludgeon, a slung shot, or brass nuckles, as it will not rebound after a blow is struck and it kills without leaving an external mark or bruise

Mortal things fade; immortal things spring more freshly with every step to tomb.

The Reveille.

WEDNESDAY, FEB, 8, 1865.

HOSPITAL NO. 6., NEW ALBANY.—It may not be inappropriate for us to give a few items in reference to this Hospital, hastily gathered together, in order that some idea may be formed of the extent and relative efficiency of one of the temporary abodes of our sick and wounded. It was organized Oct. 1st, 1862, and nearly 10,000 patients have been accommodated within it since that time. This Hospital, as well as all other Hospitals of New Albany, has labored under many disadvantages, incident to their lack of permanence. But through the energy of our excellent Superintendent, Major Fry, who has controlled the Hospitals of New Albany for most of the time, they have won an enviable reputation at home and abroad. No Hospitals in the West, not excepting the magnificent Government Hospitals at Madison and Jeffersonville, have stood higher. The Executives of all the Western States, and especially Gov. Brough of Ohio, have spoken of them in terms of the highest commendation. That our Hospital has received more praise than others or been more deserving, is by no means true.

The capacity of the Hospital was formerly but 325 beds, but last summer it was increased to 550, the present number. These are partly in the tents, and partly in the buildings.

BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.

The Hospital is in the buildings formerly occupied as a Theological School of the Presbyterians, and more recentiy as a Female School. The grounds are ample, about two acres in extent, beautifully shaded with maples, locusts and poplars. In the Summer there could not be a more delightful retreat. There are at present two large three story brick buildings, with one of a single story intervening for kitchen and dining hall. In the rear are two two-story buildings, occupied now for the various departments of the Hospital, Commissary, Post Office, &c.

Another building, 24 by 40 feet, has just been erected by the Government, for a special diet kitchen, to be carried on under the auspices of the Christian Commission. The kitchen will be a model for convenience, spacious and well ventillated, with wash-room and store-room attached.

A wash-house, with linen-room and bath-room attached is now in process of erection 16 by 40 feet. It will be completed in a few days. The boiling and ironing of the clothes and the heating of the water for the bath-house are to be done on the ground.

SPECIAL DIET KITCHEN.

This feature is new and deserves mention. It was arranged on its present basis by Mrs Whittenmyer about six months ago. The plan works admirably, and the preparation of food for the sick is now less trouble to the Surgeon than the details of the general kitchen. Misses McDowell and Martin, of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, have charge of this department, A Diet Bulletin is published every day, and distributed through the Wards, to assist the Surgeons in making their prescriptions for diet, and to enable the patients to know what can be furnished them. Thus the articles of Special Diet, Full, Half and Low, allowed for that particular day, are given, with a list of articles of Extra Diet, from which selections can be made. The prescriptions for diet are consolidated by the Commissary Steward for all the Wards, thus enabling the Chief of the kitchens both to draw from the Commissary and issue to the Wards. The list of articles of Extra Diet comprise as great a variety as could be furnished in any private sick-room, and fully meets the want, of the most fastidious taste. As a rule every man in the Wards of this Hospital, who is not able to go to the general table, is supplied with every article of food which he wishes, subject to the approval of his attending Surgeon. He is provided with a duplicate list, so that any neglect on the part of cooks or nurses can be easily detected.

READING ROOM.

A Reading Room has been connected with this Hospital for nearly two years, and fully meets the anticipations of those interested in it. It has been snstained chiefly by contributions from the soldiers and officers of the Hospital, assisted sometimes by the liberality of a few of our citizens, and by exchange with the Reveille. The publishers of the New Albany Ledger have kindly furnished their Daily, free of expense, from the commencement. The following list of periodicals received, will give an idea of its extent and usefulness: DAILIES: N. Y. Tribune, Post, and Herald; Philadelphia Press and Inquirer; Boston Journal; Springfield (Masss.) Republican; Washington Chronicle and National Intelligencer; Cincinnati Gazette and Commercial; Indianapolis Journal; Chicago Tribune and Journal; Detroit Tribune; New Albany Ledger; St. Louis Democrat; Louisville Journal and Press. WEEKLIES: Waverly Magazine, Littell's Living Age, Boston; Observer, Independent, Scientific American, Home Journal, Ledger, Army and Navy Journal, Harper's Weekly, Frank Leslie's Illustrated News, New York; Army and Navy Gazette, Washington; Country Gentleman, Albany; Presb. Banner and United Presbyterian, Pittsburg; War Eagle, Cairo. MONTHLIES: Harper's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, Our Young Folks, Little Pilgrim, N. Y. Agriculturist, Horticulturist, Blackwood. BI-MONTHLY: Journal of Pharmacy. QUARTERLIES: North British Review, London Quarterly, Edinburg Review, Westminster Review.

RECAPITULATION: Dailies, 19; weeklies, 16; monthlies, 7; bi-monthly, 1; quarterlies, 4. Total, 47.

Besides this number, our Chaplain receives every week from the Christian Commission at Philadelphia, several hundred copies of the leading religious journals of the country.

POST OFFICE.

In a Hospital as large as this, several hundred letters are daily received and forwarded. It is of great interest to the soldier. It is the medium of communication with home and friends, and many a tiny missive from the loved ones afar, finds its way to its object through Sergeant Billings' hands. The advent of the mail forms an epoch in Hospital life. Its frequent arrivals serve to dispel the monotony which otherwise would become wearisome beyond endurance.

PRINTING OFFICE.

The Reveille has reached its 48th number and has become a permanent fixture. The paper is printed upon an Adams Hand Press, and a small one of Low's is used for job work. The office is provided with all the necessary appliances and contains between twekty-five and thirty fonts of type. Blanks of all kinds for the Hospital are printed on these presses—passes, diet lists, furloughs &c. It is surprising how constantly the work of the printing office is in demand. No department of the Hospital is more useful. C. T. Athearn and M. Umbdenstock, two very worthy young men, have charge of the office, and with untiring industry succeed in meeting fully the numberless demands made upon them.

CHAPEL AND READING ROOM.

Through the untiring energy of our excellent Chaplain, Rev. E. J. Purdy, a good chapel and Reading Room are to be added to the conveniences of the Hospital. Dr. Newberry of the U. S. Christian Commission has generously given $500 for that purpose. The building is to be 50 feet in length by 20 in width. One room is to be occupied by the Library, which already numbers about 200 volumes, and the balance will be provided with seats and reading desks.

DISPENSARY,

The drug room is a model of neatness, and is finished in a style superior to anything of the kind outside of the large Government Hospitals. The bottles, cases, drawers; &c., would do credit to any private drug store. Steward O'Leary and J. A. Spicer are "monarchs" in their line, and dispense the "horrible" mixtures of the doctors with accuracy and dispatch. The wood work of the drug room was put up by Messrs Bullock & Bean, under direction of the Quartermaster, and reflects great credit upon them for skill and ingenuity.

THE COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT, GENERAL KITCHEN, LINEN ROOM AND CLERK'S OFFICE, are all places requiring tact and ability to manage properly. The Clerk's Office especially is one of responsibility, demanding more thought, industry and care than any other. HENRY MOORE has had charge of this department for the past year, and has given entire satisfaction. His unwearied care and promptness on all occasions, are worthy of the highest commendation.

The medical staff of the Hospital at present consists of the following gentlemen:

E. S CROSIER, A. A. Surgeon U. S. A. in charge,

SAMUEL REID, A. A. Surgeon U. S. A.

HENRY GLASSPOOLE, A. A. Surgeon U.S.A.

W. G. SINEX, A. A. Surgeon U. S. A.

JOHN L. STEWART, Hospital Steward U. S. A.

MICHAEL O'LEARY, Hospital Steward, U S. A.

A. A. Surgeon B. Buest has been assigned to temporary duty at Nashville, Tenn., and will be returned, it is hoped, to this Hospital when the exegency is past.

The following Surgeons have been attached to this Hospital since its commencement. given in the order of their assignment: W. G. Sinex, T. R. Austin, T. W. Hewitt, E. S. Crosier, W. A. Johnson, S. J. Alexander, W. A. Clapp, J. S. Allen, Samuel Reid, D. B. Willson, M. Northup, Dr. Sackrider, H. C. Hill, J. P. Clements, S. H. Boone, Henry Glasspoole, A. J. Gillmore, and B. Buest.

The following surgeons have had charge of the Hospital: T. R. Anstin, W. G. Sinex, W. A. Johnson, and E. S. Crosier.

Dr. Sinex was out of the service for a time, and was assigned to his present position in May, 1864. Dr. Austin is now practising at Cannelton, Ind. Dr. Hewitt was transferred to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., and has since been attached to the 37th Ky. Reg. as Assistant Surgeon. Dr. Johnson was transferred to Camp Dennison, O., and is at present on duty at Jefferson General Hospital, Jeffersonville, Ind. Dr. Alexander is Surgeon in Charge of Hospital No. 4, and Dr. Clapp has charge of Hospital No. 5, New Albany. Dr. Allen is at home at Crawfordsville, Ind. Dr. Willson was transferred to Hosp. Tranport "R. C. Wood," and has since resigned and returned to his home in Philadelphia. Dr. Sackrider and Dr. Northup were transferred to Nashville, Tenn., and the latter assigned to duty in Cumberland Hospital. Dr. Clements resigned and is now Assistant Surgeon, 42d Wis., stationed at Cairo, Ills. Dr. Hill was transferred to Little Rock, Ark. Dr. Boone was transferred to Hospital No. 5, and afterwards ordered to Little Rock, Ark. Dr. Gilmore was transferred to Hospital No. 4, and afterwards to Little Rock. Ark. Dr. Buest was transferred to Hospital No. 15, Nashville, Tenn.

A series of articles have appeared in the North Western Christian Advocate, entitled the "succession of the Church of England." These articles were written by a certain Dr. Elliott, and betray an unusual amount of bigotry, hatred and ignorance. They are full of misstatements, misrepresentations and bad logic. It is strange how some folks get the title of Dr. of Divinity, unless we can account for it on the supposition that those who give it are more ignorant than themselves. The article which appeared in the Advocate of Jan. 4th is the only one worth noticing. In it he has attempted to prove that the ordination of the Episcopal Church is null. We should laugh at his attempt—as I presume many of his own denomination will do—since his arguments, like a two edged sword, cut both ways, and make his own orders null,—and leave him unnoticed, were it not for the fact that all the important points which he starts out to prove, are sustained by bold assertions merely, while what he does prove is just what we admit.

We have been friendly to the N. W. Advocate and socured quite a number of copies for distribution and for our reading room, and when we wrote an article to correct some errors which all can see if they will consult history, we expected Dr. Eddy to publish it, even if he did not endorse it. In my letter to Dr. E. I said "I hope you will publish the article I send you as it is not an attack on any church, but an attempt to correct some grave errors and misstatements which are intended or calculated to deceive." "No one who is not conscious of the weakness of his cause would refuse to let the people hear both sides."

Dr. E. sent a reply, saying, that he would not publish my article only on certain conditions, which he knew could not be complied with, viz, that the article in the N. W. should be published in an Episcopal paper, with a circulation corresponding to that of the North Western. The N. W. is the organ of the largest denomination in the West, and claims a circulation of about 40,000 copies, which no other paper in the West has, so he was perfectly safe in the promise. The wrath of Dr. Eddy it seems has been excited by having been "unchurched," so Dr. Elliott was brought to the rescue, but being unskillful in the use of such weapons, instead of hurting his adversary he hits his friend in the rear. Dr. Eddy closes with these words, "What measure they --clergymen—mete" they must be contented to have "measured to them

again." Dr. Eddy is as good at perverting the meaning of Scripture as his friend at perverting history. He makes himself the great judge to mete out punishment. We are told, "judge not that ye be not judged," "with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again," implying that no man should judge harshly, or treat his neighbor unfairly or unkindly, for I will repay, saith the Lord. If I was disposed to mete to Dr. E. and the Advocate as they have measured to me, (which he affirms to be his principle,) I should put in the fire the thirty copies of the Advocate which I receive weekly.

J. E. PURDY,
Chaplain, U. S. A.

INTERESTING TO SOLDIERS. The exorbitant charges made by claim agents for collecting bounties and pensions due soldiers' widows, are attracting some attention in the proper quarter, and the legal remedy will be applied to correct the abuse. The law on the subject provides that not more than ten dollars shall be demanded or received for such service by agents, and the penalty for violation is $300 fine, or imprisonment for two years. A case was decided in the United States Court at Indianapolis, a few days ago, in which a man named C. G. Werbe was charged with having received an exorbitant fee for collecting a pension for a soldier's widow. The testimony showed that he retained $100 for this service, and the jury found him guilty. Soldiers should understand that it is a punishable offence for an agent to receive more than $10 for the service for collectin bounties or pensions.

A French-Spanish intrigue is said to be on foot to absorb all the Spanish Republics on this continent, by the empire of Maximilian, now partially established in Mexico. This scheme cannot be regarded by the United States with indifference.

The resolution offered in the Senate at Springfield, Ill., to request members of Congress from that State to advocate the amendment to the Constution abolishing slavery, paseed by a very decided majority.

Hospical Chaplains.

Rev. E. J. PURDY Chaplain No. 6. Religious Services at No. 6. Tuesday 7½, P. M. Sunday 11 o'clock. A. M.

Rev. W. V. DANIEL, Chaplain No. 4, and Floating Hospital.

Rev. S. S. PUTTER, Chaplain No's. 5 and 8. Services at 10 A. M, and at2 and 6 P. M. Sunday.

HOSPITAL REPORT.

Changes at General Hospital No. 6, for the week ending February 8th.

Whole number of beds,	550.
Admitted,	46.
Discharged from Service,	0.
Returned to duty,	10.
Transfered	1,
Deserted,	1.
Furloughed,	50.
Died	3.
Remaining	425.

There is in Lexington (Mass.) a woman who has a husband in the army, and one child to support, who is exciting the admiration of farmers by her prowess as a workman, for she dresses like a man and is engaged in chopping wood at $1,12 per cord. She cuts one cord a day, and amuses herself at intervals by catching rabbits in the swamp, at which she is quite successful.

Advrtisments.

T. S. Cornelius,
NIEW
DRUG STORE
CORNER UPPER FOURTH & SPRING STS.
NEW ALBANY, IND.
Feb. 8, 1865.

T. S. CORNELIUS,
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NEW ALBANY, IND.
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PERFUMERY, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.
☞Physician's Prescriptions carefully Compounded at all hours.
Feb. 8,

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Of all styles and prices, for sale at wholesale and retail, by
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268 Main st., New Albany, Ind.
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Thas P. Fitsch'
FINE ART
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PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.
PEARL ST. BETWEEN MAIN AND MARKET.
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20,000 Cigars, on hand and for sale by
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Varieties.
20 Boxes Western Reserve and Hamburg Cheese. 5 Bbls Cider Blogna and Ham Sausage. Cincinnattie Sugar Cured Hams, a Choice Article. Pensylvany Buck Wheat Flour. 10 Doz Brooms, Tubs, Buckets and Meal Seives. 30 Boxes German Casteel, and Shaving Soap Navy and Golden Era Tobacco Fine Cut Smoking Tobacco. Gunpowder Imperial Hyson and Black Teas. Cuba Sixes Pearl Starch. 20 Boxes Glass Tumblers 10 Boxes Squat ½ Gall Jars. Wrappin Twine. Sea Grass Clothes Lines.
At RILEYS. 45 State Street.

JOHN KNEFFLY,
No. 300 MAIN ST.,
Has just received a New and Complete Stock of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, CHAINS, CLOCKS of every description, and JEWELRY of the most hansome and latest styles.
SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE
Constantly on hand, as
TEA SETS,
CASTORS,
WAITERS,
PITCHERS,
GOBLETS,
SPOONS,
FORKS,
GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,
Spectacles, Gold Pens of the finest quality,.
In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of
FANCY GOODS.
As Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases,
&c., &c.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.
40tf JOHN KNEFFLY.

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LEWIS BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
FOREIGN LIQUORS,
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American Brandies, Gins and Whiskies,
Also sole Agents for the South and West, for GENESEE AND BORBON COUNTY OLD WHISKIES,
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New York, Cincinnati and Louisville Prices. 40tf

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If you want good
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WILSON'S GALLERY,
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Wholesale and retail dealer in
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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
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BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 244 MAIN ST., NEW ALBANY, IND
All descriptions of Boots and Shoes at very lowest prices.
Persons will do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.
dec21

Sundries.
50 Boxes strictly prime W. R Cheese,
50 Kitts Extra Mackerel.
Just received and for sale by
JOHN MANN,
No. 67 State Street.
Dec. 14.

COUGH NO MORE
TRY
STRICKLAND'S
MILLIFLUOUS
COUGH BALSAM.
Cures Caughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of
STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM,
to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gurgle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.
Price 75 cents per bottle. For sale by Druggists generally. Sold at J. H. Conner's Drug Store New Albany, Indiana.

GET ONE.
FRANTZ'S
STENCIL ESTABLISHMENT,
Get your name cut on BRASS or SILVER PLATE, so that you will be able to mark your name on Linnen, Silk or Cotton Apareal, Books, Cards, &c., with Indelible Ink.
Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates for all business. Many years experience and uniform price enable me to confidentally recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.
P. FRENTZ,
No. 336 MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.
NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.
September 3rd, 1864.

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.—The following curious story is told of an old lady living in Buckingshire, England: The husband of this ancient dame died without making his will, for the want of which very necessary precaution his estate would have passed away from his widow, had she not resorted to the following expedient to avert the loss of the property. She concealed the death of her husband, and prevailed upon an old cobbler, her neighbor, who was in person somewhat like the deceased, to go to bed in her house, and personate him, in which character it was agreed that he should dictate a will, leaving the widow the estate in question. An attorney was sent for to draw up the writing. The widow, who on his arrival appeared in great affliction at her good man's danger, began to ask questions of her pretended husband, calculated to elicit the answers she expected and desired. The cobbler groaned aloud, and looking as much like a person going to give up the ghost as soon as possible, feebly answered, "I intend to leave you one half of my estate, and I think the poor old shoemaker who lives opposite is deserving the other half, for he has always been a good neighbor." The widow was thunder struck at receiving a reply so different from that which she expected, but dared not negative the cobler's Will, for fear of loosing the whole property, while the old rogue in bed, (who was himself the poor old shoemaker living opposite,) laughed in his sleeve, and divided with her the fruits of a project which the widow had intended for her sole benefit.

Galignani says that Dr. Decaisne of Antwerp announces that the itch may be cured instantaneously by simply applying (without rubbing) petroleum to the parts affected. The mere emanations of that oil are sufficient to disinfect the patient's clothes, and Dr. Decaisne adds that all other parasites of the human body may be destroyed immediately in the same manner.

The apparent motion of the earth is from the rising to the setting sun, when her real motion is from the setting sun towards the rising. So it is with man, he fancies himself journeying from life to death, while in fact he is traveling from death unto life.

If men could find the fabled fountain that is said to restore youth and health and beauty, with what eagerness they would rush to drink its waters. Yet with scarcely less eagerness do they now rush to drink of waters that bring upon them premature old age and disease, and loathsome ugliness.

A lawyer in Ireland, who was pleading the cause of an infant, took the child in arm suffused in tears. This had a great effect until the opposite lawyer asked the child,

"What makes you cry?"

"He's pinching me," was the answer. The court roared with laughter.

A piece of candle may be made to burn all night in a sick room or elsewhere, where a dull light is wished, by putting finely powdered salt on the candle until it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night from a small piece of candle.

Advrtisments.

Job Printing

EXECUTED

AT THE

REVEILLE OFFICE.

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Of all styles and prices, for sale at wholesale and retail, by

JNO. R. NUNEMACHER,

BOOKSELLER AND

STATIONER,

268 Main st., New Albany, Ind.

47

Thas. P. Fitch'

FINE ART

AND

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

PEARL ST. BETWEEN MAIN AND MARKET.

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JOHN KNEFFLY,

No. 300 MAIN ST.,

Has just received a New and Complete Stock of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, CHAINS, CLOCKS of every description, and JEWELRY of the most hansome and latest styles.

SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE

Constantly on hand, as

TEA SETS,

CASTORS,

WAITERS,

PITCHERS,

GOBLETS,

SPOONS,

FORKS,

GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,

Spectacles, Gold Pens of the finest quality,.

In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of

FANCY GOODS.

As Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases,

&c., &c.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.

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BLANKS,

For Furloughs and Vouchers,

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Boots & Shoes.

J. C. HURSELL,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 244 MAIN ST., NEW ALBANY. IND

All descriptions of Boots and Shoes at very lowest prices.

Persons will do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

dec21

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50 Boxes strictly prime W. R Cheese,

50 Kitts Extra Mackerel.

Just received and for sale by

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Dec. 14.

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WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FOREIGN LIQUORS,

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American Brandies, Gins and Whiskies,

Also sole Agents for the South and West, for GENESEE AND BORBON COUNTY OLD WHISKIES,

No. 258 Main Street, Crawford's Building,

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New York, Cincinnati and Louisville Prices. 40tf

Varieties.

20 Boxes Western Reserve and Hamburg Cheese. 5 Bbls Cider. Blogna and Ham Sausage. Cincinnattie Sugar Cured Hams, a Choice Article. Pensylvany Buck Wheat Flour. 10 Doz Brooms, Tubs, Buckets and Meal Seives. 30 Boxes German Casteel, and Shaving Soap Navy and Golden Era Tobacco Fine Cut Smoking Tobacco. Gunpowder Imperial Hyson and Black Teas. Cuba Sixes Pearl Starch. 20 Boxes Glass Tumblers 10 Boxes Squat ½ Gall Jars. Wrapping Twine. Sea Grass Clothes Lines.

At RILEYS. 45 State Street.

Cigars.

20,000 Cigars, on hand and for sale by

JOHN MANN.

GET ONE.

FRANTZ'S

STENCIL ESTABLISHMENT,

Get your name cut on BRASS or SILVER PLATE, so that you will be able to mark your name on Linnen, Silk or Cotton Apareal, Books, Cards, &c., with Indelible Ink.

Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates for all business. Many years experience and uniform price enable me to confidentally recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.

P. FRENTZ,

No. 336 MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

NEW ALBANY, INDIANA, September 3rd, 1864.

COUGH NO MORE!

TRY

STRICKLAND'S

MILLIFLUOUS

COUGH BALSAM.

Cures Caughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM,

to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gurgle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.

Price 75 cents per bottle. For sale by Druggists generally. Sold at J. H. Conner's Drug Store New Albany, Indiana.

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PIPES, TOBACCO BOXES, ETC. ETC.

Next door to the Post Office, sign of the big Indian.

THE REVEILLE.

For the Soldier in the Field and Hospital.

VOL. 1. NEW ALBANY, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 15, 1865. NO. 49.

The Reveille,

Published every Wednesday at Hospital No. 6, New Albany, Ind.,
BY
C. T. ATHEARN,
AND
M. UMBDENSTOCK.

Terms, fifty cents for three months

Letters and communications should be addressed to the "Reveille."

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted in this paper at the rate of One Dollar a square for a single insertion, and continued for One Dollar per month.

POETRY.

NO COMPROMISE WITH REBELS.

No! by all the Mayflower's peril,
On the wild and wintry sea;
By the Pilgrim's prayer ascending
As he knelt with reverent knee;
By that fairest day of summer,
When the tried, the true, the brave,
Name and life, and sacred honor,
To the roll of freedom gave.

By the tears, the march, the battle,
Where the noble fearless died!
While around the cannon's rattle,
Waiting angels at their side.
By our children's golden future,
By our father's stainless shield,
That which God and heroes left us
We will never, never yield.

Compromise! we scorn the offer!
Separation we defy;
Firm and free, and one forever,
Thus the people might reply.
Death to every form of treason,
In the Senate, on the field,
While the chorus swells and echoes,
We will never, never yield.

MISCELLANY.

[Cor. of the Springfield Republican]

FASHIONABLE LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

I see something more than wasted child-life from my third story room here in Washington. Are my moral feelings too acute; are my sensibilities in an abnormal condition; am I ridiculously ignorant of the proper usages of polite life; am I a self-ordained prudish spy upon society, that I am continually being pained by what to me seem violations of the beautiful proprieties of life? The social atmosphere of this city is a sort of enigmatical monstrosity to me. I study it, as I would a curious problem, and flatter myself that I take my bearings from a rational standpoint. What strikes me first are common facts—the utter selfishness and deceitfulness of pleasure seeking men; the complete gullibility and vanity of pleasure seeking women. Next I note with what extreme facility new comers, particularly women, fall into the peculiar ways of so-called fashionable life here. Do you know what fashionable life in Washington means? To me it means an ignoring of the higher responsibilities of life; a putting out of sight of the finer, delicate restraints of social intercourse; a gaudy advertisement of titles, possessions and accidents of fortune; a flaunting of modern millinery and the rude jostling of incongruous natures.

In New England, if a responsible woman gives a dancing party, her guests, the ladies at least, are expected to be without reproach. The presence of one tainted name will be taken as a grave affront. Here, how is it? I hear women lightly speaking of the moral obliquities of their masculine acqnaintances, and the names of those with whom they visit and talk, tripping off from their careless tongues in wrong connections. At public gatherings men are as often pointed out to me as distinguished for their vices as their virtues, and yet it seems to me that their unmeaning compliments are often more acceptable to ladies than the unvarnished civility of an honest nature. There is a miasma in the social atmosphere of this city, as poisonous to refinement and delicacy as a Roman malaria to the bodily tisues. You see it in the gradual but slow lowering of moral standards, which awaits an unfortified mind in a continued stay here. It is not the rich who most draw upon my sympathy. A born fashionable woman is not necessarily heartless. From among this class I have met here most elegant, refined, unaffected, true souls. To be able to deck your body in comely array with no count to cost; to dispense without care an elegant hospitality; to cull with a lavish hand the beauties and pleasures of life, is apt to make one self-satisfied, amiable and decorous. Careful culture and elegant surroundings build up a barrier against the coarser temptations of life. But to women of moderate means, who come here with woman's taste and womans vanity, my heart goes out in sympathy and my speech in warning. There are many hundreds of these here, hailing from well educated, respectable but not rich, northern families. At home they were pretty, economical, young wives; out here, they are as insipid as Baldwin apples in June. When I first came to Washington, I was continually asking myself the question—are the majority of women who come to Washington weak women, cheap women? Are all women like these, or are they only acting a sham part? A sham—that's the thing.

. . . . .

One way in which moral dilution shows itself here, is in the absolute worship of station, for station's sake alone. To be a member or a senator, in the eyes of some women, makes a man more worthy than to be one of Christ's disciples; and to wear a star upon his shoulder, more honorable than to be the owner of a clean heart. Am I prudish and old, that my sensibilities are so often shocked by a certain laxity of speech, inconsistent with feminine delicacy? This pandering to an unwholsome vanity,—this ignoring of the higher issues of life, leads to a peculiar kind of moral obtuseness. Social relations get strangely mixed, and admiration to be palatable, from whatever source it comes. Satan finds mischief for idle tongues as well as idle hands, and wrong is born of such gregarian aimlessness. From it come slanders, tarnishing the innocent and carrying sorrow to the sensitive. I trust that I shall not bring odium upon myself by my plain speaking. I have never met with nobler men nor truer women than I have encountered during my stay in Washington, men and women whom I shall ever be wiser and happier to have known. I only speak of evils made suggestive to me by the ease of their remedy. I loathe sham. I hate to see wasted lives, false lives. Our days are all too few and short to leave the soul and heart so much out of care and culture.

MARRYING AT LARGE.—At Buffalo, recently, a justice of the peace was called to go to a house in that city and marry a couple. Putting on a clean collar, and slipping a marriage certificate in his pocket, he started for the festive scene. Arriving at the house, under the direction of a blue-legged little boy, who pointed out the place he knocked and went in. In the middle of the floor stood a stout German girl, sorry and plump, her blue eyes rolling out tears as big as butter-bats.

"What's the matter?" said the sympathetic justice.

"Matter?" said the girl, "dat Gotlieb went off and wouldn't marry me. Aint it matter enough?"

The justice said he supposed it was, and intimated that he had come to marry some one, and requested the old laby to bring on the sacrifice.

The old lady said, "Dare vos no lambs. Gotheb ish run'd off, and vill not marry mine Katrina."

"Well," said the justice, "Gotlieb isn't the only man there is. Send for some other man to marry her."

At this Katrina's face brightened up, and she ejaculated:

"Yah—dat ish good—send mit Hans."

Hans was sent for, but unfortunately could not come. When her messenger returned, Katrina, determined not to give it up, said:

"Send mit Shoseph."

Shoseph was sent for, but he could not be found.

Katrina's heart fell at this news, and the justice was growing impatient. Just then Katrina looked out of the window and saw a short and thick young German going by, when she rushed to the door and hullooed—"Fritz! Fritz!"

Fritz shortly made his appearance at the door, when Katrina's mother said:

"Fritz, you lofs mine Katrina?"

Fritz allowed he did, more as sourkrout.

"Then stand up here?" thundered the justice.

And before Fritz could realize his position, HE was man and wife, and Katrina's arms were around his neck, and her lips pressed to his, she crying between the calisthenics—"Mine husband—mein Fritz!"

Our duty as a correct historian compells us to say Fritz hugged back as well as he knew how.

The justice, with head erect, stepped smilingly out, leaving the lovers to themselves and walked away meditatively, a holy calm stealing all over his massive proportiohs, the consciousness of having done his duty gleaming in his eye, and honor, honesty and rectitude in his footsteps.

The following story is told to illustrate the remarkable instinct of the feline tribe. Mr. Slipheimer, the famous Saxton dentist, had a valuable tortois-shell cat, that for days did nothing but moan. Guessing the cause, he looked into his mouth, and seeing a decayed tooth, he soon relieved it of its pain. The following day there were at least ten cats at his door; the day after, twenty; and they went on increasing at such a rate that he was obliged to keep a bull-dog to drive them away. But nothing would help him. A cat that had the toothache would come any number of miles te see him. However, being one morning very nervous, he accidentally broke the jaw of an old tabby. The news of this spread like wildfire, and not a single cat ever came to him afterwards.

The Reveille.

WEDNESDAY, FEB, 15, 1865.

A HERO.—In this Hospital there is a man who has been in more engagements, and passed through more difficulties than usually falls to the lot of a soldier. We copy the following record from his Descriptive Roll, dated Decatur. Ala., Feb. 6, 1865: MATHIAS MENGELT, private, Co. F. 22d Ills. Infantry, has been in the following engagements: Battle of Belmont, Mo., Nov. 7, 1861; Farmington, Miss., May 4th and 9th, 1863; Stone River, Tenn., Dec. 30th and 31st, 1863, was wounded and taken prisoner. Was at Chicamauga, Ga, Sept. 19th and 20th, 1863; Mission Ridge, Ga., Nov. 25, 1864; Resaca, Ga., May 14 and 15, 1864; Dallas, Ga., from May 25 to June 5, 1864; was wounded June 15, 1864; Skirmish near Vining's Station, Ga., July 4, 1864; Peach Tree Creek, July 20, 1864; in all the skirmishes in front of Atlanta, Ga.; Jonesboro', Ga., Sept. 1, 1864; Lavergne Station, Sept. 2, 3 and 4, 1864; was wounded and taken prisoner at Spring Hill, Tenn., Nov, 29, 1864.

Few men can show a record equal to Mengelt's. While he was a prisoner, after the battle of Chicamauga, he was sent to Libby prison, and had a taste of the sweets of that delectable retreat.

MISS CARNEY'S SCHOOL.—The soldiers were again delighted, on Friday, by a visit from the children of this school. They brought many tokens of their regard for the sick and wounded—apples, cakes, pincushions, &c. Their bright faces were like glimpses of sunshine in these abodes of suffering. All the doctors' quinine could never afford half the relief felt by the men from their presence alone. Miss C. as well as Rev. Mr. Heath, will accept the cordial gratitude of these men, and it is hoped that this may not be the last time that we are to see the radiant faces of the young philanthropists. May this be an earnest of what they are yet to do in the great work of Christian benevolence through all their after lives.

MECHANICS' AND WORKINGMEN'S ADVOCATE.—This is the title of a new paper, devoted to the interests of mechanics and working men, published at Detroit, Mich., by the Mechanics' and Workingmen's Publishing Company. It is neatly printed and well filled with interesting matter, and should receive a liberal patronage. Price $2.00 per year.

It seems to us very foolish for the people of New Albany to send their contributions out of town, for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers, when there are so many to be provided for in the hospitals here. Large contributions have been taken up in all the churches at various times since the war commenced, but more has been done within the last three months than ever before. $250 was taken up at the Centenary M. E. Church, and we presume $800 or $1000 has been raised in all from the various Churches within the time specified. An agent from Indianapolis started eight societies in the Churches here, and we believe all the money lately collected has gone to that Branch. Previously one collection went to Philadelphia, the only place that has done anything worth mentioning, in return. The rest went to Cincinnati.

The people of New Albany, and our neighbor of the Ledger, have generally kept their eyes wide open so as not to be humbugged by Indianapolis, the "hub" of Indiana, and they have good reason to do so, but this time we presume they did not "smell a mice." Indianapolis looks out for all the Conventions and Fairs. She proposes a great cemetery for Indiana soldiers—to be located of course in Indianapolis. They pass laws to prevent any one from enlisting men from their city in the army, and then send agents all over the State. All regiments—when mustered out—must be sent to Indianapolis at the expense of the Government, no matter if raised at the extreme end of the State, because the men will leave a large proportion of their money where they are paid. Such are some of the petty tricks of our neighboring city, but not the worst. Indianapolis gets up a branch Christian Commission, draws large sums of money up there, and where does it go to? Not to the hundreds of sufferers in our own midst. We were told that they had more money than they knew what to do with, that the treasury was full, and that we could get help by writing; we did so but did not even receive a reply. The same was true with regard to Cincinnati. The application was endorsed by Dr. Fry. We wrote twice, but neither of our letters were answered.

If the people want to contribute there is no need to send to Indianapolis and Cincinnati. Our remarks do not apply to Philadelphia. Geo. H. Stuart, Chairman of that Commission, has been constantly doing for us.

REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOTS.—Out of the 12 Revolntionary Patriots living on the 1st of January, 1863, but five survive to welcome this New Year. Lemuel Cook resides at Clarendon, N. Y., and does not know his age; Samuel Downing resides at Edinburg, Saratoga county, N. Y., and is ninety-eight years old; William Hutchins resides at Penobscot, Me., and is one hundred years old; Alexander Marony resides at Yates, Orleans county, N. Y., and is ninety-four years old; James Barnham lives in Missouri, and is one hundred years of age. So of these five veterans New York has three. Doubtless in another year or two all of them will have departed; but a new generation of patriots, the veterans of this war, will take their places in the hearts of their countrymen.

WHAT AN ARMY CORPS REQUIRES.—An Army corps of 30,000 infantry has about 700 wagons, drawn by 4,200 mules. Including the horses of officers and of the artillery, about 7000 animals have to be provided for. On the march, it is calculated that each wagon will occupy eighty feet; in bad weather much more, so that a train of 700 wagons will cover 55,000 feet or over ten miles; the ambulances will occupy about a mile, and batteries three miles; thirty thousand troops need six miles to march in if they form one column; the total length of a marching column of a corps is, therefore, twenty miles without including the cattle herds and trains of bridge materials. Impatient critics of army movements would often be more linient were they to familiarize themselves with the details of the immense difficulty of organizing and moving large trains and artillery.

SHARP SHOULDER STRAPS.—Many military officers, residents in Washington, have a way of living at a cost much below the ordinary price of hotels or boarding houses, though I may be pardoned for doubting whether, all things considered, it is as honorable as it might be. It is done in this way: A Colonel or a Major, or a Captain, is entitled to buy from the commissary department, at first cost, or about half the retail market price, what is needed for his subsistence. I have heard lately of one or two of these gentlemen going to live in a boarding house, and keeping it supplied with beef, pork, flour, coffee and sugar, at commissary prices, by pretending to have a mess of thirty or forty and making requisitions accordingly.

This is getting to be a common practice here, and I think it ought to be exposed and stopped. Officers who engage in this petty business, do so of course, upon consideration that for the service they render they shall be paid for in free board. It is simply creating the commissary department into a retail grocery establishment—a practice that ought not to be tolerated. If officers cannot live upon the salaries they get, let them go to the front where they can. I don't know a military man here, from a Major General down to Second Lieutenant, who renders anything like an equivalent for the sum he draws monthly out of the public treasury.—[Wash. Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.

MILITARY SUBSTITUTES.—A letter from City Point shows how some of the new regiments are decimated before they have reached their first battle field. Of three detachments of substitutes sent from Concord, N. H., to the Fifth New Hampshire Vols., amounting to 715 men, 137 deserted on the passage, leaving only 488 who got to the regiment and were assigned to companies, 82 deserted to the enemy from the picket line; 36 deserted to the rear; 4 have been discharged as utterly worthless, their physical incapacity being so glaring, and of such long standing, that they must have been known at the time of enlistment; 5 have been sent to Concord to have their cases of enlistment investigated, by order of the War Department, and two have been discharged by order of the War Department. Thus, out of 625 of these bounty-tempted warriors sent to one regiment only, since August last, there are only 359 left.—[Mechanics' Advocate.

GUN METAL.—A letter in the London Times from a distinguished English metallurgist, gives some interesting particulars respecting the new gun metal lately invented in Austria by Baron von Rosthorn. He says:

The new alloy, which has received the name of "sterrometal," from a Greek word signifying tough or firm, is composed of copper, spelter, iron and tin, in proportions that may be slightly varied without much affecting the result. In color it resembles brass rather than gun metal; it is very close in its grain and free from porosity. It is possessed of considerable hardness and will take a very fine polish. Several eminent Vienna engineers have tried it for the cylinders of hydraulic presses with great success. The writer gives it as his opinion that the days of wrought iron are numbered, and that its place will be soon supplied by steel in some form or other.

THE LATEST WRINKLE.—A Lucifer Match is now in market that differs from anything hitherto in existence. Upon the side of each box is a chemically prepared piece of friction paper. When struck upon anything else whatever it obstinately refuses to flame. You may lay it upon a red hot stove, and the wood of the match will calcine before the end of it ignites. Friction upon anything else than this prepared pastebaord has no effect upon it. The invention is an English one, and by special act of Parliament the use of other matches than this is not permitted in any public buildings. The discovery is a curious one. There is not a particle of sulphur in the copmosition of the lucifer in question.

The rebels at Fort Fisher were Terry-fied into submission.—[N. Y. Evening Post.

What a hys-Terry-cal joke, but tribu-Terry to a hero nevertheless.—[Boston Post.

It has been our opinion that the hero succeeded because the attack was made on Terry-firma.—[Chicago Tribune.

The defender of Fort Fisher was considered by the rebels as quite a bull dog. He was not equal, however, to our Terry-er.—[Peoria Transcript.

Nevertheless, we are inclined to the opinion that the Terry-ble Terry-firma attack—in order to make it successful—needed a Porter to aid in taking charge of the rebel baggage.—[Canton Register.

About three years since a newly-married man of Yorktown enlisted as a soldier, and was soon after reported killed. After a while the widow received what she naturally considered as confirmatory news of her husband's death, and applied for back pay and pension, and indulged a second time in matrimony. In a short time after her marriage, her former husband returned, having been a prisoner since his reported death. But he was not as saintly as Enoch Arden, for he knocked down his rival and appropriated his long-lost bride.

Ten guerrillas were forwarded to Lexington yesterday, from Exchange Barracks, to be tried by court-martial.—[Louisville Press.

Gen. Grant told members of Congress recently if the country would give him 100,000 fresh troops he could close the war in three months.

It is supposed the draft will bring at least 200,000.

The Times' Washington special says; The latest Richmond papers received here show that on Friday last Gen. Sherman had encompassed Branchville within four miles of that place.

It is understood that the papers of Saturday made a definite announcement of its capture, and Grant stated it as positive, and also confirms the statement of the evacuation of Charleston as a militeary necessity.

The Times Washington special says: It is generally understood that the country is mainly indebted to Horace Greeley for the late peace demonstration. It was at his instance and solictatian that Mr. Blair went to Richmond and got the machineny which made the conference necessary.

A FINE COUNTRY.—On the river AMAZON are to be found spiders with bodies two inches and legs seven inches long, that catch and suck birds; butterflies that are mistaken for humming birds; green snakes just like a creeping plant; and a lovely coral snake with bands of black and virmillion seperated by clear white rings; monkeys with hair all over them; monkies only seven inches long, and owl-faced apes, sleeping all day and lively all night.

A few weeks since three patriotic young ladies of Mt. Pleasant, Misses Mollie Kibben, Nannie Martin and Esther McDowell, started for Nashville, to enter the service of the Christian Commission. It is a sacrifice all are not willing to make, but which will endear those who have made it, the more to their family, their friends and their country. We understgnd that Misses Martin and McDowell are now on duty at New Albany, Ind., and Miss Kibbens at Nashville.—[Burlington Hawk-Eye.

A very deminutive specimen of a man lately solicited the hand of a fine buxom girl. "Oh, no," said the fair but insulting lady, "I can't think of it for a moment. The fact is, John, you are a little too big for a cradle, and a little too small to go to church with."

Hospital Chaplains.

Rev. E. J. PURDY Chaplain No. 6. Religious Services at No. 6. Tuesday 7½, P. M. Sunday 11 o'clock. A. M.

Rev. W. V. DANIEL, Chaplain No. 4, and Floating Hospital.

Rev. S. S. PUTTER, Chaplain No's. 5 and 8. Services at 10 A. M, and at2 and 6 P. M. Sunday.

HOSPITAL REPORT.

Changes at General Hospital No. 6, for the week ending February 15th.

Whole number of beds,	550.
Admitted,	6.
Discharged from Service,	0.
Returned to duty,	3.
Transfered	32,
Deserted,	0.
Furloughed,	3.
Died	1.
Remaining	392.

Advertisements

T. CADWALADER, SON & CO.,

Are offering a well assorted stock of

Boots & Shoes,

entirely new, and retailing on 1st floor, at WHOLESALE PRICES in order to change Boots and Shoes into Dry Goods.

No. 55 State St., between Market and Main
Feb. 15.

Provisions.

Bologna Sausage, Ham Sausage Choice Cigars, Cuba Sixes, Golden Era and Navy Tobaccos, Western Reserve Cheese, Hominy Fancy and German and Castile Soaps, Splendid Dried Beef, Mackerel in bbls, half and quarters. 20 Boxes Raisins, Zantee Currants, Buck Wheat Flour, Teas, Nutmegs, Coffee and Sugar, at

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NEW
DRUG STORE
CORNER UPPER FOURTH AND SPRING STREETS,
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Feb. 8, 865.

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WHOLESALE & RETAIL
DRUGGIST
No. 49, corner of Market and State St
NEW ALBANY, IND.
☞Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Dye-Stuffs, Tooth, Nail, and Hair Brushes, Fancy Soaps,
PERFUMERY, TOBACCO AND CIGARS,
☞Physician's Prescriptions carefully Compounded at all hours.
Feb. 8,

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REVEILLE OFFICE.

JOHN KNEPFLY,
No. 300 MAIN ST.,
Has just received a New and Complete Stock of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, CHAINS, CLOCKS of every description, and JEWELRY of the most hansome and latest styles.
SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE
Constantly on hand, as
TEA SETS,
CASTORS,
WAITERS,
PITCHERS,
GOBLETS,
SPOONS,
FORKS,
GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,
Spectacles, Gold Pens of the finest quality.
In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of

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Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.
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If you want good
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Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's
BOOTS ND SHOES,
No. 244 MAIN ST., NEW ALBANY. IND
All descriptions of Boots and Shoes at very lowest prices.
Persons will do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.
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GET ONE.
FRANTZ'S
STENCIL ESTABLISHMENT,
Get your name cut on BRASS or SILVER PLATE, so that you will be able to mark your name on Linnen, Silk or Cotton Apareal, Books, Cards, &c with Indelible Ink.
Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates for all business. Many years experience and uniform price enable me to confidentally recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.
P. FRENTZ,
No. 336 MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY INDIANA.
NEW ALBANY, INDIANA, September 3rd, 1864.

COUGH NO MORE
TRY
STRICKLAND'S
MELLIFLUOUS
COUGH BALSAM.

Cures Caughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM, to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gurgle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.
Price 75 cents per bottle. For sale by Druggists generally. Sold at J. H. Conner's Drug Store New Albany, Indiana.

Poetry

From the New York Observer.

THE SOLDIER AND THE VIOLETS.

BY MISS CARRIE A. SPAULDING.

The twilight of Virginia skies
Was shedding softened rays
Upon a blood-stained battle-field.
The last of fearful days.

Our valliant men had bravely fought,
Nor shrank from shot or shell;
The deeds of those terrific days
Shall future records tell.

And mingled there in close embrace
Were seen the deadliest foes,
The fury of the awful strife
Now hushed to calm repose.

Dead faces there with their white brows
Looked up from grassy beds,
And o'er them all the rising moon
Its cold pale lustre sheds.

Amid the gathering of the slain
A wounded soldier lies,
The life-blood oozing from his side—
The dimness in his eyes.

But through the air a perfume steals,
Borne on the zephyr's breath,
That brings his sinking, fainting soul
Back from the gates of death.

A bed of sweet blue violets,
Not very far away,
Had sent its messengers of love
Where the poor soldier lay.

And as the fragrance filled the air,
Home memories mingled too;
Wounded and bleeding, yet he crept
Where those blue violets grew.

He filled his hands with the sweet flowers,
Then laid his dying head
Upon the bank, while to his home
His wandring fancies fled

That peaceful home, far, far away,
Which, one short year ago,
He left, with all its wealth of love,
To fight the rebel foe

Again he hears the robin's song
Among the waving trees;
Or, where the apple-blossoms fall,
The humming of the bees.

Fainting and thirsting now he sees,
Upon the hillside near,
The brook come babbling, gushing down,
With waters bright and clear.

He bathes his wan and bloody brow,
He tastes the healing draught;
Never was nectar from the gods
With such a pleasure quaffed.

Still o'er his dying, sinking frame
The violets' odor steals,
And every breath of perfume there,
Some home delight reveals:

The rose-tree climbing at the door,
And, by the porch the vine,
Which round the grand old shaddowing oak
Its tendrils doth entwine

And now his eye grows brighter still;
He sees in vision clear
The loved ones of the household band,
A happy group appear.

There smiles beam brightly as of old,
And then their eyes grow dim;
The soldier hears them breathe his name—
The tears are shed for him.

And still he clasps those precious flowers,
As if he held the chain
That bound his sinking, fainting soul
To all he loved again.

And while he breathes the sweet perfume,
His mother's hand seems now
In all its tender soothing, laid
Upon his heated brow.

The gathering death-damps he heeds not,
Nor yet the ghastly wound;
Sweet voices whisper in the ear
Now closed to earthly sound.

And there, on that lone battle-field,
Just in the twilight gray,
'Mid dreams of home and cherished ones,
His spirit passed away.

His hands still clasped the violets blue,
But on the pale, cold face,
A smile was brightly beaming now,
Which death could not efface.

And so they laid him down to rest,
No tears above him shed;
Ah, little dream they, in his home,
Of that lone, cheerless bed!

So let him rest, and may our God
Grant peace and consolation
To those who mourn the loved and lost
Who died to save the nation.

Miscellany

No Instantaneous Change.—If it was certain that when we cast off this mortal covering and enter into the land of light and spirit, that we would carry with us the opinions and prejudices entertained in this life, it would not by any means be a pleasant retrospection; and yet who will say that such will not be the case? Matter cannot reason, matter cannot think, and the body is but matter, whether animated with life, and the blood circulates through the veins, or when consigned to its mother earth to return to dust. If we believe that man is possessed of an immortal spirit, partaking of the divine nature, that this spirit governs and influences man, thinks, reasons, and will survive the body, how can it become divested of the opinions and prejudices by a change from the material to the spiritual sphere? While in the body the spirit cannot be said to be of earth, because its aspirations prove that it is not. If then it is not only possible but reasonable to believe that the opinions and prejudices entertained while moving in this earthly sphere, we will take with us to the spirit's native element, ought it not to induce to the highest aspirations, to entertain sentiments becoming the creature made in the image of his Maker, to have pure, holy and chaste thoughts, to have charity and forbearance, and a due sense of the importance of the relation we bear to God and to our brother man? We have a belief in the immortality of the soul; is this belief reasonably entertained by those who believe that when divested of its earthly covering, a change will take place, an important change in all that constituted the life of the spirit while in the earthly form? If while in the body the habits, thoughts, and ideas are fixed, and demonstrate the individuality of man, and are not readily changed during the term of life, by what process or mutation can a change be effected, an instantaneous one, when the spirit becomes separated from its earthly body? These considerations are at least of sufficient moment to cause us to guard against the intrusion of any impure thoughts, desires and passions, of ungenerous and ignoble feelings, of hatred and prejudice against our fellow men.

Advertisements

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THE REVEILLE.

For the Soldier in the Field and Hospital.

VOL. 1. NEW ALBANY, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22, 1865. NO. 50.

The Reveille,

Published every Wednesday at
HOSPITAL No. 6, NEW ALBANY, IND.,
BY
C. T. ATHEARN,
AND
M. UMBDENSTOCK.

Terms, fifty cents for three months

Letters and communications should be addressed to the "Reveille."

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted in this paper at the rate of One Dollar a square for a single insertion, and continued for One Dollar per month.

POETRY.

For the Reveille.

THE INVALID CORPS

BY ISA T. MATHER

A song for the men of the Invalid Corps,
Whose days in the front of the conflict are o'er;
Their work there is done; it was wrought with a will,
And they're serving their country as faithfully still.

How they fought for the Flag let the Wilderness tell,
Fort Wagner, Coal Harbor, and Mobile as well,
Lookout Mountain, where many a hero was slain,
And Resaca, whose bullets were showered like rain.

They have stood by the guns, where the shell and the shot
Fell thickly around them, yet faltering not,
They have charged on the foe, where a thousand must fall,
Or have stood as a mark for the sharpshooter's ball.

The arm that's now shattered, our banner once bore,
Floating proudly, as freedom's flag ever shall soar;
The foot that's now limping, ne'er faltered in fight,
Nor ever turned backward in cowardly flight.

For each man to-day in the Invalid Corps,
At the front, there is standing one soldier the more;
What matters a difference in place or in name?
If the soldier be loyal his work is the same.

While three hundred thousand are gathering to go
To fill up the ranks in the front of the foe,
Good order and peace, in the rear to preserve,
We've the Invalid Corps or the Veteran Reserve.

We look to them trustfully, feeling that still,
They have strength and decision, good courage and skill,
So save or defend us, if danger should come,
Of raids from abroad or of traitors at home.

Oh soldiers, we're proud of the name that you bear,
And we honor you more for each scar that you wear;
You have won, in our hearts, a sure name and a place,
Which the years, rolling onward, shall never efface.

GRANT GEN'L HOSPT'L,
Willet's Point, N. Y., Feb. 7, 1865.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A TAME BUTTERFLY.—One cold, bleak November morning, when the air, and all nature wore that sullen and despending look so peculiar to our climate at this season, a lady, who for the first time had risen from a bed of sickness, went into an adjoining apartment, where she perceived a gay and beautiful butterfly in the window. Astonished at finding this creature of flowers and sunshine in so uncongenial a situation, she watched its movements and operations. As the sun came out for a bright brief space, it fluttered joyously about the window, and imparted to the sick-room an air of cheerfullness and hope. Towards evening, however, the tiny creature drooped its wings; the lady then placed it in a glass tumbler on the mantle-piece. During the night, hard frost came on, and the room was in consequence very cold. In the morning, the butterfly lay in the bottom of the tumbler apparently dead. The invalid, grieved that her gentle companion of the previous day should so soon perish, made some effort to restore its fragile existence. She put it on her own warm hand, and breathing upon it, perceived it give signs of returning animation; she then once more placed it in its glass-house on the rug before the fire. Soon the elegant little insect spread out its many colored wings, and flew to the window, where the sun was shining brightly. By and by, the sun retired, and the window-panes getting cold, the creature sank down on the carpet, apparently lifeless. The same means were used to restore animation, and with the same success. This alternation of life and death went on for many days, till at last the grateful little thing became quite tame, and seemed to be acquainted with its benefactress. When she went to the window, and held out her finger, it would, of its own accord, hop upon it; sometimes it would settle for an hour at a time upon her hand or neck, when she was reading or writing. Its food consisted of honey; a drop of which the lady would put upon her hand, when the butterfly would uncurl its sucker, and gradually sip it up; then it usually sipped up a drop of water in the same way. The feeding took place only once in three or four days. In this manner its existence was prolonged through the whole winter, and part of the following spring. As it approached the end of its career, its wings became quite transparent, and its spirits apparently dejected. It would rest quietly in its "crystal palace," even when the sun was wooing it to come out, and at last, one morning in April, it was found dead—quite dead.—[Chambers' Journal.

POSTING A LETTER FOR HEAVEN.—A lady residing in Paris returned some time since from a visit she had made in the department Finistere, bringing with her a young orphan girl, poor, but very pretty, whom she engaged as her waiting maid. Last month, a short time after her return to Paris, the lady died. When the body had been prepared for the coffin, and was for a short time left alone, the little maid was seen to go stealthily into the room, lift up the shroud, and then hastily leave. The first idea was that she had taken a ring, which, at the express desire of the deceased, had been left on her finger. On examination, however, the ring was discovered to be untouched, but a paper was seen attached with a pin to the shroud. On inspection it was found to be a letter addressed by the young orphan to her mother, who died two years ago, and was as follows: "My good mother: I have to tell you that Mr. B—— has made me an offer of marriage. As you are no longer here, I beg you to make known to me in a dream whether I ought to marry him, and to give me your consent. I avail myself, in order to write to you, of the opportunity of my mistress, who is going to heaven." The letter was addressed "To my Mother, in Heaven." The person alluded to in the letter is one of the tradesmen of the deceased lady, who, having been struck with the good conduct of the young girl, had made her an offer of marriage.

THE EFFECT OF INTERVENTION.—It is well to look into the gulf of ruin from which our present civil war is to save us. Resolving the Union into thirty-six State sovereignties would place us exactly where the Greek Autonomies were placed in their struggle of twenty-seven. It means mutual slaughter and final collapse, until some stronger third power comes in and adjusts the bleeding fragments. Persia finally "intervened" in favor of Sparta; and her hateful despotism was pressed down upon all the States of Hellas and her lovely islands. Thebes finally rebelled against it, led on by the great Epaminondas; and a second series of civil wars brought on a more complete exhaustion, and a more deadly collapse. Philip of Macedon next "intervened," and crushed them still lower into dust, amid the dying thunders of Demosthenes, and the fading glories of the Grecian name. Next Rome "intervened" and conquered Macedonia; and both Macedonia and Hellas went down under her iron heel. Next the Turk "intervened," and Rome, in all her Eastern empire, involving Greece with her ancient States and beautiful isles, was eclipsed in a more baleful despotism and heathen night. Such are the last results of autonomy—dismemberment, mutual hate and slaughter national extinction and death. So the loveliest form of ancient civilization, in a democracy just rising to the glories of empire, was sacrificed to the insane notion of petty "State sovereignty;" and when we now ask, Where is Hellas? we are only answered by poets, who sing her elegy:

"Ask the Paynim slave,
Who treads all tearless on her hallowed grave?
Invoke the spirits of the past, and shed
The voice of your strong bidding on the dead!
Lo, from a thousand crumbling tombs they rise—
The great of old, the powerful and the wise!
And a sad tale, which none but they can tell,
Falls on the mournful silence like a knell.
Then mark yon lonely pilgrim bend and weep
Above the mound where genius lies in sleep.
And is this all? Alas we turn in vain,
And, turning, meet the self-same waste again,
The same drear wilderness of stern decay;
Its former pride, the phantom of a day;
A song of summer birds within a bower;
A dream of beauty traced upon a flower;
A lute whose master chord has ceased to sound;
A morning star struck darkling to the ground."

[Religious Monthly Magazine

A young man named George Pretchard who has served out his time in the army, attempted to commit suicide on the 3d inst. by shooting himself, because a young widow to whom he had been paying marked attention for some time past refused to marry him. After hearing her refusal, the rejected lover deliberately pleaced a pistol to his left breast and fired, but the ball striking a rib glanced off and only slightly wounded him.

The belief is current in many localities that February 2 is determining day of infallible character. On that eventful day the Ground Hog is said to come out of his hole to see how matters are. If their be snow on the ground he comes out for aye, satisfied that Winter will soon be over; but if the sun shines so that he can see his shadow, he goes back for another dreamless snooze, knowing that there is to be more cold.

The Reveille.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22, 1865.

THE SITUATION.

The late army movements are significant of future success. Gen. Sherman's march through South Carolina has been as triumphant as his great campaign in Georgia. He is now striking at the vitals of the Confederacy. The armies of Beauregard offer no more impediment to his progress than the swamps and rivers of South Carolina. He has already occupied Branchville, the junction of the Augusta and Charleston, and Charleston and Savannah Railroads, destroying the roads in every direction. He has also occupied Columbia, the capital of the State, with its immense stores and supplies either in our hands or destroyed.

For a long time, in fact ever since the Peninsular campaign, Columbia has been made the general depository of rebel supplies for the panic-stricken authorities at Richmond. Hither they ran their medical stores and archives when Kilpatrick made his raid, and here the errant ladies who manufacture rebel money have had a temporary abiding place.

Charleston, the hot-bed of treason, the first to inaugurate civil war, has fallen into our hands. Already Admiral Dahlgreen has possession of the splendid batteries which have so long set our utmost efforts at defiance. The flag of the Republic, torn and trampled at the out set of the war, from the walls of Fort Sumter, floats again in triumph, a fit emblem of the greater victory soon to crown our arms.

Sherman has made sad havoc with their communication in this direction. The road to East Tennessee by way of Lynchburg will be the only one open to Lee in another week. By that time Sherman will have his base at Wilmington, amply supported by supplies of men and material, for pushing the enemy vigorously towards the very gates of Richmond. Already locomotives, cars, &c., have been sent to the neighborhood of the point indicated.

While these operations of Sherman have been going forward so rapidly and successfully, the army of Gen. Grant has been tightening its grasp upon Richmond. The affair of Hatcher's Run gives us a firm foot-hold on the enemy's extreme right. The whistle of the engines on the Southside Railroad can be distinctly heard from our lines. The final co-operation of Sherman on the left of Gen. Grant will thus complete the cordon of invincible armies around the doomed city of Richmond.

But it is thought that Richmond will be evacuated; the army of Gen. Lee be found without necessary supplies, and a movement towards Lynchburg and East Tennessee the consequence. This would virtually give up the whole South to the occupation of the United States' forces. The mountain regions of Tennessee could not afford adequate supplies for the subsistence of such armies as those of Lee and Beauregard, without the granaries of the far South or the store-houses of East and Middle Tennessee. With the magnificent army of Gen. Thomas, the forces of Burnbridge and others on this side; and the grand armies of Grant and Sherman on the other, nothing is now left to the enemy but unconditional submission. The remnant of Hood's army will not suffice to keep up even a respectable show of guerrilla warfare; while the trans-Mississippi department is fast melting away, and will soon end in an exodus of its leaders to the dominions of Maximillian.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

2D PRESBY. CH. CHRIS. COM.—We omitted to mention in our last issue that we had received the following articles from this Commission, which, at the time, were very much needed: 49 bandages, 4 bundles cloth, 6 pairs drawers, ½ dozen handkerchiefs, 3 shirts, and 20 pillow cases.

Since that time a quantity of old rags, always very acceptable, has been sent over. The thanks of the soldiers are due to all, but especially to the President, Mrs. J. G. Atterbury, and to the Secretary, Mrs. E. H. Mann.

☞ Frank and Lewis Mann, two noble little boys, will accept the cordial thanks of the soldiers, for oranges, apples, papers, &c., which they have kindly distributed from time to time.

☞ Miss Maggie Furlong will accept the thanks of the soldiers for some handkerchiefs, very nice, and hemmed by her own hands.

☞ Mrs. Isaiah Reid, of Washington county, has sent us a fine box of lint and bandages. We are very thankful.

☞ Mrs. Lyon and Mrs. Butler of the Salem Aid Society, have again laid us under obligations for bandages, old cloths, &c., all very much needed and thankfully received.

There is a man, a patient at the Hospital Corps d'Afrique, named Milton Hazzard. Co K. 107th U. S. C. I., aged 66 years, who is the father of 26 children by one wife. He has 11 sons and 6 sons-in-law in the Union army. The old lady is very spry yet, and the old gentleman has received a furlough of 30 days to go and see her.

From the Dayton Journal.

UNION PRISONERS IMPRISONED IN A CAVE.—Wm. Kefaber, of the 1st Ohio, arrived home on Tuesday, having made his escape from imprisonment in western North Carolina, about one hundred miles from Knoxville. Kefaber was taken prisoner last April, and after being confined in several prisons in rebeldom, was at length taken, with several others, to Smoky Mountain, western North Carolina, and confined in a cave, with about one hundred and fifty other Union prisoners, and guarded by Indians. At this place they were completely shut out from the world. During the ten months that they were in the cave, and in the neighborhood, none of the men either wrote or received a line from their friends; and they were given up by their friends as dead. They were treated very well by their jailors. The Indians frequently brought in venson and other game, and it was divided among the prisoners. They were supplied with plenty of corn meal, and were permitted many liberties not accorded to our prisoners in any other prison in Dixie. The whites and Indians had gold and silver and plenty of "greenbacks." They made frequent incursions within the Union lines, sometimes close to Jonesboro and Knoxville, and they always had plenty of horses and cattle. The negroes in that section were rabid sesesh; they talked hard about the Yankees, and were strong in their praise of Jeff. Davis, who, they claimed, had offered them freedom if they would fight for the South.

Kefaber met at the cave another Daytonian, named Ed. Ralls, who belonged to the 93d Ohio, and was captured a short time after he was. These two got tired of being shut out from the world, and determined to escape. They feigned sickness so well as to be taken into the hospital, where they soon afterward found an opportunity to escape. They made their way, through many difficulties and dangers, to Knoxville, where they separated, Kefaber coming on home. Mr. K. looks well, and is in excellent health. He says that excepting the complete isolation from the world, imprisonment at Dead Man's Cave, Smoky Mountain, is not so bad as it might be.

AMBITION AMONG THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY TO GET WOUNDED.—The James River Correspondent of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican says: "Blood! that is the price to pay for honor now-a-days. The public mind demands blood. Without the loss of blood a soldier is rarely a hero. This the soldier is made to understand by the tone of the public press, by every personal letter that touches on the subject, and especially by all that he sees and hears, if he is at the North on a furlough. The consequence is that a desire to be wounded is general among the officers in the army, merely to meet the requirements of home sentiment. They know that no faithful service, no daring bravery, no unwavering endurance is so likely to win them praise at the far rear as is an entry of their name on the list of casualties.

"They know that those who were slightly wounded in the first fight of last spring, in Meade's or Butler's army, and have been since absent on sick leave, are to-day given ten times more honor in their native town, than their fellows who remained at the front, and were ten times more exposed to the flying bullets and bursting shells, while suffering all the privations and hardships of the fearful six months of unintermitted battle and campaigning. They know that the bullet which breaks the skin, counts more than the exposure which breaks the constitution, or the blow which breaks the heart. They are ambitious, else they would be unfit for officers, and their ambition prompts them to crave a wound, that they may win respect at home. If they are good officers, they don't want a severe wound—not enough to take them off duty, but just enough to count to their credit.

"I have heard officers boast of a wound, and others speak enviously of a wounded comrade, or bemoan their lack of at least a scratch for the surgeon to report. During an engagement last summer, while men were falling on every side, a brave and gallant General came hurriedly to our Colonel, with a half-disappointed, half-provoked look on his face, and snapping his fingers with an excited flourish, said, "I declare, I've just seen one of your men with a wound that I'd give a hundred dollars for, this minute. It's a beautiful wound, right along side the forehead, and not bad enough to keep him laid up."

"Then he added, as if to complain of his own hard lot, "I dont know why I can't get wounded. I've tried hard enough; I've been right in the thickest of the fights ever since I entered the service, and I've never had a scratch." "Have you seen Captain P's wound?" was a question asked over and over again in his brigade, after the battle of Drury's Bluff; and then the wound was described with so much gusto. "A capital wound! just above the temple; shows under the hair; but doesn't make a bad scar. That sets him up." I saw a noble officer—a brigade commander—in hospital, quite sick from exhaustion, after a hard campaign. He spoke cheerfully of everything, until some wounded officers were named. Then his pity seemed moved—not for them, but for himself. "Oh, dear," he said, "If I could only have been wounded. And I had the same chance that any of them had. I was one of the first men in in the Chapin's Bluff fort, while men were being killed all around; but I wasn't hit. And here I am, in hospital sick."

"The tone in which he uttered the last word was that of ineffable disgust. He would, apparently, have rather lost both legs in battle, than be brought down by disease to unfitness for duty. He knew just how the two things were viewed, relatively, at home. "I didn't use to care much about being wounded, until I went home," said a brave young Captain, who had risen from the ranks, and was on his fourth year of active service, with one of the hardest fighting regiments in the entire army. "I found that they don't count a man anything if he hasn't been hit. They'd hardly believe I'd been in the real battles, because I'd nothing to show for it. Now, I want some scar to take home. Poor fellow! His regiment was blown up in Fort Fisher. He was probably sufficiently mangled there to suit the most exacting Northern censor."

☞ For fine Ambrotypes or Photographs, go to Philips & Sewalt, 210 Main Street, over Doll & Vance's clothing store.

WAAT A ONE-LEGGED MAN CAN DO. A young man named Crockett, who lost a leg above the knee, on the Boston and Maine railroad, when a child, can perform feats, with one foot, that few if any lads of his age in this neighborhood can perform with two feet. He will swim like a duck; he can run as fast as the fastest, bounding on like a deer; and his skating is marvellous. A dozen lads may start with him on the ice, but he is sure to come out ahead. Nor is it in a straight course alone that he shows his speed; with a crutch in one hand and a skate upon one foot, he will defy them to catch him, and dodge as nimbly as a cat. We doubt if there is a boy that can jump higher. He will leap a fence as high as his head, and surprises his associates by standing back to a fence that will come to his shoulders, turning somerset and coming down right end up upon the other side. It is very doubtful, had the two legs remained to him, if he would ever have developed so much spring and activity. He has made up in training what he lost by accident.—[Newburyport Herald.

How Bobby Got a Furlough--The following letter was recently received by General Thomas, and produced the desired effect. Bobby had his furlough. Here is the letter:

PARIS, EDGAR CO., ILL., Dec. 23, 1864.
Major General Thomas:

DEAR SIR: I am a little girl thirteen years old, and I have two brothers in the army, and my other one was in; so was my pa. My brother Bobby I have not seen for over two years, and O! I want to see him so bad. Now I want to ask a favor of you. It is to please let Robert S. Holding come home on a furlough to spend New Year's. We have a big turkey, and we want him to have some of it, and I would like to give you a piece, but you are so far away. Robert S. Holding is now on detached duty in 2d Brigade, 1st Divison, 4th A. C., Commissary Department.
O, General, please grant him a furlough.

RHCHIE HOLDING.

TEN SONS IN THE ARMY.

Mrs. Eliza Ann Upright, Wife of ex-Sheriff Upright, of the town of Winnebago, in this county, has furnished ten sons for the United States army. At the opening of the war she had thirteen sons and a number of daughters, heirs of her former husband, Mr. Arlow Merchant, late of this county, deceased. Early in the war eight of the Meanchant brothers volunteered in the military service of their country, and subsequently two more of the brothers becoming old enough, entered the service also. One of the young Merchants was killed at Island No 10 another at the battle before Atlanta; a third was brought from the army sick, and died here at home. Others have been wounded.

A number of mothers in Winnebago county have furnished from three to five sons in the cause of the Union but we have neither known or heard of any one here or elsewhere except Mrs. Upright, who has sent ten brave boys to the battle field. Should the war continue, the young sons—not now old enough for the military service—will probably join their brothers in the army [illegible]rs. U the mother, is one of the intelligent and patriotic woman of our country She is still in vigorous and active life, and we hope may long live to enjoy the the blessings of the glorious Government for the preservation of which she has sacrified so much. Such a mother deserves a handsome pension.—Rockford (Ill) Register.

A very singular case is that of a soldier in hospital in Philadelphia, who, it is said, has not slept a moment for over fourteen years. He says that sleep forsook him in the summer of 1850, and he has never felt even drowsy since that time. He has been two years in our army, holding the position of Orderly Sergeant, and has seen hard service, and taken part in several raids, without affecting his remarkable wakefulness On one occasion a number of scientific gentlemen investigated his case, and watched him constantly for fourty-two days and nights without detecting a single doze or discovering the cause of the phenomenon. The man goes to bed when fatigued, simply for physical rest. He has been ill with rheumatism, but is now nearly recovered.

An order was received at Camp Douglas, Chicago, on the 4th, to prepare rolls for the exchange of 3000 prisoners at that post, in parties of 500 each. The instructions were to include in the first parties all the regiments from Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas and Louisiana, and all invalids well enough to be forwarded for exchange, but none who do not wish to be exchanged 3,233 from these States were called upon, viz: 244 Missourians of whom 44 refused to be exchanged; 1,316 Tennesseeans, 430 refused; 1,663 Kentuckians, 241 refused, making 715 refusals in all, or more than one-fifth of the number. This is a complete refutation of the story that the rebel soldiers are as badly treated as ours are in their prisons, for not one imprisoned Union man ever refused an exchange.

A Mr. Andrew J. Wood, who served out a term of three years in the 1st Indiana Cavalry, was recently murdered in Arkansas by guerrillas. At the expiration of his enlistment he went to Arkansas married a Southern lady, whose relatives opposed the alliance on account of the Unionism of Mr. Wood, and settled about 12 miles from Little Rock. A band of guerrillas visited his home, at what date has not transpired, took Mr. Wood out and murdered him. He was probably literally cut to pieces, as his clothing and a portion of his body only had been found.

A nice young man at Cleveland gave his income to the assessor at several thousand dollars, paid the tax, and had the pleasure of seeing his name in the lists among the nabobs of the country. On the strength of this he courted a wealthy man's daughter and married her. Then it was found out he had no money, and had sold his mother's watch to pay the income tax.

The little girls of the village of Memphis, Macomb county, Mich., held a fair on the evening of the 6th inst., for the benefit of the Christian Commission, the receipts of which were $123 40. The young misses of Memphis have kept up a Soldiers' Aid Society for the past year, and they resorted to a fair to dispose of the numerous articles of their hand work.

A man clamed to be a provost marshal recently went to a wayside hotel in Minnesota, kept by a Dutchman, and demanded the right to search the house for deserters. The man, who was really a robber, was shown some of the rooms, when he suddenly knocked down the landlord with a slungshot. The Dutchman's wife, who was really the head of the family, came to his assistance, and speedily drove the rogue from the premises.

Hospital Chaplains.

Rev. E. J. PURDY Chaplain No. 6. Religious Services at No. 6. Tuesday 7½, P. M. Sunday 11 o'clock. A. M.

Rev. W. V. DANIEL, Chaplain No. 4. and Floating Hospital.

Rev S. S. POTTER, Chaplain No's. 5 and 8. Services at 10 A. M, and at 2 and 6 P. M. Sunday.

HOSPITAL REPORT.

Changes at General Hospital No. 6, for the week ending February 22.

Whole number of beds,	550.
Admitted,	33.
Discharged from Service,	1.
Returned to duty,	3.
Transfered	29,
Deserted,	0.
Furloughed,	5.
Died	9.
Remaining	367.

Provisions.

Bologna Sausage, Ham Sausage, Choice Cigars, Cuba Sixes, Golden Era and Navy Tobaccos, Western Reserve Cheese, Hominy Fancy and German and Castile Soaps, Splendid Dried Beef Mackerel in bbls, half and quarters 20 Boxes Raisins, Zantee Currants, Buck Wheat Flour, Teas, Nutmegs, Coffee and Sugar, at

REILLY'S,

45 State Street.

T. S. Cornelius,
NEW
DRUG STORE
CORNER UPPER FOURTH AND SPRING STREETS,
NEWALBANY, IND.
Feb. 8, 865.

T. S. CORNELIUS,
WHOLETALE & RETAIL
DRUGGIST
No. 49, corner of Market and State St
NEWALBANY, IND.
☞Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Dye-Stuffs, Tooth, Nail, and Hair Brushes, Fancy Soaps,
PERFUMERY, TOBACCO AND CIGARS,
☞Physician's Prescriptions carefully Compounded at all hours.
Feb. 8,

POCKET DIARIES

Of all styles and prices, for sale at wholesale and retail, by

JNO. R. NUNEMACHER,
BOOKSELLER AND
STATIONER
268 Main st., New Albany, Ind.
47

SADLER, SON & CO.,

Are offering a well assorted stock of

Boots & Shoes,

entirely new, and retailing on 1st floor, at
WHOLESALE PRICES
n order to change Boots and Shoes into Dry Goods.
No. 55 State St., between Market and Main
i Feb. 15.

BLANKS,
For Furloughs and Vouchers,
For sale at the Reveille Office.

Job Printing
EXECUTED
AT THE
REVEILLE OFFICE.

JOHN KNEPFLY,
No. 300 MAIN ST.,
Has just received a New and Complete Stock of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, CHAINS, CLOCKS of every description, and JEWELRY of the most hansome and latest styles.
SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE
Constantly on hand, as
TEA SETS,
CASTORS,
WAITERS,
PITCHERS,
GOBLETS,
SPOONS,
FORKS,
GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,
Spectacles, Gold Pens of the finest quality,.
In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of
FANCY GOODS.
As Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases,
&c., &c.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.
40tf JOHN KNEFFLY.

ATTENTION!
EVERYBODY!
If you want good
PHOTOGRAPHS,
call at
WILSON'S GALLERY,
No. 42 State Street, betweenMain and Market.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS
HERMAN PRALLE,
Wholesale and retail dealer in
TOBACCO, CIGARS,
PIPES, TOBACCO BOXES, Etc. Etc.
Next door to the Post Office, sign of the big Indian.

48

POETRY.

THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.

How sweet when Night her misty veil
Around the weary soldier throws,
And twilight's golden skies grow pale,
And wooing winds invite repose,
To sit beside the watch-fire's blaze,
Where friendly comrades nightly come
To sing the song of other days,
And talk of things we love at home—

Of those we love, and list, and wait,
Beneath the same benignant moon,
The postman's step behind the gate,
With tidings from the absent one;
And beaming smiles their thoughts reveal,
And love is mirrored in their eyes,
As eagerly they break the seal,
Elate with joy and glad surprise.

But dearer yet the shout that rings
In exultation loud and clear,
To hail the messenger who brings
Letters from home and kindred dear;
And 'neath the pale moon's smiling light
The soldier reads his treasure o'er,
And through the hours of silent night,
In dreams he visits home once more.

In dreams he sits beside the hearth,
Afar from camps and traitors' wiles,
And deems the dearest spot on earth
Where loving wife and mother smiles;
And many a face almost forgot,
And many a word so fondly spoken,
Come flitting round the soldier's cot,
Till the sweet dream, at morn, is broken.

Oh ye that love the soldier well—
Bid him be hopeful, brave and gay;
Better he knows than you can tell,
The perils that attend his way.
Some word of hope in battle's hour,
While striving with a vengeful foe,
Has nerved the soldier's arm with power.
To strike or ward the impending blow.

The soldier brave is often prone
To dream himself forgotten quite,
A wanderer on the earth alone,
When friends at home neglect to write.
Then cheer him oft with words like these,
And thus your deep affection prove;
Let every keel that plows the seas,
Bear him some message full of love.

[Holbrook's U. S. Mail.

MISCELLANY.

ENORMOUS CASTING.—The Sheffield (England) paper gives an account of the casting of an immense anvil block at the works of J. M. Stanly & Co., in that city. The mould was dug out in the centre of the work and was twelve feet square at the base, and eleven feet six inches in depth. It took the molten metal from five furnaces and was twelve hours in filling; the casting was six weeks in cooling, so that it could be lifted from the mould by hydraulic power. Its weight was one hundred andsixty tons. The anvil is to be used in the gun manufactory of Firth & Sons, and will sustain the shock of blows from a twenty-five ton Nasmith trip hammer. This firm will be celebrated for possessing the largest anvil in the world.

A soldier's wife in New York died on Monday morning last week from want of proper nourishment—or, other words, of starvation.

A WORD FOR SEWING WOMEN.—Much has been said, and much written, on the subject of the ill-paid and almost unrequited labors of the sewing women of our cities; but as I feel that at the present time they are suffering from hardships, and are imposed upon as badly, if not worse than ever before, I wish to call attention to it again.

In the first place I will state the fact, that thousands of pairs of army drawers are put out to be made at prices ranging from four and three-quarters to five cents each puir; and that they are required to be made so as to pass the closest inspection.

Now every person can see how utterly inadequate the pay is to supply the necessary food and clothing for one person at the present prices, not to say anything about fuel and house rent; and when we take into consideration that often there are two or three children dependent upon the earnings of a mother by the needle, we can picture to ourselves sufferings almost as severe as our soldiers endure from starvation and cold in the cruel and infamous prisons of the rebels.

There are two suggestions I would like to make; one is, that all persons who are living amidst the comforts of life should not feel satisfied with just knowing that such a state of things exist, and merely expressing their pity in words, but that each should endeavor to ease the burden and add to the comfort of this unfortunate and suffering class in our community.

And I can assure any one that it will add to their happiness, as they gather around the well filled table or draw closer to the cosy fireside, to remember that they have aided those far less favored than themselves.

And I would also suggest that, as government doubtless pays a fair price for work, the contractors ought to be obliged to pay a decent price to those who make it.—[Cor. Boston Traveler.

Martin O. Hara, residing in Danville, N. Y., was fatally burned one day last week by the explosion of a kerosene lamp. The explosion was caused by blowing into the chimney to extinguish the flame. The lamp wick was too small for the tube, and in blowing into the chimney the flame was drawn downward into the lamp.

A man named Charity recently married a respectable young lady, at Toronto, got possession of a considerable sum of money belonging to her, and at the end of three weeks ran away with a woman of doubtful reputation. Alas! that so bad a man should disgrace so good a name.

An able-bodied correspondent thus speaks of the sound which issues from the throats of the rebels as they rush to defeat: "Imagine a concatenation of equine, canine, bovine, porcine and gallinaceous utterances, with an Indian war-whoop thrown in, and you have only an approximate conception of this howl yclept the rebel battle cry."

JOHN KNEPFLY,

No. 300 MAIN ST.,

Has just received a New and Complete Stock of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, CHAINS, CLOCKS of every description, and JEWELRY of the most hansome and latest styles.

SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE

Constantly on hand, as

TEA SETS,
CASTORS,
WAITERS,
PITCHERS,
GOBLETS,
SPOONS,
FORKS,
GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,

Spectacles. Gold Pens of the finest quality..

In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of

FANCY GOODS.

As Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases, &c., &c.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.

40tf JOHN KNEFFLY.

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WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FOREIGN LIQUORS,

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Also sole Agents for the South and West, for GENESEE AND BORBON COUNTY OLD WHISKIES,

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New York, Cincinnati and Louisville Prices. 40tf

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

Market Street, corner Lower First,

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EVERYBODY!

If you want good

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PIPES, TOBACCO BOXES, ETC. ETC.

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Thas. P. Fitsch'

FINE ART

AND

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

PEARL ST. BETWEEN MAIN AND MARKET.

40tf

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Boots & Shoes.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's

BOOTS ND SHOES.

No. 244 MAIN ST., NEW ALBANY. IND

All descriptions of Boots and Shoes at very lowest prices.

Persons will do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

dec21

GET ONE.

FRANTZ'S

STENCIL ESTABLISHMENT.

Get your name cut on BRASS or SILVER PLATE, so that you will be able to mark your name on Linnen, Silk or Cotton Apareal, Books, Cards, &c. with Indelible Ink.

Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates for all business. Many years experience and uniform prices enable me to confidentially recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.

P. FRENTZ.

NO. 336 MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

NEW ALBANY, INDIANA, September 3rd, 1864.

COUGH NO MORE!

TRY

STRICKLAND'S

MELLIFLUOUS

COUGH BALSAM.

Cures Caughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM, to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gurgle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.

Price 75 cents per bottle. For sale by Druggists generally. Sold at J. H. Conner's Drug Store New Albany, Indiana.

THE REVEILLE.

For the Soldier in the Field and Hospital.

VOL. 1. NEW ALBANY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1865. NO. 51.

The Reveille.

Published every Wednesday at Hospital No. 6, New Albany, Ind., BY C. T. ATHEARN, AND M. UMBDENSTOCK.

Terms, fifty cents for three months

Letters and communications should be addressed to the "Reveille."

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted in this paper at the rate of One Dollar a square for a single insertion, and continued for One Dollar per month.

POETRY.

For the Reveille.

THE STRANGER'S WELCOME.

Welcome, welcome, gentle stranger,
From thy voyage of toil and danger,
To this long sought peaceful shore,
Welcome from the ocean's roar,
Where thou long hast been a ranger,
Welcome, welcome, gentle stranger.

Welcome to this humble dwelling;
Here with gratitude o'er swelling,
Hearts that weep a stranger's pain,
In a slow, pathetic strain;
Hearts that discord are repelling,
Welcome to this humble dwelling.

Now thy cares and toils are over
For a season, gentle rover;
If I kind assistance show,
Wilt thou slight my offer? no!
No, for here thou'lt fear no danger;
Welcome, then, thou gentle stranger.

Rest thy head upon my pillow,
Cast thy cares upon the billow;
Bid adieu to ocean's roar,
"Tempt, ah tempt its rage no more;"
And while angry waves are swelling,
Welcome to this humble dwelling.

ARMOFLEED.

Edgartown, Mass., Feb. 8, 1865.

For the Reveille.

ACROSTIC.

Transcendent goddess, by supreme command,
Enrolled to aid thy cause we humbly stand;
May watching angels with exulting speed,
Prepare to meet us in this time of need.
Enshrined with light may holy souls attend,
Renewed by grace to hold out to the end.
Angelic nymph! shall we forsake thy cause,
Nor yield obediance to thy sacred laws?
Co-equal thou, with saints, a favored host,
Effulgence, pure, divine, may be thy boast.

ARMOFLEED.

Edgartown, Mass., Feb. 10, 1865.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent.

MISCELLANY.

SOCIAL HIGHNESS AND LOWNESS.

"I tell you he isn't anything!"

"Why not? He certainly is comely and civil, and successful in business, and in every respect appears like a gentleman."

"That may be; but his father wasn't anybody, and his mother was of a low family."

"What constituted the peculiar lowness of her family?"

"Why, her father was a shoemaker—a 'cordwainer,' it used to read on his sign, and he used to mend rips in boots, and put taps on shoes for a living."

"Wasn't he honest?"

"I dare say."

"Wasn't he industrious?"

"He must have been, to have left his children the sum which he is reputed to have done."

"Wasn't he an amiable and agreeable man?"

"Yes. I remember with how much pleasure I used to wait in his little box of a shop, while he stitched the gaps in my leathers, to listen to his amusing and instructive stories. But why do you take such an interest in the old man?"

"I am trying to find out his 'lowness.' It seems he was honest and industrious and amiable and agreeable—qualities which usually gives a man SOME rank among his fellows; and yet you say he was a low person. Was he vulgar?"

"No, he wasn't vulgar; he was quite refined for a man of his opportunities; but he was a SHOEMHKER. Don't you understand how his ignoble calling should fix his position in society, in spite of his good and even remarkable qualities? Of course, a blacksmith and a shoemaker, and such men, cannot be gentlemen, as merchants and lawyers, etc. are."

"I think Mr. Longfellow wrote a poem once about a blacksmith who was a gentleman; and I think a good many people have considered themselves honored by the acquaintance of a certain other blacksmith, who once hammered iron (and Hebrew too) in Worcester; and I don't quite perceive how the making or selling of tape and delaines, or wholesale groceries, or stocks, as 'merchant,' or picking a fuss generally, as a 'lawyer,' should make one a gentleman, while the making and selling of shoes for horse or man, should make one low. And even if such trades make one low, I don't quite perceive how they therefore make one's children also low. You object to Mr. A. because his father 'wasn't anybody,' and his mother was of 'low family.' They were, both of them, upright and honerable individuals, who had made the most of their advantages, and who brought up their children ditto; while here, Mr. G., whose pompous bow you returned so deferentially a momeet ago, has no father at all, in the eyes of the law, and no character at all in the eyes of the Gospel; but has accumulated great wealth by buying cheap whiskey and drugging it in his cellars, and selling it as the best port, cogniac, etc. HE is a gentleman. There is no 'lowness' about him."

"You refer to Col. G., I suppose. HE certainly is a gentleman. He keeps fine horses and gives good dinners, and spends money freely, and has a lovely place; and it surely isn't his fault that he wasn't better born. Everybody considers him a gentleman."

"I consider him a scoundrel and a cheat; and you would, if you knew the secret history of his vats and casks and bottles. I would sooner marry daughters of mine to the poorest shoemaker, or the sootiest blacksmith that swings a sledge—if he were honest, and industrious, and intelligent—than to such a bloated humbug as he is, and the like of him. 'Low?' You had better wait till all these people are eternally sorted, and you will find that some of the highest shall be lowest, as well as some of 'the first shall be last.'" We lost the rest; for the Metropolitan car in which we were seated, had reached our stopping place; and we rang the bell and alighted, meditating upon highness and lowness, as they had been outlined in that brief discussion. We own that our sympathy was strongly drawn out toward the defender of that gentility which consists in a clear head and a good heart, as against the sham gentility conferred upon dolts by the possession of dollars.

MUSIC AS A PHYSICAL AGENT.—It communicates to the body shocks which agitate the members to their base. In churches the flame of the candles oscillates to the quake of the organ. A powerful orchestra near a sheet of water ruffles its surface. A learned traveller speaks of an iron ring which swings to and fro to the murmur of the Tivoli Falls. In Switzerland I excited at will, in a poor child afflicted with a frightful nervous malady, hysterical and cateleptic cries, by playing in the minor key of E flat. The celebrated Doctor Bertier asserts that the sound of a drum gives him the colic. Certain medical men state that the notes of the trumpet quicken the pulse and induce slight prespiration. The sound of the bassoon is cold; the notes of the French horn at a distance, and of the harp, are voluptuous. The flute played softly in the middle register calms the nerves. The low notes of the piano frighten children. I once had a dog who would generally sleep on hearing music, but the moment I played in the minor key he would bark piteously. The dog of a celebrated singer whom I knew would moan bitterly, and give signs of violent suffering, the instant that his mistress chanted the chromatic gamut. A certain chord produces on my sense of hearing the same effect as the heliotrope on my sense of smell and the pine apple on my sense of taste. Rachel's voice delighted the ear by its ring before one had time to seize the sense of what was said, or appreciate the purity of her diction. We may affirm, then, that musical sound, rhythmical or not, agitates the whole physical economy—quickens the pulse, incites prespiration, and produces a pleasant momentary irritation of the nervous system.

[Gottschalk.

BENEVOLENCE.—"Not for ourselves, but others," is the grand law of nature, inscribed by the hand of God on every part of creation. Not for itself but for others, does the sun disperse its beams; not for themselves, but others do the clouds distill their showers; not for herself, but others does the earth unlock her treasures; not for themselves, but others, do the trees produce their fruit, or the flowers diffuse their fragrance and display their various hues. So, not for himself, but others, are the blessings of heaven bestowed on man. He who lives only to himself, and consumes the beauty of heaven upon his lusts, or consecrates it to the demon of avarice, is a barren rock in a fertile plain; he is a thorny bramble in a fruitful vineyard; he is the grave of God's blessing; he is the very Arabian desert of the moral world.

A WARNING.—The Pungolo, of Milan, has the following: "A young man of good fortune, inscribed on the conscription lists for the present year, and betrothed to a handsome girl, was lately declared unfit for service. Delighted at what he considered a lucky escape, he hastened to convey the news to his intended bride, but was sadly taken back when she informed him of her firm resolution never to accept as a husband a man who was not fit to serve as a soldier."

The Reveille.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 1, 1865.

ONE EFFECT OF THE WAR.

In its relation to the intellectual and moral character and growth of our people this war is unlike any before recorded in the history of our warring race. We will not now speak of the moral effect of the war, but will only say that taking the whole nation together, we are certain that its moral life is healthier and truer than ever before. There is more of manhood, of Christian living, of true worship among the American people now than ever before. The nation is living nearer to God every day.

But of the influence of the war we propose to speak now, upon the intellectual life of our people, and of this in some of its simple and obvious forms. The intense desire to be informed of the progress of the war, and of events connected with our national interests, has caused hundreds of thousands of persons to take newspapers and read them who never would have cared to read had it not been for their personal interest in the war on account of relatives or friends in the army. Reading newspapers awakens a desire for knowledge which must be supplied from other sources. Our people are thus led to study the geography of our country, its history and institutions. This makes them wish to know something of other nations, and we are thus becoming a reading people to a much greater extent than ever before.

And the masses are not only learning to read what is written for them by men who make the use of the pen their profession, but the war is educating the people generally in the power and habit of writing. Men learn to describe what they see in their long marches through half a dozen States before unvisited. The soldier cannot help thinking, and every newspaper in the land contains "Army Letters" from common soldiers which are quite as good as most that are written by professional correspondents and reporters.

There will soon be no dividing line between the "illiterate masses" and the "cultivated and intelligent class" of our people. We hail with joy every harbinger of the time when Knowledge, the remedy of all ills that afflict mankind, shall become universal.

[Union City Eagle, (Ind.)

The following incident of the battle of Hatcher's Run is related by a newspaper correspondent: "Near Hatcher's Run, a young lad in the 14th Connecticut, going with a coffee pot to get water from the stream, suddenly found himself surrounded by three rebels. With all the fierceness of voice he could muster, he commanded them to throw down their arms and surrender. Supposing that the bold youth had companions near to enforce his command, they complied, when he seized one of their muskets, and marched them into camp in great triumph. The story is related in his camp as the capture of three rebels with a coffee pot."

"PURDY.—We call most respectfully, the attention of the Secretary of War to the fact that Mr. J. E. Purdy, who claims to be "Chaplain U. S. A.." is intermeddling with controversies outside of his official duties, and charging, in public prints clergymen who dissent from his views with "ignorance," "perverting history," etc. We respectfully ask the honerable Secretary, Is this the work Mr. Purdy is paid to do at New Albany? As to Purdy's implied threat to burn the thirty copies of the NORTH-WESTERN sent to New Albany, we tell him simply, Do it if you dare."—[North-western Christian Advocate.

EDDY.—A man who goes by the above name and claims the title of Rev. because some one has denied his right to the title, lays about him on all sides with perfect fury. He was so anxious to vent his spleen on some one, that when I wrote a letter to correct certain statements in his paper, he turned upon me like a mad dog. We will now admit that the person who "denied the validity of his orders," has a pretty good foundation for his assertion. I doubt whether any one reading his letter and article, would suspect that he claims the title, but such is the fact. Eddy calls "the attention of the Secretary of War to the fact" that I have had the audacity to defend the Church of England, and to charge him and Dr. E. with ignorance and perverting history. I attributed the misstatements which appeared in his paper to ignorance. It was that or falsehood; and I will humbly take back the charge of ignorance, if he will please not tell on me to the Secretary of War.

Eddy attacks the Church of England, making the grossest misstatements; and because I dare to say anything, he proposes that the Government shall punish me. I presume he would like to have an Inquisition and be at the head of it, but I do not believe that the Secretary of War is so much at the disposal of Mr. Eddy that he will dismiss all officers in the service who shall dare to offend him. Mr. Purdy can do the work he is paid to do, and attend to the wants of Mr. Eddy besides. As to Eddy's paper, the thirty copies are given me to distribute, and I have done it up to the 26th ult., but in future he will have to send some one to do it, or come himself which I hope he will do, as I would like to see what he looks like.

E. J. PURDY,
CHAPLAIN, U. S. A.

P. S. I don't know as I am paid particularly to distribute the North-western, but if Mr. Eddy gets a special order to that effect, why, I shall obey.

E. J. P.

BEAUTIFUL ANSWER.—What wonderful questions children often ask, and what equally wonderful answers they do sometimes give.

What can be more touching than the following anecdote which we find in the N. Y. Organ:

"A friend of ours while dressing a very young child, a few days ago said—in rather an impatient tone—"You are such a lump of a shape, it is impossible to make anything fit you!" The lips of the child quivered, and looking up said in a deprecating tone—"God made me." Our friend was rebuked, and the little "lump" was kissed a dozen times."

A LETTER FROM GENERAL SHERMAN — HIS VIEWS OF THE CAUSES OF THE WAR AND OF ITS INEVITVBLE RESULTS.

The following letter from General Sherman has just been published:

HEADQUARTERS MIL. DIV. OF THE MISSISSIPPI, IN THE FIELD, NEAR MARIETTA, Ga. June 30, 1865.

Mrs. Anna Gilman Bowen, Baltimore, Md.: DEAR MADAM—Your welcome letter of June 18, came to me here amid the sound of battle, and, as you say, little did I dream, when I knew you playing as a school girl on Sullivan's Island beach, that I should control a vast army, pointing, like the swarm of Alaric, toward the plains of the South. Why, oh, why, is this? If I know my own heart, it beats as warmly as ever toward those kind and generous families that greeted us with such warm hospitality in days long past, put still present in memory, and to-day, were Frank and Mrs. Porcher, and Eliz Gillman, and Mary Lamb, and Margaret Blake, the Barksdales, the Quashis, the Pryors, indeed any and all of our cherished circle, their children, or even their children's children, to come to me as of old, the stern feelings of duty and conviction would melt, as snow before the genial sun, and I believe I would strip my own children that they might be sheltered; and yet they call me barbarian, vandal and monster, and all the epithets that language can invent, that are significant of malignity and hate. All I pretend to say, of earth, as in heaven, man must submit to some arbiter. He must not throw off his allegiance to his Government or his God without just reason and cause. The South had no cause—not even a pretext. Indeed, by her unjustifiable course, she has thrown away the proud history of the past, and laid open her country to the tread of devastating war. She bantered and bullied us to the conflict. Had we declined battle, America would have sunk back, coward and craven, meriting the contempt of all mankind. As a nation, we were forced to accept battle, and that once begun, it has gone on till the war has assumed proportions at which even we, in the hurlyburly, sometimes stand aghast. I would not subjugate the South in the sense so offensively assumed, but I would make every citizen of the land obey the common law, submit to the same that we do—no worse, no better—our equalls and not our superiors, I know, and you know, that there were young men in our day, now no longer young, but who controll their fellows, who assumed to the gentlemen of the South a superiority of courage and manhood, and boastingly defied us of Northern birth to arms. God knows how reluctantly we accepted the issue; but once the issue joined, like in other ages, the Northern race, though slow to anger, once aroused, are more terrible than the more inflamable of the South. Even yet my heart bleeds when I see the carnage of battle, the desolation of homes, the bitter anguish of families; but the very moment the men of the South say that, instead of appealing to war, they should have appealed to reason, to our Congress, to our courts, to religion, and to the experience of history, then will I say, Peace, peace; go back to your point of error, and resume your places as American citizens, with all their proud heritages. Whether I shall live to see this period is problematical; but you may, and may tell your mother and sisters that I never forgot one kind look or greeting, or ever wished to efface its remembrance; but in putting on the armor of war I did it that our common country should not perish in infamy and dishonor. I am married, have a wife and six children living in Lancaster, Ohio. My course has been an eventful one, but I hope when the clouds of anger and passion are dispersed, and truth emerges bright and clear, you, and all who knew me in early years, will not blush that we were once dear friends. Tell Eliza for me, that I hope she may live to realize that the doctrine of "secession" is as monstrous in our civil code as disobedience was in the Divine law. And should the fortunes of war ever bring you or your sisters, or any of our old clique, under the shelter of my authority, I do not believe they will have cause to regret it. Give my love to your children, and the assurance of my respects to your honored husband.

Truly, W. T. SHERMAN.

HOME AFFECTION.—Like the dew, and the sunshine, and the shower, to the tender grass, the budding rose, and fragrant flower, are home affections to the loving heart. Sickness may come to paint the cheek and parch the lips and bid the life-tide hasten on its course with feverish, frenzied madness; but if the aching head may rest upon a faithful heart—if loving words of sympathy may fall on the listening ear, and affection's soothing smile may ever meet the languid, anxious eye, then the suffering and the grief are mingled with a sustaining power, and sorrow, because shared, is almost sweet.

Separation may, for a time, hide from us those "windows of the soul" through which we long to look and read love's glowing registry; but if we know that our names are written there, we may "learn to labor and to wait" till, duty done, the halls of home again resound with heartfelt welcome.

A New York correspondent of one of the Eastern papers states that some of the leading wealthy men of that city are discussing a magnificent plan to present to the United States Government $2,000,000,000, and thus relieve the nation of the public debt. It is proposed to make the gift in 200,000 shares of $10,000 each, of which A. T. Stewart, William B. Astor and others will each take fifty shares, so as to make up at least a quarter of the whole amount in New York.

It has been decided that the First Maine Cavalry is entitled to bear the names of thirty actions on its regimental standard, which is eight more than can be claimed by any other cavalry regiment in the Army of the Potomac

A SOLDIER ON THE DRAFT.

The clouds of war were brightning fast,
As through the land a message passed;
It came from good old Uncle Sam—
Dated Washington—signed Abraham.

Its purport was, as you must know,
That the boys at home should a soldiering go,
And it made them shiver as they read it o'er,
And stared at the three hundred thousand more.

"I'm sick" says one; "I'm sick, you see;
Soldiering never will do for me.
So I'll rack my brains and hatch a plan
To get my name from the enrolling man-"

"And I," says another—"I'd like to go,
But I've got a corn on my little toe;
I've got a loose tooth, and so, you see,
Soldiering never will do for me."

Another says, "I'd like to fight,
But I've a difficulty with my sight;
I'm hard of hearing, too, you see;
So soldiering never'll do for me."

Another cooly talks of the draft,
For he's got a substitute and got him fast;
So he talks very bravely, for he dosen't fear
Uncle Abe or drafts for at least a year.

Now boys, we'll give you a little advice;
Before you're ailing consider twice;
Uncle Sam wants men, and some must go
To fill the ranks and fight the foe.

Then, boys, just think this question o'er;
Don't be scared at the thousands more;
But remember that each of you te a man
Is a part and parcel of Uncle Sam.

How Many Lives the War has Cost.—Whether through negotiation or by war, peace is in some way not far distant. It is a good time, therefore, to note what has been the waste of life by the war.

Official statements carefully made up in the War Department, will show, it is said, that the number of soldiers in our service who have died since the war began, will reach the startling number of two hundred and forty thousand, or nearly a quarter of a million? Of these, two hundred and twenty-one thousand have died in the service, from wounds or sickness, in the field and in hospitals. The authorities estimate the number of deaths from wounds or disease contracted in the service, which did not prove fatal till after discharge, and do not therefore appear in the foregoing statement, at twenty thousand more.

These figures will prove to many, a pleasing disappointment. So much has been said of our "hecatombs of slain" that nearly everybody supposed that only millions could enumerate them. That our whole loss in four years has not been nearly so great as our increase by emigration, to say nothing of the natural increase of population, is itself the proof that we are in no sense reduced by exhaustion to make peace on any terms save the absolute submission of the insurgents.

Sold.—"Bob, that's a fine horse you have there, what's he worth?"

"Three hundred and fifty dollars."

"No, not so much as that."

"Yes, every cent of it, and another fifty on the top of that."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'll swear to it."

"All right."

"What are you so inquisitive for?"

"Merely for assessing purposes, I am the assessor for this ward and only wanted to know what you rated your nag at."

We heard the other day a laughable anecdote of a 'Man with a Big Foot.' He was from Springfield Ill., and is living now, for a man with so good a hold upon the ground is not likely to "drop off" in a hurry. He stepped one day into the small shop of a boot-makers in the flourishing capital of old Erie, and asked Crispin if he could make him a pair of boots. Looking at his long splay pedal extremities and then glancing at the huge cow-hide that hung upon the wall, he said, "well, yes. I guess so." "What time will have them done? To-day is Monday."—"Well, it'll depend upon circumstances; I guess I can have 'em done for you by Saturday." On Saturday, therefore, the man called for his boots. "Have you got 'em done?" says he, as he entered the shop "No, I haven't—I couldn't, it has rained every day since I took your measure." "Rained!" exclaimed the astonished patron; "well, what of that? What had *that* to do with it?" "What had *that* to do with it?" echoed Crispin; "it had a *good deal* to do with it. When I make your boots *I've got to do it out doors*, for I haven't room in my shop, and I can't work out doors in rainy weather."

It was the same man of 'large understanding' whom the porters used to bother so, when he landed from a steamer. They would rush up to him, seized hold of his feet saying, "Where shall I take your *baggage*, Sir? Where's this *trunk* to go Sir?'

More than Savage Brutality.—We heard a day or two ago, says the Evansville Journal, the narration of one of the most inhuman and fiendish acts of guerrilla barbarity that could possibly be conceived.

Capt. Davidson, as the story goes, met a negro soldier on the road, and after capturing him, cut off both his ears close to his head, and then released him. When reaching the first house on the road, the fiendish Davidson procured a needle and thread and sewed the negroe's ears together.

At the first town he came to he went to a whisky shop and treated his men, and after they had drank, Davidson asked the barkeeper if "Lincoln skins,"—the name the rebels usually apply to greenbacks—"would pay for whisky?" "Oh, certainly," said the bartender, whereupon the brute Davidson threw upon the counter the ears of the negro soldier, remarking, "Well, take your change out of that, then."

Thos. Allen, a citizen of St. Louis, now at Pittsfield, Mass., has sent a circular to the press, urging on the project of a combination of rich men to pay off the National debt. He thinks it can be done, and insists that some of the wealthiest citizens can better afford $500,000, than to pay taxes indefinitely. Mr. Allen is an extensive real estate owner in the West.

The Best Chances for Oil.—The finest chance for an oil speculation is at Madison, Ind. A young lady has oil lands for which she has refused $80,000; but that which she would not part with for a reasonable sum of money, she might be induced to divide for nothing, except the co-operation of a suitable partner. It is said that she desires one of temparate and industrious habits, and is no particular whether he has any cash or not.

Wm. T. Preble, a private in the Third Maine Regiment was frozen to death, recently, within a few rods of his father's house, in Winslow. He was on a visit to his home, on a furlough, and became bewildered and died almost within speaking distance of home and friends

---

ARCH SCENE AT AN EXEMPTION OFFICE.

The aspirant was Yawcob Schneider, a resident of the suburbs.

'What is tihe matter with you Yacob?'

'Vell, mine pack is most proke.'

Local or chronic,' asked the clerk.

'Lncals or komice, vats dat?'

'I mean is yours a *standing* complaint?

'Nein, I lays in der bed generally.'

'Well how did you hurt back?'

'Vall, I was some beer drink last week in der saleon, and I gees mine house in, and den I goes my stairs up, and I tumbles my window out and by tam I strike de sidewalk on my pack, and I lies in der beb three months.'

'Ah,' said the clerk, 'you fell out of the window *last week*.'

'Yaw.'

'And you laid abed *three months* how do you make that out?'

'Ich nix for stay, Ich can nicht so much English sprecken all de while.'

Yawcob didn't get his papers.

HOSPITAL REPORT.

Changes at General Hospital No. 6, for the week ending March 1.

Whole number of beds,	550.
Admitted,	5.
Discharged from Service,	2.
Returned to duty,	1.
Transfered	1,
Deserted,	0.
Furloughed,	0.
Died	3.
Remaining	363.

Advertisements.

J. CADWALADER, SON & CO.,

Are offering a well assorted stock of

Boots & Shoes,

entirely new, and retailing on 1st floor, at

WHOLESALE PRICES

n order to change Boots and Shoes into Dry Goods.

No. 55 State St., between Market and Main

Feb. 15.

Provisions.

Bologna Sausage, Ham Sausage, Choice Cigars, Cuba Sixes, Golden Era and Navy Tobaccos, Western Reserve Cheese, Hominy Fancy and German and Castile Soaps, Splendid Dried Beef, Mackerel in bbls, half and quarters, 20 Boxes Raisins, Zantee Currants, Buck Wheat Flour, Teas, Nutmegs, Coffee and Sugar, at

REILLY'S,

45 State Street.

POCKET DIARIES

Of all styles and prices, for sale at wholesale and retail, by

JNO. R. NUNEMACHER,

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,

268 Main st., New Albany, Ind.

JOHN KNEPFLY,

No. 300 Main St.,

Has just received a New and Complete Stock of Gold and Silver Watches, Chains, Clocks of every description, and Jewelry of the most hansome and latest styles.

SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE

Constantly on hand, as

TEA SETS,
CASTORS,
WAITERS,
PITCHERS,
GOBLETS,
SPOONS,
FORKS,
GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,

Spectacles, Gold Pens of the finest quality,.

In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of

FANCY GOODS.

As Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases, &c., &c.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.

40tf JOHN KNEFFLY.

Marcus W. Lewis. Frank A. Lewis

LEWIS BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FOREIGN LIQUORS,

AND DISTILLERS OF

American Brandies, Gins and Whiskies,

Also sole Agents for the South and West, for GENESEE AND BORBON COUNTY OLD WHISKIES,

Agents for Schultz's Cincinnati Cream and Stock Ale.

No. 258 Main Street, Crawford's Building,

NEW ALBANY IND.

New York, Cincinnati and Louisville Prices. 40tf

ATIENTION!

EVERYBODY!

If you want good

PHOTOGRAPHS,

call at

WILSON'S GALLERY,

No. 42 State Street, between Main and Market.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS

HERMAN PRALL E.

Wholesale and retail dealer in

TOBACCO, CIGARS,

PIPES, TOBACCO BOXES, Etc. Etc.

Next door to the Post Office, sign of the big Indian.

T. S. Cornelius,

NEW

DRUG STORE

CORNER UPPER FOURTH AND SPRING STREETS,

NEW ALBANY IND.

Feb. 8, 1865.

MISCELLANY.

COLOR OF WATER.

Clear, sparkling waters are a delight to the eye as well as to the appetite. The chemists tell you that there is no absolutely pure water capable of standing analysis in rivers or springs, and to get the nearest practicable liquid to the pure element you must use the still. They admit at the same time that the presence of some slight minral solution is necessary to give its zest to spring-water. So, perhaps, also a slight amount of color is not unwelcome in fitting water for scenery—although to look down through the depths of clear water and see through it nearly as easily as you can through the atmosphere, is a great delight. For coloring matter there are varieties in intensity and character For both, that compound which colors the Thames is the most odious to all the senses. The red clay which some English rivers carry with them too abundantly is not beautiful. I confess to a partiality for the port-winish color which our Scotch streames carry from the peat, when it is light; but this mixture is very open to abuse and overdosing when floods come Glacier streams are all filthy, like the ice they come from, until they get settled down, and then they have their curious and special beauties. The Rhone, for instance, with the intense depth of its blueness, as it comes out of the lake of Geneva, has no doubt received a deal of flattering attention; but its color is, to my notion, too deep and powerfull; it reminds one of the vat of an indigo-dyer. Among the streames of Salzburg and the Tyrol, the glacier sediment exists high up, put when it is purified away the tinge it leaves in the water is very beautiful—a just perceptible blue, aptly compared to to that of the berly or aquamarine.—[Blackwood's Magazine.

PAID FOR FIGHTING.—When the rebellion first broke out, a man of dissolute character enlisted as a nine months volunteer. He was mustered in, and received his one month's pay in advance. Probably never having had so much money in his possession at one time he became elated; and in order to manifest his delight, he invested a good portion of his funds in bad whisky. The result was a spree of the steepest kind; a free fight of the most extensive and promiscuous nature, and a pair of bunged eyes of the deepest blue. In this plight, he presented himself before his wife to take leave of her, as his regiment had received orders to march in two hours from thence.

"Why, Peter!" exclaimed she, surveying him with extreme surprise; "How came you in such a plight? Have you been fighting?"

"Of course I have, old woman," replied he, straightening himself up with military dignity. "Aint I listed for fighting? Aint I paid for fighting? and blast me if I am going to back out of the bargain."

The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter. And those sentiments of friendship that flow from the heart cannot be frozen in adversity.

Some people's sensibility, is a mere bundle of aversions, and their memory a row of hooks to hang grudges on.

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45 State Street.

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NEW
DRUG STORE
CORNER UPPER FOURTH AND SPRING STREETS,
NEWALB NY, IND.
Feb. 8, 865.

T. S. CORNELIUS,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
DRUGGIST
No. 49, corner of Market and State St
NEWALBANY, IND.
☞Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Dye-Stuffs, Tooth, Nail, and Hair Brushes, Fancy Soaps,
PERFUMERY, TOBACCO AND CIGARS,
☞Physician's Prescriptions carefully Compounded at all hours.
Feb. 8,

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BOOKSELLER AND
STATIONER,
268 Main st., New Albany, Ind.
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BLANKS,
For Furloughs and Vouchers,
For sale at the Reveille Office.

Job Printing
EXECUTED
AT THE
REVEILLE OFFICE.

JOHN KNEPFLY,
No. 300 MAIN ST.,
Has just received a New and Complete Stock of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, CHAINS, CLOCKS of every description, and JEWELRY of the most hansome and latest styles.
SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE
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Next door to the Post Office, sign of the big Indian.

CHEAP
CLOTHING!
FANK SMITH,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Market Street, corner Lower First,
NEW ALBANY, IND.
dec21

Thas. P. Fitsch'
FINE ART
AND
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.
PEARL ST. BETWEEN MAIN AND MARKET.
40tf

CHEAP
Boots & Shoes.
J. C. HURSELL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's
BOOTS ND SHOES,
No. 244 MAIN ST., NEW ALBANY. IND
All descriptions of Boots and Shoes at very lowest prices.
Persons will do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.
dec21

GET ONE.
FRANTZ'S
STENCIL ESTABLISHMENT,
Get your name cut on BRASS or SILVER PLATE, so that you will be able to mark your name on Linnen, Silk or Cotton Apareal, Books, Cards, &c. with Indelible Ink.
Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates for all business. Many years experience and uniform price enable me to confidentally recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.
P. FRENTZ.
No. 336 MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, INEIANA.
NEW ALBANY, INDIANA, September 3rd, 1864.

COUGH NO MORE!
TRY
STRICKLAND'S
MELLIFLUOUS
COUGH BALSAM.

Cures Caughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of
STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM,
to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gurgle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.
Price 75 cents per bottle. For sale by Druggists generally. Sold at J. H. Conner's Drug Store New Albany, Indiana.

THE REVEILLE.

For the Soldier in the Field and Hospital.

VOL. 1. NEW ALBANY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1865. NO. 52.

The Reveille,

Published every Wednesday at
HOSPITAL No. 6, NEW ALBANY, IND.,
BY
C. T. ATHEARN,
AND
M. UMBDENSTOCK.

Terms, fifty cents for three months

Letters and communications should be addressed to the "Reveille."

POETRY.

From Harper's Magazine.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed his sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go;
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover, and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late,
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one:

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the butter-cups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loossely swung in the idle air
The empty sleve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn,
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

MISCELLANY.

PRICE OF TWO POTATOES.

The following anecdote of the first Napoleon is related in a letter from a correspondent who was in the French military service for a considerable time, and who vouches for its authenticity:

The evening before the battle of Ulm, when Napoleon the First, in company with Marshal Berthier, was walking incognito through the camp, and listening to the talk of the soldiers, he saw in a group not far off a grenadier of the guard, who was roasting some potatoes in the ashes.

"I should like a roasted potato above everything else," said the Emperor to the Marshal; "ask the owner of them if he will sell one."

In obedience to the order, Berthier advanced to the group and asked to whom the potatoes belonged. A grenadier stepped forward and said: "They are mine."

"Will you sell me one?" inquired Berthier.

"I have only five," said the grenadier, "and they are hardly enough for my own supper."

"I will give you two Napoleons if you will sell me one," continued Berthier.

"I don't want your gold," said the grenadier; "I may be killed to-morrow, and I don't want the enemy to find me with an empty stomach."

Berthier reported the soldier's answer to the Emperor, who was standing a little in the background.

"Let me see if I shall be luckier than you," said the latter; and going up close to the grenadier he asked him if he would sell him a potato.

"Not by a long shot," said the grenadier; "I haven't enough for myself."

"But you may set your own price," said Napoleon. "Come, I am hungry, and haven't eaten to-day."

"I tell you I haven't enough for myself," repeated the grenadier, "besides all that, do you think I don't know you in spite of your disguise?"

"Who am I then?" inquired the Emperor.

"Bah!" said the grenadier. "The little corporal as they call you."

"Well," said Napoleon, "since you know me, will you sell me a potato?"

"No," said the grenadier; but if you would have me come and dine with you when we get back to Paris, you may sup with me to-night."

"Done!" said the Emperor, "on the word of a little corporal, and on the word of the Emperor."

"Well and good," said the grenadier. "Our potatoes ought to be done by this time; there are the two largest; the rest I'll eat myself."

The Emperor sat down and ate his potatoes, and then returned with Berthier to his tent, remarking: "The rogue is a good soldier, I'll wager."

Two months afterwards, Napoleon the Great was in the midst of a brilliant court at the pallace of the Tuilleries, and was just sitting down to dine, when word was brought him that a grenadier was without, trying to force the guard at the door, saying he had been invited by the Emperor.

"Let him come in," said his majesty.

The soldier entered, presented arms and said to Napoleon:

"Do you remember having supped with me off my roasted potatoes?"

"Oh is that you? Yes, yes, I remember," said the emperor. "And so you have come to dine with me, have you? Ruston, lay one more cover on youn table for that brave fellow."

Again the grenadier presented arms and said:

"A grenadier of the guard does not eat with lackeys. Your majesty told me I should eat with you, and trusting to your word I have come hither."

"True," said the Emperor; "lay a cover here near me; lay aside your arms, mon ami, and draw up to the table."

Dinner over, the grenadier went to his usual place, took up his carbine, and turning to the Emperor, presented arms, and said:

"A mere private ought not to dine at the table of his Emperor."

"Ah! I understand you," said Napoleon, "I name you Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and Lieutenant in my company of guards."

"Thank you heartily!" returned the soldier. "Vive l'Empreur," he shouted, and then withdrew.

THE YANKEE AND THE JEW.—A shrewd countryman who was in town the other day, gawky, uncouth, and innocent enough in appearance, but in reality with his teeth cut. Passing up through Chatham street, through the Jew's quarter he was continually encountered with importunities to buy. From almost every store they rushed out in accordance with the annoying custom of the street, to seize upon and try to force him to purchase. At last a dirty looking fellow caught him by the arm, and clamorously urged him to become a customer. "Have you any shirts?" inquired the countryman with a very earnest look. "A splendid assortment, sir. Step in, sir. Every price, sir, and every style. The cheapest in the city, sir." "Are they clean?" "To be sure. Step in, sir." "Then," resumed the countryman, with perfect gravity, "put one on, for you need it!" The rage of the Jew may be imagined, as the countryman turned upon his heel and quietly pursued his way.

SHOW FURNITURE.—Furniture too good to be used is a nuisance. What can be more unpleasant than the aspect of a room, or suit of rooms, where everything is bagged up? Chairs and sofas in pinafores, mirrors in muslins, a druggetted carpet, a hearth-rug wrong side out, and a chandelier in a sack seen by rays of light that struggle in edgeways, through the slits in the shutters, and exhaling that peculiar brown Holland fragrance which belongs to drawing-rooms in masquerade dress, form one of the most cheerless, dispiriting, unhuman-like spectacles in the dioramas of humau life. We would as lief be ushered into a vault as into such an apartment. Why do people buy magnificent furniture to clothe it in hideous disguises? Does the glory of exhibiting the articles undressed half a dozen evenings in the year pay for the cost and trouble? The miser enjoys the flushing lustre of his gold every time he lifts the lid of his strong box, but what pleasure can there be in possessing a species of property that is invisible to the owner three hundred and fifty days out of every three hundred and sixty-five? Give us furniture that is made for wear—tables upon which you can bring down your fist with an emphasis without throwing the lady of the house into hysterics—chairs that you can lean back in; in a word, give us comfort, and let us wear things out. It is provoking to see chairs and sofas preserved for years without spot or blemish, while the wrinkles are multiplying in the face and the grey hairs on the head of the proprietor.

A pint cup may not be ill-treated for not holding a quart. This is indeed a new measure for moral obligatfon. The man underrates your argument, project, or improvement, because he cannot contain it. He does not report you correctly, because he cannot carry all your idea. He is a pint cup. Your friend betrays your secret. it is your own fault. You put too much in a small vessel, and it slops over. Your neighbor has narrow views, feelings and policies, and they do not enlarge. Be gentle towards him, for small measures cannot afford to be very liberal, and pint cups come to their growth early. They are required to hold but a pint.

The Reveille.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 8, 1865.

EQUALITY.

What is social equality? What is it that distinguishes different individuals and classes of society from each other? And in what respect are they equal?

Mankind are created with a great variety of capacities and geniuses; in fact there are no two human minds exactly alike. Hence it follows that the position which one occupies in society is different from every other one. Out of this very difference, when each one is in his own place, comes harmony. As the difference in the form of the various members of the human body produces harmony, when each is in its own proper place and performs its own proper functions, in like manner human society is harmonious when each member of it is in his own proper place and performs his own proper work.

It is a universal law of nature that variety is necessary to the production of harmony.

A machine works well or otherwise according as its different parts are adapted to each other, and the whole to the work for which it is designed. Take a machine that works never so beautifully and misplace some of its parts, and if you do not break it you will stop it from doing its work.

It is somewhat so with human society, only it is not a machine to be operated on as a man would operate on a machine. But the comparrison is true in this respect, that there is some special work for which each individual member of society is especially fitted—some particular position which belongs to him and to which he belongs; and when he faithfully fills that office, then the wheels of society move smoothly and harmoniously. But when there is dissatisfaction,—when any one wishes to take the place of some other member, a place, perhaps, to which he is not adapted, and in which he might do harm rather than good,—or, if any one turns the uses of his position to his own selfish purposes,—then there is discord; then there is a clashing of the different parts,—the great work of human life is not done as it should be, and some of it is not done at all.

As it is with individuals so it is with different classes of individuals. They each have their peculiar duties to perform, each have their place to fill in the ranks of human society.

In order to get a clear and rational view of society, we must look at it as ONE MAN, having all the members and performing all the functions corresponding to those which belong to an individual man. Thus this collective MAN has a head, heart and lungs, hands and feet, etc. By the head we mean those members of society who bear the same relation to the community that the human head bears to the rest of the body. And so with all other organs and members of the body.

Taking this view, we can see why there should be a distinction between different classes of society, and we can see what the distinction is. And we can see that this very distinction, instead of being a cause of discord, or of pride and envy, should be a cause of harmony and good will. For where the happiness of each depends upon the harmonious action of all, is it not folly for any one to set himself up above his fellows as something better than the common run of mankind? and is it not folly for any individuals to pride themselves upon the the high position which they may occupy? Let them sever their connection with those who form the base of society, and how long will they remain in their elevated position? We have a fair illustration of this on a large scale, in the case of the leaders of the rebellion. They entertained the idea that they were the head, and the insane idea that they could live without the body. They thought to exalt themselves far above the laboring classes. If they ever had the right to claim to be the head of the nation, which we doubt, it is certain that they have lost the right, and by reason of having cut loose from the foundation they are about to fall to the ground a hopeless wreck.

But we were thinking of the relation which different individuals and classes of society bear to each other; and we can get no more satisfactory view than the one we have taken, that society is a MAN, having all the members and performing all the function which belong to an individual man. And as the welbeing of each member of the body depends upon the harmonious action of every other member, so the welfare of each individual member of society depends upon the harmonious action of all.

No member of the human body acts for itself, but each acts for the good of all. So it should be with man collectively. No individual member has any right to consult his own personal happiness, but each one should consult the happiness of the whole.

Neither should there be any pride of station, since it is equally necessary that every station should be filled, from lowest to highest; and the highest could not exist without the lowest, any more than a house could stand securely without a foundation.

On Monday the 155th Illinois Regiment passed through this city on their way to Nashville. Their number of men is 1060. They were raised at Rockford, Ill.

A fellow went to Albany the other day and represented himself as the son of A. T. Stewart, the New York millionaire. Everybody was taken with him until he turned out to be a hotel thief and stole $40 from a couple of fellows who were on a bender with him and then persuaded him to spend the night with them.

At Newburgh, N. Y., the other day, a heartless landlord turned a soldier's widow and two children out of doors because the woman couldn't pay a month's rent when it became due. One of the children was too sick to raise its head at the time.

A box of very nice lint was received at this hospital, through the Christian Commission, with the following inscription:

"This lint was picked and prepared for our brave soldiers, by Mary Moody, Granville Moody and Charles P. Moody, children of Rev. Granville Moody, of Piqua, Ohio, and Ella Halliday, niece of Rev. Mr. Moody, Aug. 5, 1864.

"We little children thank you noble brave soldiers for exposing your health and limbs and life to defend the Government of Washington, Jackson, Harrison and Scott. We do pray our gracious God for Christ's sake, and our country's sake, and the poor oppressed slaves' sake, to give victory to our armies, and put down the wicked rebels, and give us peace founded in righteousness, and that you poor wounded men may get well and come home to be loved and honored by us, your much obliged fellow citizens."

After the words "poor oppressed slaves' sake," in a child's handwriting is interlined "and for Granville Moody's sake."

We thank you little children that you have not forgotten those who are afar from their homes, and friends, and all they hold dear. Many of us may never see our dear old homes again, but we shall ever bless the noble men and women, and sweet children of our land, who have given us words of comfort and cheer, and strengthened our hearts and hands. The day seems almost ready to dawn when this wicked rebellion shall cease, and when "peace founded in righteousness" shall crown our people with the brightest laurel that ever victor wore—freedom for all mankind.

ENGLISH LANDHOLDERS.—The Marquis of Breadalbane rides out of his house a hundred miles in a straight line to the sea on his own property. The Duke of Sutherland owns the county of Sutherland, stretching across Scotland from sea to sea. The Duke of Devonshire, besides his other estates, owns 96,000 acres in the county of Derby. The Duke of Richmond has 40,000 acres at Goodwood, and 300.00 0 at Gordon Castle. The Duke of Norfolk's park in Sussex is fifteen miles in circuit. The large domains are growing larger. The great estates are absorbing the small freeholds. In 1786 the soil of England was owned by 250.000 corporators and proprietors, and in 1822 by 30,000.

That was a good joke on a young and gallant officer, who, on receiving a note from a young lody "requesting the pleasure of his company" at a party to be given at her house, on the evening designated, took his volunteers and marched them to the young lady's residence. When it was explained to him that it was himself alone who had been invited, and said, "By golly, the letter said *company*, and I thought the lady wanted to see all my boys."

"Ah, Sam, you've been in trouble, eh?" "Yes, Jim, yes" "Well, cheer up, man, adversity tries us and shows up our better qualities." "Ah, but adversity didn't try me; it was old Judge Bailey, and he showed up my worst qualities."

From the Lewistown (Ills.) Union.

HOW TO PAY OUR NATIONAL DEBT.

The New York papers say, there is a project on foot in that city, to donate to the Government the sum of $2,000,000,000, to be raised by voluntary contribution, for the purpose of liquidating the National debt.

The fears which some entertain, that if the war is not speedily closed, our nation will be bankrupt, is hardly entitled to a serious consideration; our taxes of necessity will be heavy, and perhaps burdensome, but that there is any danger of bankruptcy, we deny. The national resources of the country are sufficient to cary on the war, if necessary, thirty years. It is therefore, out of no fears entertained, of the ability of the Government to pay her indebtedness, that we declare this project for the payment of the public debt, the noblest enterprise ever devised by a people in behalf of a bleeding country.

But it may be urged that the plan is not feasible; that to pay the public debt at once by a per capita tax, would require not less than eighty dollars from each inhabitant in the free States, and that there are thousands in the land who could not and would not pay a dollar.

This is all very true and yet we think the project practicable.

There are multitudes who upon the condition that the full sum should be raised, would willingly subscribe from $100,000 to $500,000 each. It is to the interest of the people that the debt be paid as speedily as possible; and let the subject be fairly presented, with all the benefits accruing from a plan of this kind and men would contribute into the general fund thousands, where only hundreds were looked for.

Stewart and Astor, of New York, propose to give $500,000 each, and there are others who would be equally liberal. It is estimated that one fourth of the amount can be raised in that city alone. Put fourth subscription papers in every city, town and hamlet in the United States, and let men understand the object, and their interest in the matter, and the thing can be accomplished.

Every business man, every farmer and mechanic and every tax payer and consumer would be benefitted by adopting a plan of immediate payment of the national debt, even though, to pay what he really ought to pay, occasion a heavy sacrifice.

By this means you instantly place the Government in the condition it occupied before the war, out of debt. The consequence is, that all the taxation now absolutely necessary to be levied to defray the expenses of the Government and the war, will be obviated, and we again restored to the age of cheap prices for all articles of consumption. Stamp duties are done away with, and green backs brought up to the gold standard.

The millions of dollars that must be raised year after year to pay the inter-

est, which of necessity will accrue before the debt can be paid by the slow process of annual taxation, will be avoided by the tax payers, and instead thereof the money will be applied in liquidation of the principal.

Suppose at the expiration of twenty years, you have actually paid $1,000 toward the discharge of our debt, and the entire indebtedness is cancelled. The result is, you have paid double the amount which would be your proportion if paid now, and been subject to high prices for every commodity, a natural consequence of heavy taxation and a depreciation of the currency.

In every view which can be taken, the project recommends itself to the approval of the people, and we believe the masses are in better condition to take hold and accomplish the work now, than they have ever been. The capital of the country is so distributed as to enable nearly all to contribute what would be their proportion by a per capita tax, and the wealthy can donate thousands, with the same ease they could contribute hundreds under other circumstances. We believe the project feasible, and if its merits were properly presented to the people, the enterprise would be successful and our nation relieved of irs debt.

[The following article, which appeared in our paper some time ago, is published again by request.]

HONOR TO JAMES H. NELSON.

This noble and patriotic son and soldier, a member of Co. G, 100th Regt. Ind. Vols. volunteered at Pine Village, Warren Co., Ind. Aug. 17, 1862, and served as an honorable and faithful soldier until Aug. 22, 1864, at which time he bid fairwell to earth and all its toils. We of his company take great pleasure in showing to the world his true character and principles. As a soldier none could excell; he was mild, gentle and temperate; always ready and willing to perform his duty under all circumstances. No harsh or angry word was ever heard to fall from his lips, no frown was seen upon his brow. Words of comfort were often spoken to his troubled and disheartened comrades. He was always ready and willing to console the distressed and oppressed. None could administer more kiddly or lovingly than he, while he was with us as a soldier. Our love and respect he has justly won. All who knew him could but love and honor him. We think the example of this hero justly merits a place in the memory of all true men of America. His stay with us was short, yes, we mourn to say, it was too short for one so true and kind. His godly words and deeds have formed an impression and left it so deeply stamped that we cannot and will not soon forget. He underwent all the hardships of camp life, and bore the fatigues of the long and weary marches without a murmur or complaint. Upon the battle field where the musketry sharply rattled and the cannon was heard to roar, where the missiles of death fell thick and fast, James did not falter, but was fonnd at his post in the faithful discharge of his duty. The love and patriotism which was daily found in his heart seemed to direct his mind far beyond the dangers with which he was surrounded. His motto, told both by words add actions, was, onward to conquer and victory, down with traitors and trail their flag. Let our banner float on high. He was faithfully performing his duty upon the skirmish line before Atlanta, Ga, when a rebel ball pierced his left breast, which caused his death. He was tenderly conveyed to the hospital where all possible care and attention was paid, but alas, all the skill and medicines of his surgeons could not save his life. He only survived until about noon, the next day, Aug. 23, 1864. His sufferings were very great, but he did not complain. He bore all like a martyr and hero, and only grieved to know that he could do nothing for the advancement of the nation's cause. He met death bravely. I have often heard him say that he valued the future interest and welfare of his country more than a thousand lives like his. Yes, he has honorably laid his life upon the altar of of his country, for the good of the present and rising generation. Oh, may it console the bereaved parents and friends of the deceased to know that no better, nobler or more patriotic son or soldier was ever laid beneath the sod of southern soil. JAMES W. JONES.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.—The following story is reported from the Forest of Ardennes: A baby was sleeping, its mother was preparing broth for it, when, looking up, she saw a wolf entering the door and making straight for the cradle. The frightened woman seized a burning log of wood and hurled it at the intruder. Too late. The wolf caught up the baby and ran off. The mother followed frantic, and and crying "To the rescue!" Three woodcutters, returning from their work, heard the cries, pursued, and overtook the grim thief which was hampred by its prey, and finally assailed him. The beast showed tremendous fight, and was not killed till after a long struggle, in which the child was badley hurt. The wolf, however was killed at last, and the child restored to its mother, who, returning home, found that the burning log which she had thrown at the wolf had set fire to and destroyed her house.

Disgraceful performance in a Washington horse railroad car:—A young woman, of about eighteen summers, called the conductor and asked him if he allowed colored people to ride in his car. He replied he did not, and said he did not know of any colored person being in the car. The young woman told him that the person sitting next to her was a colored woman, whereupon the conductor compelled her to leave the car, she, at the some time being whiter and fairer than the person complaining of her presence in in the car.

The notorious Harry Gilmore, the pet of the secession woman of Baltimore, was recently captuared by one of Sheridan's scouts, near Moorfield, Va., while asleep. Another rebel officer was captured with him.

Hospital Chaplains.

Rev. E. J. PURDY Chaplain No. 6. Religious Services at No. 6. Tuesday 7½, P. M. Sunday 11 o'clock. A. M.

Rev. W. V. DANIEL, Chaplain No. 4, and Floating Hospital.

Rev. S. S. POTTER, Chaplain No's. 5 and 8. Services at 10 A. M, and at2 and 6 P. M. Sunday.

HOSPITAL REPORT.

Changes at General Hospital No. 6, for the week ending March 1.

Whole number of beds,	550.
Admitted,	5.
Discharged from Service,	1.
Returned to duty,	0.
Transfered	0,
Deserted,	0.
Furloughed,	0.
Died	3.
Remaining	363.

Official War Dispatches.

GENERAL EARLY CAPTURED—CHARLOTTESVILLE IN OUR POSSESSION—LARGE NUMBER OF PRISONERS CAPTURED—SHERMAN AT FAYETTEVILLE.

OFFICIAL.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, March 5, 1865.

To Major General Dix:

The following dispatches in relation to the reported defeat and capture of General Early by General Sheridan, and capture of Charlettesville, have been received by this Department:

General Sheridan and his force commenced their movements last Monday, and were at Staunton when last heard from. Major General Hancock was placed in charge of the Middle Division during the absence of General Sheridan. His headquarters are at Winchester.

E. M. STANTON.

CITY POINT, 5:45 P. M.

Hon. E. M. Stanton:

Deserters who came in this morning report that Sheridan had routed Early and captured Charlottsville. They report four regiments having gone from Richmond to reinforce Early.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant General.

CITY POINT, 5:2 A. M.

Hon. E. M. Stanton:

Deserters from every point of the enemy's lines confirm the crpture of Charlottesville by Sheridan. They say he captured General Farly and nearly his entire force, consisting of 1,800 men. Four brigades were reported as being sent to Lynchburg to get their before General Sherman, if possible.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant General.

CITY POINT, March 5—4 A. M.

Hon. E. M. Stanton:

Refugees and deserters give a statement as to the eapture of Early and nearly his entire force. They say it took place on Thursday last, between Staunton and Charlottesville, and that the defeat was total.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutinant General.

CHEAP

Boots & Shoes.

J. C. HURSELL.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's

BOOTS ND SHOES,

No. 244 MAIN ST., NEW ALBANY. IND

All descriptions of Boots and Shoes at very lowest prices.

Persons will do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

dec21

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☞Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Dye-Stuffs, Tooth, Nail, and Hair Brushes, Fancy Soaps,

PERFUMERY, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

☞Physician's Prescriptions carefully Compounded at all hours.

Feb. 8,

ATTENTION SOLDIERS.

SOLDIER'S RESTURANT SALOON.

Refreshments of all kinds, and meals at all hours, and also Cigars and Tabacco, sold at

NICHLOS NOLAN,

A discharged Soldier,

CORNER OF LOWER 2d & MARKET STREET, NEW ALBANY, IND.

March, 8th 1865.

J. CADWALADER, SON & CO.,

Are offering a well assorted stock of

Boots & Shoes,

entirely new, and retailing on 1st floor, at

WHOLESALE PRICES

n order to change Boots and Shoes into Dry Goods.

No. 55 State St., between Market and Main

Feb. 15.

Provisions.

Bologna Sausage, Ham Sausage, Choice Cigars, Cuba Sixes, Golden Era and Navy Tobaccos, Western Reserve Cheese, Hominy Fancy and German and Castile Soaps, Splendid Dried Beef, Mackerel in bbls, half and quarters, 20 Boxes Raisins, Zantee Currants, Buck Wheat Flour, Teas, Nutmegs, Coffes and Sugar, at

KELLY'S,

45 State Street.

MARCUS W. LEWIS. FRANK A. LEWIS

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WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FOREIGN LIQUORS,

AND DISTILLERS OF

American Brandies, Gins and Whiskies,

Also sole Agents for the South and West, for GENESEE AND BORBON COUNTY OLD WHISKIES,

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No. 258 Main Street, Crawford's Building,

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New York, Cincinnati and Louisville Prices. 40tf

CHEAP

CLOTHING!

FANK SMITH,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Market Street, corner Lower First,

NEW ALBANY, IND.

dec21

Job Printing

EXECUTED

AT THE

REVEILLE OFFICE.

POETRY.

APPEAL OF THE PRISONERS.—Mr. Baldwin, a Michigan soldier, recently released from Andersonville, before leaving received the following lines from a fellow-soldier, requestiug him, if he should ever reach home, to have them published:

WILL YOU LEAVE US HERE TO DIE?

When our country called for men,
We came from forge and mill;
From workshop, farm and factory,
The Union's ranks to fill.
To vanquish all the Union's foes
Or fall where others fell.
We left our plesant, happy homes,
And firesides we loved so well,
But now in prisons dread we languish,
And it is our constant cry,
Oh ye who yet can save us,
Will you leave us here to die?

The voice of slander tells you
That our hearts were weak with fear,
That all, or nearly all of us,
Were captured in the rear;
But the scars upon our bodies
From musket balls and shell,
The missing limb, the shattered arm,
A truer tale will tell.
We have tried to do our duty,
In sight of God on high;
Oh ye who yet *can* save us,
Will ye leave us here to die?

There are hearts with hopes still beating
Within our pleasant Northern home,
Waiting, watching for the footsteps,
That may never, never come.
In Southern prisons pining,
Meager, tattered, pale and gaunt,
Growing weaker, daily weaker,
From hunger, cold and want;
Here your brothers, sons, and husbands,
Poor hapless captives lie;
Oh ye who yet *can* save them,
Will you leave them here to die?

Just without our prison gate
There's a grave-yard close at hand,
Where lie ten-thousand Union men
Beneath the Georgia sand;
And scores on scores are laid beside,
As day succeeds the day;
And thus it must ever be,
Till all shall pass away;
And the last can say when dying,
With upturned glaring eye,
Both *faith* and *love* are dead at home,
And they have left us here to die;
Oh ye who *could* have saved us,
Why did yon leave us here to die?

PRISONER.

—Louisville Journal.

MISCELLANY.

The following odd illustration is from a late sermon of Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Trinity Church, Philadelphia: "There was an Arab once who had the devil for his servant. When his term of service had expired, the devil begged as his reward to kiss the shoulder of his master. The request was granted, but out of the spots where the devil's lips had touched sprang serpents, which ever darted their fangs into the breast of the unhappy man. He strove to tear them away, but could not for the agony. The devil of slavery had kissd the strong shoulders of the Republic, and the serpents sprung from her defiling lips are preying upon her life. It is agony to tear them off, but it is death to let them remain. Despite our anguish, we have taken courage to rid us of the abomination."

The greatest things which have been done for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, or by subscription-lists, but by men generally of small pecuniary means. Christianity was propagated over half the world by men of the poorest class; and the greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors, and artists, have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of manual laborers in point of worldly circumstances. So has it ever been, and so it always will be.

A Troy alderman got married the other day and had rather a thrilling time on his wedding tour. He was two days in getting to Buffalo on account of the snow, was in the American hotel in that city when it was burned down, and on his way to Chicago was thrown over an embankment twenty feet high by a railroad accident, badly bruising him and his new wife. The couple are now in Chicago, recovering from their injuries, and getting courage to try the return trip.

To be yourself, strictly yourself, is half the battle. Differ rather than always subscribe. On the corner-stone of that fabric which we entitle manhood, is engraved the monosyllable, No. He who early learns the use of that invaluable word, has already learned the way to peace, and comfort, and safety. An easy compliance frustrates everything. Respect for others need not degenerate into servitude.

An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part through them, in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes, or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the host of heaven, but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here.

It is very easy to give what is of no value to you. A person may do that and be extremely selfish. The hardest and the best giving is giving up; and no person deserves to be called generous who cannot give up his selfish will to make others happy.

WOMEN AS VOTERS.—The new electorial law in Victoria, Australia, gives votes to all women who pay municipal rates, and at the last election they availed themselves of their new power. It is reported that they voted very well, and favored educated candidates, as might have been expected.

M. Chambay, of Paris, is about to introduce a new phase of photography. He has succeeded in fixing the color, as well as the form of the face, and produces a wonderful likeness, equal to the finest miniatures.

POCKET DIARIES

Of all styles and prices, for sale at wholesale and retail, by

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Feb. 8, 865.

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HERMAN PRAILE,
Wholesale and retail dealer in
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PIPES, TOBACCO BOXES, ETC. ETC.
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JOHN KNEPFLY,
No. 300 MAIN ST.,
Has just received a New and Complete Stock of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, CHAINS, CLOCKS of every description, and JEWELRY of the most hansome and latest styles.
SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE
Constantly on hand, as
TEA SETS,
CASTORS,
WAITERS,
PITCHERS,
GOBLETS,
SPOONS,
FORKS,
GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,
Spectacles, Gold Pens of the finest quality,.
In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of
FANCY GOODS.
As Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases, &c., &c.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.
40tf JOHN KNEFFLY.

COUGH NO MORE.
TRY
STRICKLAND'S
MELLIFLUOUS
COUGH BALSAM.

Cures Caughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of
STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM,
to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gurgle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.
Price 75 cents per bottle. For sale by Druggists generally. Sold at J. H. Conner's Drug Store New Albany, Indiana.

GET ONE.
FRANTZ'S
STENCIL ESTABLISHMENT,
Get your name cut on BRASS or SILVER PLATE, so that you will be able to mark your name on Linnen, or Cotton Apareal, Books, Cards, &c. with Indelible Ink.
Persons
could please
their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates for all business. Many years experience and uniform price enable me to confidentally recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.
P. FRENTZ,
No. 336 MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.
NEW ALBANY, INDIANA, September 3rd, 1864.

THE REVEILLE.

For the Soldier in the Field and Hospital.

VOL. II. NEW ALBANY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1865. NO. 1.

The Reveille,

Published every Wednesday at Hospital No. 6, New Albany, Ind., BY C. T. ATHEARN, AND M. UMBDENSTOCK.

Terms, fifty cents for three months

Letters and communications should be addressed to the "Reveille."

POETRY.

For the Reveille.

ACROSTIC.

Hist for copperheads feel waspish;
Yes, for I've often heard them say,
Darkies should be all disbanded,
Reinslaved, but never free.
Abraham laughs at their delimma!

Men and brethren, here's an emblem
Of the traitors and their woes;
None may hope to be forgiven,
Seared with sin by southern foes;
Trials dim their pleasant sunlight,
Every way they must despair;
Round and round unrest forever,
So the word of God declares.

Northern traitors, worse than southern,
Often reeling to and fro;
Reckless of our country's danger,
That their actions plainly show.
Have you seen them wreath with anguish,
Eager for the news to come?
Roaring like a peal of thunder,
Now the South has fairly won.

Tell them now that they are branded;
Ring it round o'er hill and plain;
All is closed, their farce is ended,
It has left a fearful stain.
Trust them not without repentance,
Oh, they're false and treacherous too;
Round you serpent-like they'll fasten,
So does Satan when he woes.

ARMORLESS.

Edgartown, Mass., Feb. 10, 1865.

OUR SOLDIER.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Another little private
Mustered in
The army of temptation
And of sin!

Another soldier arming
For the strife,
To fight the toilsome battles
Of a life.

Another little sentry,
Who will stand
On guard, while evils prowl
On every hand.

Lord! our little darling
Guide and save,
'Mid the perils of the march
To the grave!

—[Pacific Monthly.

MISCELLANY.

HOW TO MAKE BEAUTIFUL HOMES.

The greater part of our population are waiting till they can afford to have pleasant homes, forgetting that they can at no time afford to have any other. We take the color of our daily surroundings, and are happier, more able, stronger to labor and firmer to endure, when those surroundings are pleasing and in good taste. To possess these important qualities they need not be expensive. True beauty is cheaper than we think. The first charm of a home, within and without, is thorough neatness, and this is often the result of habit, not outlay. It is cheaper than filth. Paint the house if you can, if not, whitewash; but in any case let it be in thorough repair. Let there be no loose shingles or dangling weather boards, or gates hanging by a broken hinge. These hints favor thrift as well as taste. Let the house be sufficiently shaded. This will pay in comfort, wear of furniture and lack of flies. If you cannot afford green blinds, you can always afford a green tree or two that costs nothing but a little labor and patience, and will shelter you from the sun in summer and the wind in winter.

Plant vines of some kind about your premises; they are indispensable to grace; they show that nature takes kindly to your home, and has thrown her arm around it. You need not resort to costly climbers; woodbine and clematis may be had for the gathering, and grapes and hop-vines may be so trained as to combine beauty and profit. Let your turf be smooth and firm as velvet, and enforce the death penalty upon all weeds with an unsparing hand. No man, rich or poor, can afford to raise weeds. They choose the richest spots, where flowers, fruit or vegetables might grow, and send abroad their seeds as missionaries of evil into every nook and corner. Illy kept places always have their vegetable Five Points, where sin and misery are mimicked in pig-weed, burdock and nettles. A very few flowers will suffice; a monthly rose in the window, morning-glories over the doorway and a bright border between your kitchen garden and the street; these always add to the picture just those touches of color that make it pleasant to the eye. With half a dozen cheap and common kinds, your wife will take care that something is always in bloom.

But flowers are gross feeders, and if you keep no domestic animals you fancy that you can save no manure. You were never more mistaken. Every human dwelling is a centre of fertilizing agents, mostly wasted as times go, rich enough to make the whole plat around it blossom like the rose. Tell the soil you have nothing to give it! Give it what you have and it will laugh in your face. The suds from the laundry are a store of liquid wealth. Never waste a drop of it in drains or sewers. It is floating currency, promising to pay roundly in grass, vegetables and fruit. Invest it in your home bank, which never suspends payment. These grassy slopes are greenbacks whose issue is as gold. Carpet sweepings are manure in a concentrated form. Dug into your flower borders, they weave a richer pattern than the one from which they were worn. Those old bones that deform the premises, if burried beneath the grape vine, will be "health to the bones" of all your friends. Old boots and shoes those most unsightly wrecks, are the favorite food of the raspberry and all its palitable kin. Tainted brine, if such unhappily is yours, is a treasure for the plum trees and the asparagus bed; slacken lime with it, and it will make a rich dressing for any garden soil. Every household should have its compost bed, be it only an old packing box, where all the woolen rags, bits of paper apple pairings, refuse of vegetables, slops from the kitchen, chips and sawdust are storing up the elements of a glorious growth. Let not yours be one of the homes where all these bright possibilities arrive only at "burning instead of beauty." We have named but a part of the fertilizers of every household. Generally speaking, whatever is offensive to sight or smell is urging the appeal to our revolted senses—"bury me and I'll do good."

[Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

AMERICAN INVENTION.

No people are so full of ingenious little expedients for saving labor and material as the Americans. The force of circumstances has made the Yankee a master of the art of extemporizing little "dodges" in mechanism. Self-help is the lesson a man receives when he sets foot in a new country, and it is in the invention of helps in metal and wood, helps which need no wages, and which never strike or tire, or are sick, that the New Englander always excels.

There is nothing out of a panorama more ludicorously clever than some of the inventions which have of late years been introduced into this country from the United States. The process of making pails by machinery is so rapid as to baffle the eye, and so comically instantanious that any one who witnesses it for the first time laughs over it as a most excellent practical joke. There is a whiz of revolving wheels, a sputter of light shavings, a procession of little staves chasing one another in the air, then another whiz of the collected staves, and the pail is hooped and made. Scarcely less amusing is the little mechanical device for paring apples by machinery. The machine is the veriest toy—simple and cheap, but it brings off the rind with an almost magical delicacy, and, while it pares the fruit with an accuracy which seems to bespeak a special sense of touch, it slices the apple, and takes the core out at the same time.

Success in such small matters has made the American bold, and has trained him to habits of innovation. So far from dreading novelty, for its own sake, and to secure it, he often reverses our way of doing things. In his steamboats, he builds up the cabins, tier over tier, upon deck, instead of below, and he suffers the engine to work high in the air, above the many stories of cabins. When he wants to put another story to a building, he adds the new floor at the bottom instead of at the top; and be it a bank, hotel, or huge store, he is ready at your command, either to lift the entire building, or to slide it on its travels to a more eligible location.

In printing newspapers, he builds his type upon cylinders, instead of laying it upon the low working table, and he makes the machine pick up, take off and fold its own papers with a regularity and neatness which no number of trained hands can equal. His gunboats are floating Martello towers, that can fire fore and aft as well as from the side. His river steamboats are amphibious, and may go anywhere where it is a little damp. He is partial to machinery because it does not grumble, is not impudent, is not extortionate; and hence it comes that his crops are gathered with patent reapers, his linen is washed with wooden hands, his cows are milked by the patent cow-milker, his potatoes as well as his apples are pared by one of the queerest little steel kitchen-maids, who has no "followers," and wastes none of the fruit; and even his chairs, his tables, and his cabinet-work in general, comes from manufactories as large as our cotton-mills, where they are turned out in parts, by machinery.—[Dundee (Scotland) Advertiser.

A downeast Yankee has invented a machine for grating people's feelings.

The Reveille.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 15, 1865.

HOW SOLDIERS' FAMILIES ARE TREATED.

The attention of the convalescents of Hospital No. 6 was called, on Friday, to the fact that the family of James Spencer (who is now with Kilpatrick, and who is one of those brave and gallant heroes who have forced back the invader from the very doors of the city of New Albany) was in need, caused by the following circumstance: The eldest child of the family, a little boy of about ten years of age, met with the misfortune of having both feet cut off by being run over by a train of cars. A subscription paper, written by a citizen of this city, was presented to the soldiers of this Hospital, and we are happy to say, the sum of $25 was soon raised and placed in competent hands to alleviate the wants of a worthy family.

Wealthy citizens, we would say, if you stand in need call upon the soldiers; your call will not be in vain. If your family is in want call upon the sick and convalescent in the Hospitals, who are receiving the enormous sum of $16 per month, and who have wives and children at home to support. If you fail to fulfill the promise that you made to the volunteers, which was that no soldier's family should suffer during his absence, then call upon the soldiers. You have called; your call was answered.

But if you should fail to get volunteers to fill the present quota, don't ask what is the reason men don't volunteer. Go down to the poor-house and there the mystery will be readily revealed. The soldiers' families you promised so faithfully should never come to want—there you will find them as inmates, thrown there from no other cause than poverty, by your neglect; and if during your walk thither you meet a dray freighted with a rough box, don't stop to inquire what it contains, for fear that you would be informed that it was a soldier's wife on the way to fill a pauper's grave. And as you return don't forget to stop and inform the sheriff that you want the soldier's family removed from your garret into the street, simply because they haven't paid you for the last month's rent. Then as you lay your weary head upon your downy pillow at night with the consolation that you have done your duty,—for no one has been neglected or wronged but a soldier's family,—in your reveries of happiness and plenty, remember that the soldier has sacrificed everything,—not only wealth, comfort and health, but has left all that he holds dear,—the companion of his joys and sorrows, the treasure of all earthly happiness, his children, those gems that decorate the fire-side and family circle,—these he has left, and gone and periled his life in the defence of his country, to maintain those rights which the God of nature designed that all might enjoy.

This is no fanciful picture. It is reality. Yet these few words are not intended to be personal unless the coat fits, and should such be the case, such and such only, are requested to purchase not only a coat, but a whole suit, and the soldiers will pay for the same at the same time that you collect the tax you assess on soldiers' property to hire substitutes to fill your places in the ranks.

WHAT IS TRUE LIBERTY?

With some people liberty consists in following out their natural inclinations without any restraint, and without any regard to the rights and liberties of others. They are very solicitous with regard to their own rights, but do not consider that others have rights which are to be respected as much as their own. If, on account of their conduct being contrary to good order and the welfare of society, they are arrested in their course, they complain that their rights are taken from them. They cannot comprehend that they have no rights which conflict with the rights of others.

It is easy to see that this is a false idea of liberty; that it is an abuse of liberty.

True liberty consists in living in accordance with every law of God. The laws of God are vital principles of action. They express the conditions on which true freedom depends. They are life and liberty itself. To disregard them is slavery and death.

It is true that a man is at liberty to choose between good and evil. But although he may choose to do evil, there is no real freedom in his actually doing evil; because in choosing evil he chooses to be a slave, and the farther he goes out of the true course of life the more he becomes a slave.

Can the man who has destroyed his constitution by intemperence and dissipation be in the enjoyment of true freedom? No more can he who disregards the laws of moral and spiritual life be in the enjoyment of true spiritual freedom. In proportion as we permit ourselves to be governed by these laws we enjoy true liberty; but if we endeavor to oppose them, it is like a man endeavoring to walk through an impassable quagmire which is full of venomous reptiles. We are at perfect liberty to try this swamp, but when we get into it we shall find that our freedom is very much abridged, and if we continue traveling on such dangerous ground we may sometime be brought to a dead halt, without the power of extricating ourselves from our unhappy situation.

A young lady jumped from a railroad train in England, lately, to avoid an assault from a fellow passenger, and was fined 50 cents for jumping from a train while in motion.

GEORGE W. CURTIS, in a lecture delivered at Providence, made the following statement:

At a private meeting in New York, of capitalists and secessionists, held in the secession year, one of the leading men proposed that the terms of Southern men should be accepted in advance. And one of the largest merchants in the city—I grieve to say he was born in New England—sprang to his feet, as a politician sat down, and said: "O, gentlemen, how beautiful is peace, I say amen, I say amen." While another merchant of that city, not born in New England, but in Scotland, landing on these shores a penniless boy, now the second richest man in the country, rose as his fellow merchant sat down: "Gentlemen," he said, "I am a merchant. I am a trader, and trade requires peace; the South owes me at least a million of dollars; I wish, like all merchants, that the debt shall be paid me; but should it raise its hand against the Union and the Government which made me all I am, and has given me all that I have, I will gladly lose that million, I will gladly lose every dollar and every cent I have in the world, to vindicate and maintain the government of the United States."

READING ROOM. Our new Chapel and Reading Room will soon be finished. A few days more and we shall transfer our papers and periodicals to a place, light, well ventiliated and capacious. It gives us pleasure to state that the boys have contributed an ample amount to keep up our present supply of papers for some time to come. All the leading weekly and daily papers in the United States, as well as the monthlies and quarterlies, are regularly received.

Official War Dispatches.

WASHINGTON, March 13, 9:45 P. M.—To General Dix: The following dispatches have been received by this department:

E. M. STANTON.

City point, Va., March 13.—Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War: The following has just been received:

Wise's Fork, March 10.—Lieutenant General Grant: The enemy made a heavy attack on our center and left today, but was decisively repulsed with heavy loss. His dead and badly wounded were left on the field. We also took several hundred prisoners. Our loss is small.

General Couch is only twelve miles from here to-night, and will be up early in the morning.

We took prisoners from Lee's and Stewart's corps. They say two corps are here, and the rest of Johnson's army is coming.

J. M. SCHOFIELD, Major General.

A rebel despatch dated Mobile, Feb. 8th, says: Twenty-two steamers and six Missippi river boats are in the lower bay, and a large number of troops are on Dauphin Island, and at Pensacola, indicating an early attack on the city.

NORTHWESTERN SANITARY FAIR

The continuance of the war, and the active character of the campaign, require continued activity and devotion to the interests of our sick and wounded soldiers. The stream of sanitary supplies to Hospitals and Regiments must be continued and increased, if we would meet the necessities of these brave sufferers. New regiments are soon to take the field—the battered remnants of Veteran regiments are returning to recruit and re-enlist—convalescents are being numerously furloughed from the hospitals to their homes—making it imperatively necessary for the SANITARY COMMISSION and the SOLDIERS' HOME and REST to provide increased supplies and accommodations. These organizations, at meetings of their respective Boards, determined to hold a JOINT FAIR in the city of Chicago, for these and kindred institutions, to commence on the 30th day of MAY, 1865.

In undertaking this great task, the undersigned rely upon all their fellow citizens throughout the country. It is not a sectional work, and they make no sectional appeal. Already, and for past expeddiitures, large contributions have been received from Iowa, Wisconcin, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota and other States. The enthusiasm, manifesting itself in substantial donations and valuable offers of assistance from all quarters, that has followed the bare announcement of this mammouth Fair, is truly encouraging, and warrants the Committee in believing that this effort will be commensurate with the vast resources of the United States—the intelligence, liberality, and commanding patriotism, of its people, and the unparalelled bravery of its troops.

The undersigned, therefore, respectfully but earnestly solicit the prompt and active assistance of all persons to whom this circular comes, or this enterprise is made known. Contributions of every sort and kind will be received, and all can be advantageously used. Large buildings for the Fair will be erected, and the bulkiest articles will find abundant room. All the fruits of the garden and farm; the produce of the mine—iron or gold—or whatever else; every variety of manufactures, from the needle to the steam engine; works of art and fancy; home-made and imported goods; hardware and silverware and queensware; groceries and dry goodt; India rubber goods; boots and shoes; curiosities and relics; books, pictures and musical instruments; live stock, of whatever kind, from the farm yard or prairies; and, in short, whatever is bought and sold, will find a welcome place in the Northwestern Sanitary Fair and contribute to its success.

As the attendance at this great Fair must be necessarily large, from all parts of the United States, the arrangements for the exhibition of Machinery will be made as perfect as possible, and it will offer a rare opportunity for introducing to the public notice every product of art and skill. The donor will, at all times, have the opportunity of having his machines exhibited by his chosen operatives. Let the Machinery and Manufacturers' departments be fully represented.

Edibles of all kinds for Dinner and Refreshment tables, will be peculiarly acceptable. Poultry, game, beef, mutton, hams, butter, cheese, eggs, tea, coffee, canned or dried fruit, vegetables of all kinds, apples, pickles, honey, cake, confectionery, pastry—in short, all necessary materials for a substantial and dainty table are required.

The Labor, Income and Revenue System, introduced and inaugurated in the West by the North-Western Sanitary Commission will be appended to the Fair, as a popular and enumerative branch of it. We shall ask of

every trade, business and profession—of every man and woman, as far as practicable, in the United States—the result of one day's labor profit or income which will be credited as the receipts of the Fair, and go towards making up the magnificent sum we propose to realize.

It scarcely need be said that MONEY is at all times, a most desirable contribution, and brings every comfort to the soldiers.

During the continuance of the Fair, Rooms of Exhibition will be opened. Restaurants provided, Entertainments prepared, including Concerts, Oratorios, Lectures, and almost every variety of amusement, with whatever else the ingenuity of man or woman can devise, and by which the profits of the Fair can with propriety be increased or the satisfaction of visitors be secured. The intention is, to bend all the energies of the country in one direction, and to enlist the industry and taste of all classes, trades and occupations, during the continuance of the Fair, in one principal work, for the relief of the sick and wounded.

The Committee, through the kindness of the municipal authorities of Chicago, have succeeded in securing for their buildings "Dearborn Park," covering over an acre of ground—facing glorious old Michigan—a site unrivalled by that of any other Fair, both as regards beauty and convenience. They have also obtained from the city authorities the right of way to that portion of Michigan Avenue lying between "Dearborn Park" and the "Soldiers' Rest," thus affording unlimited accommodations for any buildings that they may deem necessary, for their extensive and varied programme.

Any County, Town or City desiring it, will be provided with a separate space in the Bazaar, upon applying therefor prior to April 15th. Committees have been chosen in every Commercial and Industrial interests in the United States, who will, as far as practicable, arrange for its representation in the Fair. If Churches, Aid Societies, Counties, Townships or individuals prefer working at home, giving concerts, dinners, tableaux, festivals, etc., etc., for the benefit of the Fair, they will respectively be credited with the amounts, as counties, organizations or individuals, thus giving all an opportunity to work in their own chosen way.

In every Town, Village, School District or neighborhood, Committees should be appointed to receive donations, to be forwarded *at once*, as soon as a box is filled or a lot for shipment made up, by Railroad or Steamboat to Chicago.

Every Church, Aid Society, Union League, and Good Templar Lodge, is requested to appoint a Committee *immediately*, to canvass its neighborhood and secure labores for this great work. Clergymen of all denominations, are earnestly requested to interest their parishes in this great enterprise, and stimulate the ladies of their congregations to the manufacture and donation of articles for the Fair, and their parishoners to active effort in the various ways suggested. They can thus materially aid the noble cause of hospital relief, which needs unremitting benefactions. Efforts for the Fair should not interfere with the regular work for the hospitals—*that* must in no wise be diminished or postponed.

All articles intended for the Fair, must be directed and sent in the same manner as Hospital Stores, and marked "Northwestern Sanitary Commission, Chicago, for the Fair." Where they are intended for any special department, the packages should also be addressed to the care of the Chairman of that department, taking care to add thereto the address "Northwestern Sanitary Commission, Chicago." At the time of shipment, a letter of notification should be sent to the Secretary of the Fair, E. W. BLATCHFORD or to the special Chairman, containing the bill of shipment and invoice of the package; its receipt will be immediately acknowledged by letter. This will insure the FREE transmission of all boxes, barrels and packages.

All donations of money to the Fair should be sent to E. W. BLATCHFORD, Treasurer of the Fair.

All letters concerning the Fair should be addressed to the CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES of the Fair, whose names are given below.

All contributions will be promptly acknowledged in the daily and weekly papers of Chicago.

The "American" and the "United States" Express Companies have agreed through their Agents in Chicago, Messrs. H. D. Colvin and J. C. Fargo, to transport to Chicago, free of expense, all contributions to the Fair not exceeding sixty pounds in weight.

CAUTION.—The Executive Committee specially enjoin upon all to adopt the utmost possible care in the bestowal of their contributions, giving to no one not well known, and above suspicion. No one is authorized from Chicago to solicit subscriptions of any kind for the Fair, without express authority from the Executive Committee, signed by its Chairman, (Thos. B. Bryan,) and Secretary, (E. W. W. Blatchford,) and authenticated also by the seal of the Fair.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

THOMAS B. BRYAN, President.

E. W. BLATCHFORD, Recording Secretary and Treasurer.

WM. GOODSMITH, Assistant Recording Secretary.

MRS. A. H. HOGE, MRS. D. P. LIVERMORE, and MRS. O. E. HOSMER, Corresponding Secretaries.

THE BUGLE CALL is the name of a neat little paper published at Chicago, in the service of the great Sanitary Fair to open in that city on the 30th of May. Four numbers are to be published, and the price is 50 cents. Alfred L. Sewell, Editor, 138 Lake street. In the first number is a picture of the live eagle belonging to the 8th Wisconsin regiment. A photograph in oil colors is to be made of this eagle, to be sold for fifteen cents, or ten for one dollar, for the benefit of the Fair.

A GOOD JOKE ON GREYBACKS.—One of the high privates in the 59th Ind Regt., who had thrown his knapsack away during the fight at Corinth, Mississippi, on the 4th of Oct. 1862, and consequently found himself in a short time without a change of clothing, and also in a situation demanding a considerable skirmishing, had taken off his shirt and was minutely examining it, when his Captain, making a tour of inspection, came upon him, and inquired what was the matter. Rising and saluting, high private answered, "I didn't think it right, sir, to have all these fellows on duty at once, so I was dividing them off into reliefs."

HOSPITAL REPORT.

Changes at General Hospital No. 6, for the week ending March 15.

Whole number of beds,	550.
Admitted,	26.
Discharged from Service,	1.
Returned to duty,	19.
Transfered	1,
Deserted,	1.
Furloughed,	2.
Died	2.
Remaining	864.

Advertisements.

T. S. COLVIN'S
NEW
DRUG STORE,
CORNER UPPER FOURTH AND SPRING STREETS,
NEW ALB NY, IND.
Feb. 8, 865.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS.
SOLDIER'S RESTAURANT.
Refreshments of all kinds, and meals at all hours, and also Cigars and Tabacco, sold at
NICHOLAS KNOWLAN,
A discharged Soldier,
CORNER OF LOWER 2d & MARKET STREET, NEW ALBANY, IND.
March, 8th 1865.

MARCUS W. LEWIS. FRANK A. LEWIS
LEWIS BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
FOREIGN LIQUORS,
AND DISTILLERS OF
American Brandies, Gins and Whiskies,
Also sole Agents for the South and West, for GENESEE AND BORBON COUNTY OLD WHISKIES,
Agents for Schultz's Cincinnati Cream and Stock Ale.
No. 258 Main Street, Crawford's Building.
NEW ALBANY IND.
New York, Cincinnati and Louisville Prices. 40tf

ATTENTION!
EVERYBODY!
If you want good
PHOTOGRAPHS,
call at
WILSON'S GALLERY,
No. 42 State Street, between Main and Market.

POCKET DIARIES
Of all styles and prices, for sale at wholesale and retail, by
JNO. R. NUNEMACHER,
BOOKSELLER AND
STATIONER,
268 Main st., New Albany, Ind.
47

Job Printing
EXECUTED
AT THE
[illegible] OFFICE.

JOHN KNEPFLY,
No. 300 MAIN ST.,
Has just received a New and Complete Stock of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, CHAINS, CLOCKS of every description, and JEWELRY of the most handsome and latest styles.
SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE
Constantly on hand, as
TEA SETS,
CASTORS,
WAITERS,
PITCHERS,
GOBLETS,
SPOONS,
FORKS,
GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,
Spectacles, Gold Pens of the finest quality,.
In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of
FANCY GOODS,
As Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases,
&c., &c.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.
40tf JOHN KNEFFLY.

Provisions.
Bologna Sausage, Ham Sausage, Choice Segars, Cuba Sixes, Golden Era, and Navy Tobaccos, Western Reserve Cheese, Hominy Fancy and German and Castile Soaps, Splendid Dried Beef, Mackerel in bbls, half and quarters, 20 Boxes Raisins, Zantee Currants Buck Wheat Flour, Teas, Nutmegs, Coffee and Sugar, at
SHINN'S,
65 State Street.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS
HERMAN PRALLE,
Wholesale and retail dealer in
TOBACCO, CIGARS,
PIPES, TOBACCO BOXES, ETC. ETC
Next door to the Post Office, sign of the big Indian.

Thos. P. Fitch'
FINE ART
AND
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY
PEARL ST. BETWEEN MAIN AND MARKET.
40tf

T. CADWALADER, SON & CO.,
Are offering a well assorted stock of
Boots & Shoes,
entirely new, and retailing on 1st floor, at
WHOLESALE PRICES
in order to change Boots and Shoes into Dry Goods.
No. 55 State St., between Market and Main
Feb 15.

From Harper's Magazine.

From our gallant armies of the West the drawer receives larger supplies of good things than it gets from the Potomac or the South. Here is one:

"One year ago this winter we were stationed at Bird's Point, Mo. Secessionists were then supposed to have rights that a soldier must respect, and there were stringent orders against jay-hawking. Colonel (now General) Oglesby was in command of the 8th Illinois. One day his fife and drum Major went out into the woods to practice a new tune. Attracted no doubt by the melody, a fine fat shoat of musical proclivities, came near, —alas for the safety of his bacon, too near,—for our base drummer, by a change of base, made a fierce attack on his front, while the fifer, by a bold and rapid flank movement, charged him in the rear. 'Twas soon over. A few well directed volleys of clubs and other persuasives were applied and piggy died—a martyr to his love for music. But how to get the deceased pork into camp. That's what's the matter now. After considerable discussion an idea strikes the drummer, 'not so as to hurt him.' 'We will put him in the drum.' 'Just the thing,' said the fifer. One head was taken out and the pork stowed in, and our heroes started for their quarters, carrying the drum between them. In the mean time the regiment went out for a dress parade, and the Colonel, somewhat vexed at the absence of the principal musicians, no sooner saw them, than in a voice of reprimand, he ordered them to take their places with the music. The drum bearers halted and looked at each other and then at the Colonel, but said not a word. The Colonel repeated his order in a style so emphatic that it couldn't be misunderstood. The dealers in pork felt a crisis had arrived, and that an explanation had become a military necessity. So the drummer, going up close to the Colonel, in a low voice made him acquainted with the status of affairs, ending with, 'we allow, Colonel, to bring the best quarter over to your mess.' 'Sick, eh,' thundered the Colonel, 'why did n't you say so at first? Go to your quarters, of course.' The Colonel had fresh pork for supper.

A GREAT RASCAL.—Archy Brown and Thomas Jones were fond of dropping into Mr, Smith's parlor and spending an hour or two with his only daughter, Mary.

One evening, when Brown was there and he and Mary had discussed almost every topic, Brown suddenly, and in his sweetest tones, struck out as follows:

"Do you think, Mary, you could leave father and mother, this pleasant home, with all its ease and comforts, and emigrate to the far West with a young lawyer, who had little besides his profession to depend upon, and with him search out a new home, which it should be your joint duty to beautify, and make happy and delightful like this?"

Dropping her head softly on his shoulder, she whispered:

"I think I could, Archy."

"Well," said he, "there's Tom Jones, who's going to emigrate, and wants to get a wife. I'll mention it to him."

Advertisements.

Thas. P. Fitch'

FINE ART

AND

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY

PEARL ST. BETWEEN MAIN AND MARKET.

40tf

T. S. CORNELIUS,

WHOLESALE RETAIL

DRUGGIST

No. 49, corner of Market and State Sts

NEW ALBANY, IND.

☞Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Dye-Stuffs, Tooth, Nail, and Hair Brushes, Fancy Soaps,

PERFUMERY, TOBACCO AND CIGARS,

☞Physician's Prescriptions carefully Compounded at all hours.

Feb. 8,

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REILLY'S,

45 State Street.

CHEAP

Boots & Shoes.

J. C. HURSELL,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 244 MAIN ST., NEW ALBANY. IND

All descriptions of Boots and Shoes at very lowest prices.

Persons will do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

dec21

T. S. Cornelius,

NEW

DRUG STORE,

CORNER UPPER FOURTH AND SPRING STREETS,

NEW ALBANY, IND.

Feb. 8, 865.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS

HERMAN FRALEY,

Wholesale and retail dealer in

TOBACCO, CIGARS,

PIPES, TOBACCO BOXES, ETC. ETC.

Next door to the Post Office, sign of the big Indian.

CHEAP

CLOTHING!

FRANK SMITH,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Market Street, corner Lower First,

NEW ALBANY, IND.

dec21

MARCUS W. LEWIS. FRANK A. LEWIS

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GET ONE.

FRANTZ'S

STENCIL ESTABLISHMENT,

Get your name cut on BRASS or SILVER PLATE, so that you will be able to mark your name on Linnen, Silk or Cotton Apareal, Books, Cards, &c. with Indelible Ink.

Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates, for all business. Many years experience and uniform price enable me to confidentally recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.

P. FRENTZ,

No. 336 MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

NEW ALBANY, INDIANA. September 3rd, 1864.

COUGH NO MORE! TRY STRICKLAND'S MELLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM.

Cures Caughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of

STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM,

to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gurgle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.

Price 75 cents per bottle. For sale by Druggists generally. Sold at J. H. Conner's Drug Store New Albany, Indiana.

JOHN KNEPFLY,

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Has just received a New and Complete Stock of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, CHAINS, CLOCKS of every description, and JEWELRY of the most handsome and latest styles.

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Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.

40tf JOHN KNEPFLY.

THE REVEILLE.

For the Soldier in the Field and Hospital.

VOL. II. NEW ALBANY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1865. NO. 2.

The Reveille,

Published every Wednesday at HOSPITAL No. 6, NEW ALBANY, IND., BY C. T. ATHEARN, AND M. UMBDENSTOCK.

Terms, fifty cents for three months

Letters and communications should be addressed to the "Reveille."

POETRY.

THE VOLUNTEER'S VISION.

BY MISS MARY C. H. BOOTH.

Last night as I lay in the rain,
And looked up to heaven through the night,
A vision came o'er me, and lighted my brain
With a glory that never will flood it again
This side of the River of Light.

And I heard a sweet sound as it came,
Like the flutter of feathery wings,
And the voice of a seraph kept calling my name,
And her breath in my tresses went playing the same
As the air in an instrument's strings.

I told my wild heart to be still,
That the vision was naught but a dream,
For I knew not that over the amethyst hill
The feet of my darling had wandered at will
On the banks of Eternity's stream.

I said to the seraph winged bird,
O, why have you come from the West?
And she told how the leaves of the forest were stirred,
By the feet of the angels who brought her the word
Of a land where the weary may rest.

She said she was tired and faint,
And her heart was all covered with snow;
The angels they heard her unuttered complaint,
They called her, and brought her the robes of a saint,
And she said she was ready to go.

I told her the blossoms were sweet
In the meadows the same as of yore,
But she showed me the dew on her sparkling feet,
They had caught of the lilies that bordered the street
By the sands of the Paradise shore.

I asked her how long I must wait
Before I should meet her afar.
And I prayed her unfold me the book of my fate,
But she vanished, and passed through the crystaline gate
She had left in her coming ajar.

Dear Hugh, there's a battle to-day,
And perchance I may happen to fall;
If I'm not at the call of the roll, you may say,
A good-bye to the boys in my name, for I may
Have said "aye" to an angel's call.

MISCELLANY.

THE HORSE—HIS MEMORY AND SAGACITY.

An aged and venerable friend, residing in one of the cities on our Eastern seaboard, a gentleman of character and worth, once related to me the following anecdote of the horse; illustrating in a remarkable manner, the sagacity and memory of this animal:

At the close of the Revolutionary war, when everything was unsettled and in disorder, an acquaintance residing on the Boston road, some thirty or forty miles from New York, lost a valuable young horse, stolen from his stable in the night. Great search was made for him, but no tidings of him could be heard, and no trace could ever be discovered.

Almost six full years had now elapsed, and the recollection, even, of the lost animal, had nearly faded from the mind. At this period, a gentleman from the East, in the course of business, was traveling on horseback on this road, on his way to Philadelphia. When within four or five miles of a village on the road, the traveller was overtaken by a respectable looking gentleman on hore-back, a resident of the village, returning home from a short business ride. Riding along side by side, they soon engaged in pleasant and desultory conversation. The gentleman was immediately struck with the appearance of the traveler's horse. And every glance of the eye cast towards him, seemed to excite an interest and curiosity to look at him again, and to revive a recollection of something he had seen before; and soon established in his mind the impression, that for all the world he looked like the horse he had lost some six years ago. This soon became so irresistably fixed in his mind, that he remarked to the traveler:

"You have a fine horse, sir."

"Yes," he replied, "an exceedingly valuable and excellent animal."

"What is his age, sir?"

"Well, I suppose him to be about ten or eleven years old."

"You did not raise him then?"

"No, I purchased him of a stranger, a traveler, nearly six years since."

"Do you reside in this part of the country?"

"No, I reside in the Bay State, and am on my way to Phililadelphia, on business. How far is it now to New York?"

"Well, sir, I really regret to interrupt you, or put you to inconvenience—but I am constrained to say, I believe you have in possession a horse that I must claim."

The traveller looked with surprise and amazement, and replied:

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I believe the horse you are on, in truth, belongs to me. Five years ago, the past autumn, a valuable young horse was stolen from my stable. Great search was made for him, but no tidings of him ever came to hand. In color, appearance, and movements, it seems to me he was the exact counterpart of the horse you are on. It would be hardly possible, I think, for two horses to be so near alike. But my horse was an uncommonly intelligent, sagacious animal. And I will make a proposition to you. that will place the matter in such a position, that the result will be perfectly conclusive and satisfactory, I think, to both of us. We are now within a mile of my residence, which is on the road, in the center of the village before us. When we arrive at my house, your horse shall be tied to the east post in front of my door. The horse I am on to the west post. After standing a short time, the bridle of your horse shall be taken off—and if he does not go to a pair of bars on the west side of the house, and pass over, and go round to the east side of the barn, and pull out a pin, and open the middle stable door and enter, I will not claim him. If he does, I will furnish you conclusive evidence that he was bred by me, but never sold—that he was stolen from me just at the conclusion of the war, about the very time you say you purchased him."

The traveller assented to the trial. The horse was hitched to the post as proposed—stood a few moments—the bridle was then taken off—he raised his head—pricked up his ears—looked up the street, then down the street, several times—then deliberately and slowly walked past the house and over the bars, and to the stable door as described, and with his teeth and lip drew out the pin and opened the door, and entered into his old stall. We hardly need to add, he was recognized by the neighbors, who fully attested to the facts stated by the claimant, and that the traveler lost his title to the horse.

AN INCIDENT.—An affecting scene is described as having taken place at a crossing in Chatham street, New York, one day not long since, where two little girls were sweeping a path through the mud and holding out their dirty palms for the compensating pence. As a lady was crossing the street, one of the ragged little creatures suddenly dropped her broom, and cried "mamma! mamma!" and rushing to the lady seized her by the dress, and sobbed out, "oh, take me home!" The lady at once recognized the voice as that of her own child who was lost a year or so before, and whom she had given up for dead, and hailing a carriage she at once took the little one home, where a process of bodily purification and a change of garments soon restored the poor child to a recognizable condition. She had been stolen by one of the wandering female vagabonds that infest the city, and devoted to the wretched employment in which her mother found her, in order to earn a few pence for the miserable creature who had eluded the officers of justice—although vigorous efforts were made to trace her out for purposes of punishment.

GOOD ADVICE TO READERS.—If you measure the value of study by the insight you get into subjects, not by the power of saying you have read many books, you will soon perceive that no time is so badly saved, as that which is saved by getting through a book in a hurry. For if, to the time you have given, you added a little more, the subject would have been fixed in your mind, and the whole time profitably employed; whereas, upon your present arrangement, because you would not give a little more you lost all. Besides, this is overlooked by rspid and superficial readers—that the best way of reading books with rapidity is to acquire that habit of severe attention to what they contain, that perpetually confines the mind to the single subject it has in view. When you have read enough to have acquired the habit of reading without suffering your mind to wander, and when you can bring to bear upon your subject a great share of previous knowledge, you may then read with rapidity; before that, as you have taken the wrong road, the faster you proceed the more you will be sure to err.—[Sidney Smith.

Says an astronomer to a bright-eyed girl, when talking of rainbows: "Did you ever see a lunar bow, miss?" "I have seen beaux by moonlight, if that's what you mean," was the sly rejoinder.

Friendship requires actions. Love requires not so much proof, as expressions of love. Love demands little else than the power to feel and requite love.—[Jean paul.

A miserly old fellow has hit upon a plan to save candles. He uses "the light of other days."

54

I made the Excavation & Service of this bird, and it was exhibited in the hinge at the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876 — J. A. R.

The Reveille.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 22, 1865.

THE READING ROOM.—Our new Reading Room and Chapel is nearly completed, and we hope to move into it this week. The work does great credit to those soldiers who volunteered to build it and who have faithfully labored for its completion. No job of the kind, by the government, at any of the hospitals looks as well. The building is 18 by 50, with a room 10 by 18, cut off in the rear as an office and library. The main room can be made to accommodate about one hundred persons. There will be a wide isle on each side, with a sloping shelf for papers. We are under obligations to Capt. Bowles, Mr. Rogers and Dr. Newbury, of the Western Sanitaay Commission for assistance. Many months were spent in fruitless efforts to secure the pledge of enough funds to erect the building, and if it had not been for the generous aid of Dr. N. we should have given up in dispair. We desire very much to have chairs instead of benches, as the former would not be so much in the way during the week and could be used by the readers. Our supply of papers is all that we could desire, but we would earnestly request the friends of of our hospital to send us all the old magazines they can find. Nothing pleases the soldiers better than a copy of Harper to while away the time. Are there not many families in the city who have books which they have read, and which they can spare for our library? Books of light reading are rarely ever read twice—after they have been read they are generally laid away in the book case or garret. Can't the friends of the soldiers look over their books and find us a few volumes? Books and magazines can be lift at H. Conner's drug store, or sent to the hospital, and will be thankfully received.

THE CATOOSA SPRINGS are situated in the State of Georgia, about eight miles east of Ringold. They have been celebrated as a fashionable resort, but on account of the war have ceased to be so. The shells of some long frame buildings remain, that were formerly used for social parties and festivals. The following are the names of the different springs: Free Stone; Alkali; Coffee; Bedford; White Sulphur; Healing; Blue Sulphur; Red Sulphur; Red Sweet; Buffalo; Black; Chalybeate; Magnesia; Congress; Chautmabansga; White Sulphur Excelsior.

NO COLORPHOBIA IN MR. EVERETT.—Edward Everett, like many other public men, was for many years denounced by abolitionists because he was unwilling to assail the government and the church, under pretense of attacking slavery. That he had no vulgar prejudice against the negro, the following incident, related by his nephew, Rev. E. E. Hale, in an article in the Atlantic, shows:—

"Mr. Everett was eager to educate the people, and all the people. He did not believe it possible to educate any of them too well. And if you had asked him, the day he died, what had been the central idea of his life, he would have said it was the education of the people. His life was full of it. His speeches were full of it. Nothing so provoked him as any snobbism which wanted to hinder it. When he was president of the college,—I think in 1848,—there was a black boy in the high school at Cambridge, fitting for college. Some gentlemen in Alabama, who had sons there, or on their way there, wrote to Mr. Everett to remonstrate against the boy's entering. He replied that the college was endowed to educate all comers; that, if the black boy could pass his examination, as he hoped he could, he would be admitted; and that, if, as they seemed to suppose, all the white students withdrew, the college would then be conducted on its endowments for the black boy alone. And that was no exceptional reply. It was his way of looking at such things."

LONG AND SHORT.—An anecdote worth laughing over, is told of a man who had an infirmity as well as an appetite for fish. He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty, even while exjoying his favorite meal; and while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his back was turned, the honest buyer slipped a codfish up under his coat tail. But the garment was too short to cover up the theft, and the merchant perceived it.

"Now," said the customer, anxious to improve all opportunities to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. Merchant, I have traded with you a great deal, and have paid you up promptly and honestly, haven't I?"

"O, yes," answered the merchant, "I make no complaint."

"Well," said the customer, "I always insisted that honesty was the best policy, and the best rule to live and die by."

"That's so," replied the merchant.

And the customer turned to depart.

"Hold on, friend," cried the merchant, "speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come to trade again you had better wear a longer coat or steal a shorter codfish."

The horror of sunshine, by no means too abundant in this region, has more to do with the fear of discolored curtains and carpets than it ought to have, especially among the rich. What signifies the flying of a few colors, easily replaced, compared with giving a proper welcome to the great colorer himself? There are few sights in your town houses more cheerful than a sudden burst of sun into a room, smiting the floor into so many windows, and making the roses in every carpet look as if they felt it. Let them fade in good season, as the others do, and make up for the expense, dear fashionable people, by staying a little more at home, keeping better houses, and saving the roses on your cheeks.

THE SOLDIER BIRD.

We give below a short account of the live eagle carried by the 8th Wisconsin regiment written by a staff officer of that regiment:

"Allow me to introduce to you an object of interest, the "Old Eagle." He may be seen a little above the heads of the soldiers, close by the flag. This position of honor is never disallowed him. The perch upon which he sits is borne by a young man in company C, to whom his safe keeping is exclusively entrusted. He was taken from the nest in Chippeway county, Wisconcin, July, 1861, by a Chippeway Indian, and by him presented to a farmer near by. He was subsequently purchased by a citizen of Eau Claire, who presented him to Co C, 8th regt. The present excellent commander of that Company, Capt Wolf gave him the name of "Abe," the name by which he is uniformly known among us, and to which only he deigns to answer. When the regiment marched into camp Randall, the instant the men began to cheer, he spread his wings, and taking one of the small flags attached to his perch in his beak, he remained in that position until borne to the quarters of the late Col. Murphy. Ever since he was mustered into service, his wings have been instantly outstretched on the occasion of any cheering by the regiment. To similar demonstrations in adjacent regiments he pays no regard. He has been in all the battles of the regiment, equally exposed with the the troops. At the battle of Farmington, May 9th, 1862, the men were ordered to lay down. The instant they did so, it was impossible to keep him upon his perch. He insisted on being protected as will as they, and when liberated, flattened himself on the ground, and there remained till the men arose, when with outspread wings he resumed his place of peril, and held it to the close of the contest.

At the battle of Corinth, the rebel General Price having discovered him, ordered his men to be sure and take him alive if they could not kill him; adding that he had rather get that bird than the whole brigade."

Since the above account was written, our eagle has with his regiment, served out his term of enlistment, and at its close was presented to Gov. Lewis of Wisconsin. He now rests on his laurels, living in apartments fitted up expressly for him in the State House park at Madison.

Governor Lewis has consented to his coming to our Great Northwestern Fair in May, to exhibit himself for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers—his companions in arms.—[The Bugle Call, Chicago.

A girl was spilt from a wagon near Golden City the other day, and had all her finery mussed in the snow drifts. After recovering from a short spell of insensibility, her first struggling soliloquy was: "Oh! fiddle! I hope there was no editor man in sight!"

An insane conundrum maker answers the question why Sherman is the most gallant General in the army, by saying that he rushed across the continent to save Anna.

Official War Dispatche s.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, March 16—9:30 P. M.
Major General Dix:

The following dispatch has been received this evening at this Department:

CITY POINT, Va., March 16.
Hon. C. A. Dana, Assist. Sec'y of War:

I am just in receipt of a letter from Gen. Sherman, dated the 12th, from Fayetteville. He describes his army as in fine health and spirits, having met with no serious opposition.

Hardee keeps in his front at a respectful distance. At Columbia he destroyed immense arsenals and railroad establishments, and forty-three cannon. At Cheraw he found much machinery and war material, including twenty-five cannon and 3,500 brls of gunpowder. In Fayetteville he captured twenty pieces of artillery and much other material.

He says nothing about Kilpatrick's defeat by Hampton, but an officer who brought this letter says that before daylight on the 10th Hampton got two brigades in the rear of Kilpatrick's headquarters, and captured and surprised all the staff but two officers. Kilpatrick escaped, formed his men, and drove the enemy with great loss, recapturing about all that he had lost. Hampton lost 86, and left his dead on the field.

[Signed] U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant General.

All the available pontoon trains at Newbern had been sent to General Schofield, and even if General Bragg had not evacuated Kinston no doubt was entertained that our forces could easily cross the Neuse river and give battle to the enemy before he could get away. Major General Couches forces, from Wilmington, had reached General Schofield, and his army thus re-enforced was deemed amply sufficient to defeat Bragg's army, which was judged to be about 25,000 strong.

[Signed] C. H. DANA.

WASHINGTON, March 17—3:30 P. M.
Major General Dix:

Major General Sheridan reports, on the 15th inst., from the bridge of the Richmond and Fredericksburg road, across the South Anna river, that having destroyed the James River Canal as far to the east as Goochland, he marched up to the Virginia Central Railroad at Fallsville, and destroyed it down to Beaver Dam Station, totally destroying fifteen miles of the road. General Custer was then sent to Ashland, and General Devin to the South Anna bridges, all of which have been destroyed.

General Sheridan says that the the amount of property destroyed in his march is enormous. The enemy attempted to prevent his burning the Central Road Bridge over the South Anna, but the 5th United States Cavalry charged up to the bridge, and about

thirty men dashed across on foot, driving off the enemy and capturing three pieces of artillery—20 pounder Parrotts.

[Signed,] C. A. DANA,
Assist. Sec'y of War.

BALTIMORE, March 20. A fortress Monroe letter of yesterday says an arrival from White House at a late hour last evening reports the arrival of Sheridan's cavalry force on the north bank of the Pamunky, a few miles from White House at noon Saturday.

NEWBERN, March 16, 10 A. M. Our forces occupy Kingston and are repairing the railroad bridge across the Neuse river, which will soon be finished.

The latest accounts from Sherman are that he was marching on Goldsboro, where he was expected to arrive on the 20th.

On the 11th inst. an attack was made on two batteries defending Mobile Bay, by the monitors, two of which silenced the batteries, driving the men from their guns.

The attempt to grow oranges and lemons in California is every year becoming more successful. The principal groves are at Los Angeles, where there are a half dozen men engaged in the business. Oranges are grown in other places in the State, but mainly in gardens, and for private use. There were about 60,000 oranges and 30,000 lemons grown last year at Los Angeles. This year nearly 100,000 oranges and 40,000 lemons have been raised in that vicinity. The oranges grown this year are larger and in every way better than last year's crop, and sold at the groves at three dollars per hundred. The largest growers are two Frenchmen at Mission San Gabriel, whose crop last year amounted to 25,000 oranges, besides a quantity of lemons.

Parson Brownlow, Governor elect of Tennessee, has been awarded $25,000. in a suit for damages inflicted by imprisonment and persecution at the hands of certain prominent rebels of Knoxville. It is said to be assessed upon the property of Ramsey, Sneed, and others, who were influential, in the early days of the rebellion, in getting the Parson into jail.

It is told of Edward Everett, that within a few years he paid principal and interest, of a physician's bill against a deceased brother, that had been standing thirty years and was accidentally brought to his notice. The physician had not asked or expected payment. "The memory of the just is bleesed."

The Manitowoc, Wis., papers say, a young girl in that place, named Mary Moore, having heard that arsenic was good to improve the complexion, procured some at a drug store, and before it could be ascertained what she had taken, the poison had done its work too surely to be counteracted, and the girl died in great agony.

HOSPITAL REPORT.

Changes at General Hospital No. 6, for the week ending March 22.

Whole number of beds,	550.
Admitted,	15.
Discharged from Service,	1.
Returned to duty,	13.
Transfered	0,
Deserted,	0.
Furloughed,	0,
Died	5.
Remaining	358

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March, 8th 1865.

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For sale at the Reveille Office.

JOHN KNEFFLY,

No. 300 MAIN ST.,

Has just received a New and Complete Stock of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, CHAINS, CLOCKS of every description, and JEWELRY of the most handsome and latest styles.

SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE

Constantly on hand, as

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GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,

Spectacles, Gold Pens of the finest quality,.

In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of

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As Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases, &c., &c.

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Boots & Shoes,

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AT THE

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Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates for all business. Many years experience and uniform price enable me to confidentally recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.

P. FRENTZ.

No. 336 MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

NEW ALBANY, INDIANA. }
September 3rd, 1864. }

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MILLIFLUOUS

COUGH BALSAM.

Cures Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of

STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM,

to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gargle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.

Price 75 cents per bottle. For sale by Druggists generally. Sold at J. H. Conner's Drug Store New Albany, Indiana

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DRUG STORE

CORNER UPPER FOURTH AND SPRING STREETS,

NEW ALBANY, IND

Feb 6 65

POETRY.

For the Reveille.

WHAT IS LIFE?

What is life? A feverish dream,
All commixed with sorrow;
What is wealth? A trancient gleam,
Passing with the morrow.

What is learning, wit or show?
Naught is free from trouble;
When misfortune's breezes blow,
Breaks the painted bubble.

What are titles? Can a crown
Secure one little hour?
Time hath cast the monarch down,
With all his boasted power.

What is time? Though long he reigns
High in battle seated;
For his scythe shall break in twain,
He shall be defeated.

What's ths world, its pleasures all?
Can earth have a defender?
It shall vanish as a scroll;
Time shall then surrender.

What is beauty? 'Tis a flower,
Fades before the even;
Whate is grace? A glorious power,
Guides the soul to heaven.

Then may we improve the day,
Like true pilgrims mourning;
Hence we soon shall pass away,
Whence there's no returning.

ARMOFLEED.

Edgartown, Mass., Feb. 8, 1865.

The Louisville Daily News says;

Some of our yonng readers who have been out to grandpa's during "sugar making time," will enjoy the following little poem from the pen of of the lamented Cora M. Eager, a teacher of St. Lous, who is the author of that exquisite production—"Will the New Year come to-night, Mamma?"

SUGAR MAKING.

BY CORA M. EAGER.

Come, my lark, 'tis time for singing,
Time for singing in the sun,
For warmth is in the forest,
And the sap begins to run,
And the making maple sugar
Is the merriest of fun.

So we rambled out together,
Pretty Lenore and I,
To the dingle where the pansies
Turned their purple to the sky,
To the forest where the children
Had piled the fagots high.

Soon the fire burned and crackled,
Soon the sap began to boil,
And we filled the shining buckets
With a jubilant turmoil,
Working buisily and laughing
At our self-inflicted toil.

When we grew to be a-weary,
And the sap to bubble o'er,
Then I cleared away the brushwood
From the sloping forest floor,
And I sat me down to watch it,
By the side of Leonore.

How we sang and how we chatted
In the flashes of the sun,
How we talked of careless wishes,
Thinking only of *the one!*—
Till the sirup grew to sugar,
And the laborers were done!

MISCELLANY.

SOLDIERS IN HOSPITAL.

The Tennessee correspondent of the Boston Journal writes:

On these car tops one often hears tales of deeds of heroism by privates that somehow seldom get into print.

On my last trip down I was speaking to an officer about the hospitals. A soldier who sat next to me said he had been a steward in one of them several months. I asked him if the soldiers, when they were sick, persisted in the continuous swearing which characterizes the army.

"No, sir," he said, "they are like little children then; they return to their father's house."

I saw that I had come in contact with a man worth talking to, and had a long conversation with him. Only a few scraps of it can be given now.

"Oh," he said, "they are so grateful for the smallest favors. I have heard them say so softly, "thank you, sir," for every little thing I did for them, that I was almost ashamed. I thought I had seen brave men in battle, but I never knew what bravery was till I went to the hospital. They often told me to fix them out."

"What is that?"

"Well, they would see that the Doctor gave them up and they would ask me about it. I would tell them the truth. I told one man that and he asked me how long? I said not over twenty minutes. He did not show any fear—they never do. He put up his hand and closed his eyes with his own fingers, and then stretched himself out, and crossed his arms over his breast. 'Now, fix me,' he said. I pinned the toes of his stockings together; that was the way we laid corpses out; and he died in a few minutes. His face looked as pleasant as if he was asleep and smiling. Many's the time the boys have fixed themselves that way before they died."

I asked him another questtion:

"Yes," he said, "the soldiers when they are dying almost always speak of some woman. When they are married men it is oftenest about their wives. If they are not married it is mostly their mothers and sisters—oftenest a mother."

I saw that the soldier had a bible in his pocket.

"When I left my company," he said, "I thought nothing of the swearing; but when I came back to it from the hospital it seemed awful."

Yet such is the power of the influence of association that my good friend—really and not sham pious friend—when I afterwards spoke of the insurgents, got indignant at the contemplation of their conduct and called them d——d rebels.

The basis of all excellence is truth. Truth is intellectual gold, which is as durable as it is splendid and valuable.

Advertisements.

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NEW ALBANY, INDIANA, September 3rd, 1864.

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THE REVEILLE.

For the Soldier in the Field and Hospital.

VOL. II. NEW ALBANY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1865. NO. 8.

The Reveille,

Published every Wednesday at
HOSPITAL No. 6, NEW ALBANY, IND.,
BY
C. T. ATHEARN,
AND
M. UMBDENSTOCK.

Terms, fifty cents for three months

Letters and communications should be addressed to the "Reveille."

POETRY.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering look of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They are somebody's pride you know;
Somebody's hand hath rested there,
Was it a mother's soft and white,
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in their waves of light?

God knows best! he was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above
Night and morn on the wings of prayer,
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—
Yearning to hold him again to their heart;
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop in his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head—
Somebody's darling slumbers here.

SILENCE AND TEMPER.—Perfect silence is the only way some persons can keep their temper, and that to a cross person is often but adding fuel to the flame. A little unexpected act of attention or kindness at such a time, will sometimes surprise your opponent into good humor in spite of himself, and start repentant tears from his eyes. Happy he who can do this, for by every such act of magnanimity does he diminish the distance between himself and heaven.

MISCELLANY.

From the Springfield Republican.

THE GLYNTON PINE.

BY MIRIAM ALLEN.

The old schoolmaster took a spelling-book from his desk, pushed up his spectacles, and in a loud voice called, 'Mark Thurston, number one!"

A boy with very flashing black eyes walked proudly down the aisle and took his place at the head of the class.

"Rosa McGilverie, number two!" called the loud voice again.

There was a little confusion on the girls' side, and then a snarl of bright curls appeared from under a desk, a pair of queer hazel eyes looked up saucily, and a pert voice said, "Did you call *me*?"

"Take your place!" thundered the schoolmaster. The little girl then came leisurely from her seat, walked to the opposide side of the room, and stood next Mark. "Look here," she whispered, nudging him with her sharp elbow, "I am going to be 'number one' to-night, see if I don't. You will miss, and I'll get above you."

"I'd like to see you do it!" retorted Mark, loftily. "There isn't a girl in the world that can spell as well as I. Girls don't know so much as boys anyhow!"

Rosa dared not reply to this challenge, for Mr. Jones was looking that way, but she glanced at 'no one,' with such a sneer that the schoolmaster said, 'Mark, is Rosa McGilverie making up faces at you?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, 'that's the way she looks all the time."

This cutting retort made all the schollars laugh; they did not like Rosa, and were always glad to have her 'brought down,' as they said.

Poor little Rosa! Her mother was dead, and no kind friend had yet brought out the tenderness that slept beneath her harsh manner. She was just like that awkward little bush in your garden, all covered with ugly thorns. Only wait till the sweet June sunshine smiles upon it, and you will see it graceful with delicate leaves and those lovely fragrant blossoms that all the poets write about. It was early spring with our poor little Rosa. Nobody saw anything but thorns.

She did not seem to mind the scholars' laughing at all, but stood, with a defiant look, till the master "restored order." Then she entered with her whole heart into the spelling. She was a bright scholar, all the scholars acknowledged that.

"You may spell three times around," said Mr. Jones; "I shall not have time to hear you any more than that to-night. Eyes right and left! Toes on the mark! Begin!"

Mark spelled with a clear, assured voice, as if to impress Rosa with the impossibility of his failure. But alas for human pride! The third time there came to him that very common word, "believe." Mark had spelled it a hundred times before; he thought he knew it perfectly; but a glance at Rosa's wicked eyes confused him, and the letters whirled about in his mind. He commenced in an uncertain voice: "b-e be, l-e-i-v-e, beleive."

"Next!" said the master.

Rosa spelled it right, with no shade of triumph in her manner, and modestly took her place above Mark. Then she whispered in the most provoking way, "Dont you believe I can get above you now?"

After school, Rosa threw on her little red shawl any way, and ran off alone. Mark was a favorite, that handsome, generous boy! She did not want to see the scholars throng about him, as she knew they would, to pity him and blame her. The lonely little girl ran off as fast as she could go, and at last, quite tired out, sat down to rest under a great pine tree that grew on the hill. The cool winter air somehow soothed her flushed little face. But she felt unhappy. It wasn't quite so fine to be "number one," after all. Poor Mark, how disappointed he looked! She almost wished he hadn't missed. It was good enough for him, though! He thought girls didn't know anything. Rosa's cheeks flushed at this and she looked very angry.

Just then, a voice spoke, right by her side: "You can't be 'number one' tomorrow, any way, Miss. The master says I ought to have had another trial.',

"Just as the A B C class does; poor little fellow! So he should have another trial!" drawled Rosa.

"You are a hateful girl;" cried Mark, with angry eyes; "you are horrid homely and dreadful mean, and nobody likes you."

Rosa could not bear this. She sprang to her feet and tried to strike the boy's handsome face. He was too tall by far for her to reach. She seized her slate then, flung it with all her strength against him, and ran away. Mark turned white with rage, but he was too chivalrous to return the blow. He rushed home in a passion, burst open the kitchen door and cried, "Oh, mother, I wish Rosa McGilverie was a boy, so I could give her a good thrashing!"

The angry children little thought how many years would pass before they would meet under the old pine again. That night Rosa was sent to live in another town near by. Better days dawned for the orphan girl. Her new-found aunt, with whom she was to live, was a gentle, Christian woman. She, of all others, was the one to tame the ungoverned child, and develope her loveliness.

When Rosa next saw Glynton, she was a young lady of eighteen. Her grandmother, who lived in the old village, was quite ill and sent for her. With careful nursing the the old lady recovered, and Rosa determined to return to her good aunt's. How differently she felt about leaving Glynton this time. Before, she was like the "miller of Mansfield." Now, she was so lovely and gentle that she was a universal favorite. She was beset with invitations from the villagers. "This is my last day in Glynton," said she, one morning. "Where shall I go this afternoon? Here's an invitation to a picnic on the beach, and there's the ride to Cherry Valley, and here's dear Mrs. Thurston's little note, asking me to take tea with her. I'll go there. I fear she has never quite forgiven me for treating Mark so shamefully, when I was little. Now that he has been at sea so long, his mother adores him more than ever. I must try to have her think better of me."

Rosa had the consolation of knowing that Mrs. Thurston did think better of her. That evening, as they sat in the garden summer-house, the old lady said kindly, "My dear Rosa, do you know how you are changed? You used to be the torment of the whole village. Don't look so sorrowful, dear! You know that you are a comfort to every one that knows you now. I wonder what Mark would say if he could see this little girl that struck him once?"

There was a rustle among the honeysuckle vines that shaded the summer-house, but why should Mrs. Thurston and Rosa suspect anything but humming-birds? They did not know that the "Clanmarina" had arrived in New York, and of course, would never have guessed that Mark himself was standing without, looking with wondering eyes at the young lady beside his mother. "Can she be Rosa McGilverie?" he thought. "That snarl of hair changed to lovely curls, those wicked eyes, so sweet and dark, that ugly child transformed to a beauty!"

I can't begin to tell you of all that was said and done when Mark raised the vines and exclaimed, in his old

merry voice. "Good evening, ladies." Neither do I know just how Rosa asked forgiveness of the young captain as they walked that night down the hill past the old pine, to her grandmother's cottage. I imagine Mark forgave her. But of this I am sure: All summer, workmen were busy upon a new ship. It was built all of Glynton timber, and the great pine on the hill was the mainmast. Not long ago, Capt. Thurston took his young wife to the landing to christen the ship. A roguish look half dried the tears in her dark eyes as she sprinkled bright water over the boys and called it the "Glynton Pine."

The Reveille.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 29, 1865.

It gives us pleasure to notice that our friend, George Deitz, late Sergt. in the 23d Indiana, is a candidate for Street Commissioner. It becomes the people to support for office those who have been wounded in their country's service, if they bring the requisite capacity. Mr. Deitz we know to be highly capable and a clever gentleman. Will not the citizens stand by this wounded soldier? Boys, give him a lift. Never let it be said that a wounded soldier of the brave 23d asked for a petty office, and suffered defeat.

The soldiers of this Hospital have generously contributed the sum of $32 towards supplying the Reading Room with papers and magazines, which shows an anxiety on their part to have within reach all the news both agracultural, political and military.

If you are in want of medicine of any kind, fancy articles or perfumery, articles for the toilet, etc., go to T. S. Cornelius, who has two nice Drug and Chemical Stores, No. 49, State st., corner of Market, and corner of Upper Fourth and Spring st.

Official War Dispatches.

WASHINGTON, March 24.—Major General Dix: This morning at half-past 4 o'clock, the enemy, by a strong and sudden assault, captured Fort Steadman; but after a vigorous contest the fort was recaptured with sixteen hundred prisoners and two flags. Gen McLaughlin was taken prisoner by the rebels, who assaulted Fort Haskell, but were repulsed with great loss. The official report is subjoined.

E. M. STANTON.

The enemy attacked my front this morning about 4:30 A. M., with three divisions under the command of Gen. Gordon. By a rush they seized the line held by the third brigade of the first division at the foot of the hill to the right of Fort Steadman, wheeled and overpowering the garrison, took possession of the fort. They established themselves on the hill, turning our guns on us. Our troops on either flank stood firm. Afterwards a determined attack was made on Fort Haskell, which was checked by part of McLaughlin's brigade of Wilcox's division, and was repulsed with great loss to the enemy. The first brigade of Hartsuff's division, held as reserve, was brought up, and a check given to any further advance.

Two attempts were made to retake the hill, but were only temporarily successful till the arrival of the second brigade, when a charge was made by that brigade, aided by the troops of the first division on their flank, and the enemy were driven out of the fort with the loss of a number of prisoners and about 1600 killed and wounded. Two battle flags have been brought in. The enemy also lost heavily in killed and wounded outside our lines.

The whole line was immediately reoccupied and the guns retaken, uninjured. I regret to add that Gen. McLaughlin was captured in Fort Steadman. Our loss otherwise was not heavy. Great praise is due to Hartsuff for gallantry displayed in handling his division, which behaved with great skill in this its first engagement.

JOHN PARKE, Maj. Gen.

WAR DEPARTMENT, 10:30 P. M., March 25.—Gen. Dix: Later reports from Gen. Grant, which are subjoined, show that the operation of our forces this morning were brilliantly successful. The rebel prisoners already number 2,700. The rebel killed and wounded Gen. Grant estimates at probably not less than 3,000, and our loss estimated at 800—may prove less.

E. M. STANTON.

CITY POINT 8 A. M., March 25.—E. M. Stanton: The number of prisoners received by the Provost Marshal is two thousand two hundred taken by the 9th corps, and five hundred by the 2d corps. There still may be more brought in.

U. S. GRANT.

CITY POINT, 7:30 P. M.—E. M. Stanton: I am not yet able to give the result of the day accurately, but the number of prisoners captured proves larger than at first reported. The slaughter of the rebels at the point where they entered our lines was not less than three thousand.

U. S. GRANT.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, March 25, 10 P. M.—Major General Dix: The following dispatch from General Schofield reports his arrival at and occupation of Goldsboro on Tuesday, March 21, with but slight opposition.

E. M. STANTON.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., March 21, via Fortress Monroe, March 25, 7 P. M.—Gen. Grant: I have the honor to report my arrival at Goldsboro this P. M., with but slight opposition. General Perry's column from Wilmington was at Parson's Depot last night and should have been here, though Sherman's left was engaged with the enemy near Pentonville on Tuesday.

There has been occasional artillery firing during the day, which indicates the gradual approach of Sherman's army towards this place. All this being strictly in accordance with Sherman's plans, I have no doubt all is well. I hope to have more definite and later intelligence from Sherman soon, and will forward to you at once.

I find the bridges burned, but otherwise the road is not injured and the depots and factories are very fine. I captured here seven cars, and Gen. Perry has captured two locomotives and two cars, which he is now using.

J. M. SCHOFIELD,
Major General.

UNFORTUNATE—VERY.

A young medical student from Michigan; who had been attending lectures in New York for some time, and considering himself exceedingly good looking and fascinating, made a deadly onset on the heart and fortune of a blooming young lady, who was boarding in the same family with him. After a long seige the lady surrendered. They were married on Wednesday morning. The same afternoon the "young wife" sent for and exhibited to the astonished student a "beautiful little daughter," three and a half years of age.

"Good heavens! then you were a widow," exclamed the student.

"Yes, my dear, and this is Amelia, my youngest; to morrow, Augustus James and Reuben will arrive from the country, and then I will have my children together once more."

The unhappy student replied not a word; his feelings were too deep for utterance. The next day the "other darlings" arrived—Reuben was six years, James nine, Augusus a lucy boy of twelve. They were delighted to hear that they had a "new papa," because they could now live at home and have all the playthings they wanted! The "new papa," as soon as he could speak, remarked that Augustus and James did not much resemble Reuben and Amelia.

"Well, no," said the happy mother, "my first husband was quite a different style of man from my second—complexion, temperament, the color of the hair and eyes—all different."

This was too much. He had not only married a widow, but was her third husband, and astonished step father of four children.

"But fortune," thought he, "that will make amends." He spoke of her fortune.

"These are my treasures," said she, in the Roman matron style, pointing to her children.

The conceit was now quite out of the Michigander, who finding that he had made a complete goose of himself, retired to a farm in his native State, where he could have a chance to make his "boys" useful, and make them sweat for the deceit practised upon him by their mother.

A BACHELOR up Penn street, Pittsburg, picked up a thimble. He stood awhile meditating on the probable beauty of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips, saying, "Oh that it were the fair cheek of wearer!" Just as he finished, a big wench looked out of an upper window, and said, "Boss, dis-please to frow dat fimble of mine in de entry—I jist now drapt it." The man is said to have fainted.

It is said that bleeding a partly blind horse at the nose will restore him to sight—to open a man's eyes you must bleed him at the pocket.

NORTH WESTERN SANITARY FAIR

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 6th, 1865.

To the Superintendents and Pupils of the Public Schools of the North-West:

A Great Sanitary Fair is to be opened in the City of Chicago, on May 30th, 1865. The Executive Committee having it in charge, have determined to open a PUBLIC SCHOOL DEPARTMENT, and have appointed the undersigned the Special Committee to take charge of the Department.

Teachers and Pupils of the Public Schools are found upon every Battle Field, in every Camp and in every Hospital in our land; they need the sympathy and the contributions of their fellows at home. Every child in the Schools of the North west can minister to the comfort of a sick or wounded brother in the army.

No articles will be exhibited in this Department of the fair, except such as are contributed by School Children or their teachers. Any article, of the most trifling value, that comes from the willing hand of a warm-hearted child, will be welcome. Let each child devise something that shall be attractive, and it will meet with a ready sale.

Each State represented in the Exhibition may have a separate table, if desired, under the management of the Committee to be appointed by the member of the General Committee from that State.

Each member of the General Committee will act as Chairman of a State Committee, to be designated by himself.

Cities or Counties designing to contribute may correspond with the members of the Committee from their own State; or if preferred, directly with the Chairman of the General Committee.

It is hoped that all who may receive this Circular will at once set about preparing articles for the Fair.

Let Superintendents and Teachers aid by contributing one day's salary. All moneys may be remitted through the Member of the Committee of each State contributing.

To save expense, it will be better that articles contributed be boxed and sent directly to Chicago, plainly marked—

"PUBLIC SCHOOL DEPARTMENT OF SANITARY FAIR. N W SANITARY COMMISSION ROOMS. 66 MADISON ST., Chicago."

If at the time the articles are shipped a notice of shipment be sent to the Chairman of the Committee, he will see that the articles are disposed of in accordance with the wishes of the donors.

As the Schools of many Villages will hold Exhibitions at the close of the winter term, the Committee would suggest that a small admittance fee be charged, and the proceeds given to the Sanitary Fair; or, if desired, Special exhibitions be given with this end in view.

A very trifling gift from each school child in the North-west will, in the aggregate, make a munificent donation to the Sanitary Fair.

COMMITTEE FOR CITY OF CHICAGO. J. L. Packard, R. Prindiville, W. H Wells.

For State of Illinois: Hon. N. Bateman, Springfield.

For State of Wisconsin: Hon. J. G. McMynn, Madison.

For State of Iowa: Hon. O. Faville, Desmoines.

For State of Indiana: Hon. Geo. W. Hoss, Indianapolis.

For State of Michigan: Hon. O. Hosford, Lansing.

For State of Minnesota: Hon. R. Blakely, St. Paul.

P. S. The "American" and the "United States" Express Companies have agreed, through their Agents in Chicago, Messrs. J. D Colvin and J. C Fargo, to transmit to Chicago, free of expense, all contributions to the Fair not exceeding sixty pounds in weight.

EVILS OF GOSSIP. I have known a country society to wither away to nothing, under the dry rot of gossip only. Friendships once as firm as granite dissolved to jelly, and then run away to water, because of this; love that promised a future as enduring as heaven and stable as truth, evaporated into morning mist that turned to a day's long tears, only because of this, a father and son were foot to foot with the fiery breath of an anger that would never cool again between them, only because of this; and a husband and his young wife, each straining at the hated leash which in the begining had been the bondage of a god-blessed love, sat mournfully by the side of the grave where all their love and all their joy lay buried, only because of this.

I have seen faith transformed into doubt, hope give place to grim despair, and chairity take on itself the features of black malevolence, and all because of the spell-words of scandal and the magic mutterings of gossip.

Great crimes work great wrong, and and the deeper tragedies of human life spring from its larger passions; but woful and most melancholy are those uncatalogued tragedies that issue from gossip and detraction; most mournful the shipwreck often made of noble and loving natures by the bitter winds and dead salt waters of slander. So easy to say, and yet so difficult to disprove—throwing on the innocent all the burden of demonstrating their innocence, and punishing them as guilty if unable to pluck out the stings they never see; and to silence words they never hear. Gossip and slander are the deadliest and most cruel weapons man has ever forged for his brother's hurt.—[All the Year Round.

A workman who was employed in blasting at Halifax, while being wound up out of a hole after he had lit the fuse, was suffered to slip back again. The man fell close upon the impending danger, and in the sudden view of almost certain death, fell on his knees in prayer. While praying, a thought struck him—he drew out the fuse, and then commenced swearing at the workmen at the top.

HOSPITAL REPORT.

Changes at General Hospital No. 6, for the week ending March 22.

Whole number of beds,	550.
Admitted,	7.
Discharged from Service,	3.
Returned to duty,	2.
Transfered	1,
Deserted,	0.
Furloughed,	29.
Died	5.
Remaining	329.

Phillips & Tewalt,

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

210 MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, IND.

CHEAPEST

BOOTS & SHOES

IN THE CITY.

Economize your Money by buying at the

EAGLE

SHOE STORE,

297 Main St. between Bank and Pearl, South side. New Albany Ind.

THOS. RAWLEY.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS.

SOLDIER'S RESTAURANT.

Refreshments of all kinds, and meals at all hours, and also Cigars and Tabacco, sold at

NICHOLAS KNOWLAN,

A discharged Soldier,

CORNER OF LOWER 2d & MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, IND.

March, 8th 1865.

MARCUS W. LEWIS. FRANK A. LEWIS

LEWIS BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

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AND DISTILLERS OF

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JNO. R. NUNEMACHER,

BOOKSELLER AND

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268 Main st., New Albany, Ind.

47

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For Furloughs and Vouchers,

For sale at the Reveille Office.

JOHN KNEFFLY,

No. 300 MAIN ST.,

Has just received a New and Complete Stock of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, CHAINS, CLOCKS of every description, and JEWELRY of the most hansome and latest styles.

SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE

Constantly on hand, as

TEA SETS.

CASTORS,

WAITERS,

PITCHERS.

GOBLETS,

SPOONS,

FORKS,

GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,

Spectacles. Gold Pens of the finest quality.

In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of

FANCY GOODS

As Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases,

&c., &c.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.

40tf JOHN KNEFFLY.

PROVISIONS.

Bologna Sausage, Ham Sausage, Choice Cigars, Cuba Sixes, Golden Era and Navy Tobaccos, Western Reserve Cheese, Honey Fancy and German and Castile Soaps, Splendid Dried Beef, Mackerel in bbls, half and quarters 20 Boxes Raisins, Zante Currants, Buck Wheat Flour, Teas, Nutmegs, Coffee and Sugar, at

KELLY'S,

45 State Street.

Thos. P. Fitch'

FINE ART

AND

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PEARL ST. BETWEEN MAIN AND MARK T.

40tf

J. Cadwallader, Son & Co.

Are offering a well assorted stock of

Boots & Shoes,

entirely new, and retailing on 1st floor, at

WHOLESALE PRICES

in order to change Boots and Shoes into Dry Goods.

No. 55 State St., between Market and Main

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EXECUTED AT THE

REVEILLE OFFICE.

GET ONE!

FRANTZ'S

STENCIL ESTABLISHMENT

Get your name cut on BRASS or SILVER PLATE, so that you will be able to mark your name on Linnen, Silk or Cotton Apareal, Books, Cards, &c. with Indelible Ink.

Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also go Stencil Marking Plates for in business. Many years experience and uniform practice enable me to confidentally recommend our wer new surpassed in the e was to

P. FRENTZ,

No. 336 MAIN STREET, woman.

INDIANA. e to tame

NEW ALBANY, levelope her

Sequele

Glynton, she ighteen. Her n the old vil- sent for her. the old lady mined to re- low differ- g Glynton like the he was a Cures Caughs, Col Throat, Asthma and Consumpti only necessary for any one trouble these complaints to try one bottle of set

STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM,

to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gargle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.

Price 75 cents per bottle. For sale by Druggists generally. Sold at J. H. Conner's Drug Store New Albany, Indiana.

CHEAP

Boots & Shoes.

J. C. HURSELL,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Ladies Gentlemen's and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

No. 244 MAIN ST., NEW ALBANY IND

All descriptions of Boots and Shoes at very lowest prices.

Persons will do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

dec21

ATTENTION SOLDIERS.

HERMAN HALL

Wholesale and retail dealer in

TOBACCO, CIGARS,

PIPES, TOBACCO BOXES, ETC. ETC.

Next door to the Post Office, sign of the big Indian.

Cheap Clothing!

FRANK SMITH,

MERCHANT TAILOR

Market Street, corner Lower First.

NEW ALBANY, IND.

dec21

MISCELLANY.

A veteran relates the following: It once happened that a mule driver was engaged in leading an unrulely mule for a short distance, which job proved about as much as he was able to do, and gave full employment for both of his hands. As he was thus engaged, a newly-appointed Brigadier rode by, near him, in all the consequential radiance of his star-light, when the mule-driver hailed him as follows:

"I say, I wish you would send me a couple of men down here, to help manage this mule."

The Brigadier, indignant at being so familiarly addressed, sternly inquired, "Do you know who I am, sir?"

"Yes," was the reply, "you are Gen-frie——, I believe."

"Then why do you not salute me, mi-si— addressing me?" inquired the for o— dier.

"Their quis— will,' responded M. D., "if you high— get off and hold the mule!'

"Not— e Brigadier retired in good order.

di—

THE CIRCUS.—A circus comes to town, and everybody knows how the music and the grand tent and horses set all the boys agog. Quarters of dollars and shillings are in great demand; and many a choice bit of money have the circus-riders carried away which was meant for better purposes.

A little boy was seen looking round the premises with a great deal of curiosity.

"Halloa, Johnny," said a man who knew him, "going to the circus?"

"No, sir," answered Johnny; "father don't like 'em."

"Oh, well, I'll give you money to go, Johnny," said the man.

"Father don't approve of them," answered Johnny.

"Well, go in for once, and I'll pay for you."

"No, sir," said Johnny; "my father would give me the money if he thought 'twere best; besides, I've got twenty-five cents in my strong box—twice enough to go."

"*I'd go*, Johnny, for once; it's wonderful the way the horses do," said the man; "your father needn't know it."

"I shan't," said the boy.

"Now, *why*?"

"'Cause," said Johnny, twirling his bare toes in the sand, "after I've been, I couldn't *look my father right in the eye*, and I can now."—[Life Illustrated.

SENSELESSLY CEEVIL.—A case has been reported of a country girl who thought it possible there might be an excess in such scrupulous regard to appearances. On her marriage day the youth to whom she was about to be uni ed said to her in a triumphant tone: "Weel, Jenny, haven't I been uncoo ceevil?" alluding to the fact that during their whole courtship, he had never even given her a kiss. Her quiet reply was, "Ou, ay man, senselessly ceevil."

[Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences.

A noble heart will disdain to subsist, like a drone, upon the honey gathered by other's labors—like a leech, to filch its food out of the public granary—or like a shark, to prey upon the lesser fry; but will, one way or another, earn his subsistence.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is happier who can suit his temper to his circumstances.

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Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates for all business. Many years experience and uniform price enable me to confidentally recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.

P. FRENTZ.

No. 336 MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

NEW ALBANY, IND'ANA. September 3rd. 1864.

COUGH NO MORE!

TRY

STRICKLAND'S

MELLIFLUOUS

COUGH BALSAM.

Cures Caughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of

STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM,

to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gurgle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.

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Cheap Clothing!

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THE REVEILLE.

For the Soldier in the Field and Hospital.

VOL. II. NEW ALBANY, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1865. NO. 4.

The Reveille.

Published every Wednesday at Hospital No. 6, New Albany, Ind.,
BY
C. T. ATHEARN,
AND
M. UMBDENSTOCK.

Terms, fifty cents for three months

Letters and communications should be addressed to the "Reveille."

POETRY.

FOLLOWING.

BY EMILY HEWITT BUGEE.

Ever before me all the day,
Nearer to me at night—
Fits and wavers a shining form,
That beckons with hands of light.

I see, yet not with with an outward gaze,
Rather, I dream I see,
This ever vanishing form of light,
Beckoning unto me.

Deep is the snow on the little grave,
Dark and cold for the dead.
Did I not catch, in the sunny air,
A glimpse of her golden head?

Bitter the pilgrimage of my life,
With her life quenched in the earth,
Did I not sometimes seem to hear
The sound of cherubic mirth!

In the broad bright moon—in the social throng—
In the surge of the crowded street;
Like gentlest lightnings, faintly bright,
Quiver the shining feet.

Distant and dim, and sometimes paled,
But never entirely lost,
Leaping and glancing along the way
That weary men have crost.

Coming to me in the breathless night,
Pityingly near and near;
As near as the angels may come to us—
Till the whiz of wings I hear.

Ah, love may mock with its fitful light,
Friendship prove but a name;
Ever may flee from striving hand
The shadowy wreath of fame.

But the shifting gold of her floating hair;
The flash of her little hands;
The sweat, vague sound of her angel voice,
Her feet on the shining sands,

Shall never cheat my longing soul,
Nor mock my hungering eyes;
And I shall clasp her at last—at last
On the shores of Paradise!

In England some of the churches have pews for deaf people. They are connected with the pulpit by means of tubes, which open in the pews with trumpet-shaped mouths in convenient positions for the ear of the listener.

MISCELLANY.

From the West Chester (Pa.) Record.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Many years ago a Mr. G., of this county, after a long sickness died, and left a wife and two small children—a boy and a girl—in humble circumstances, to fight their own battle through life. A little cot by the hillside, near the Brandywine, was secured to the widow and children. Time passed, the girl became a woman, married a very worthy man, and moved to Philadelphia. He was striken down by disease, and after a long sickness died, leaving his young wife with two small children to return to her mother by the "hillside near the Brandywine.

The boy became a man. Not satisfied with the prospects and surroundngs, he—the son Henry—one spring morning, with the blessings of mother and sister, started for the West to make his fortune. Time passed, and mother and sister received letters from him as he journied westward, until he passed Fort Independence, when they failed to receive any; yet son Henry was traveling, not satisfied with his prospects. So he traveled on until he came to the State of Chihuahua, in Mexico. Stopping at Oposura for a few days, to recruit, Henry became acquainted with one dark-eyed senorita, and before long he was able to say he had found his Eldorado. And Henry, being married, settled among his Mexican friends. Being a man of an ingenious turn of mind, he soon astonished the natives, made money, and was soon a leading man among them. Years passed, during all of which mother and sister still plodded along in the cot by the "hillside near the Brandywine."

Three weeks ago last Thursday, Mrs. G., on going to the post office, found a letter there from her son Harry, in Mexico. As it had been so long since hearing from him, she opened it without much ceremony. A piece of tissue paper fell out—she picked it up, examined it; it contained a coat of arms, had figures, dates, and writing in different colored inks—and read: "Wells, Fargo & Co., pay to Mrs. G., or order, the sum of five thousand dollars, in coin, and charge the same to Juras, Castions & Co., Bankers, Mexico."

The letter informed her that he was married, had made money, and that the inclosed draft was to enable her to buy a house, for, said he, "I am coming to see you next summer, and wish you to be nicely fixed, because I am going to bring my wife and children with me."

The same day Mrs. G. took the letter and draft to Mr. P., a gentleman who had been her friend since her husband's death. The consultation over, the following took place: The next day Mr. P. sold the draft in Philadelphia for over eleven thousand dollars; six thousand dollars were invested in United States 10-40's; a house and lot were bought in the ancient town of Coatesville for five thousand, and the loose change was taken to refurnish. To-day the house is in order, and mother and daughter are patiently waiting for Harry, who left them many years ago, one spring morning, to seek his fortune in the west, when they lived in the cot by the "hillside, near the Brandywine."

THE OTHER LIFE.

The Knickerbocker quotes from an unknown divine this thought concerning the future life, and the beautiful illustration which follows it:

"What the other life my do to me, I know not," says the eloquent man, "but this I know and feel; I shall awake in God's likeness and see him as he is; and out of every longing I hear him say, Oh, thirsty soul, come to me."

"If a child had been born and spent all his life in the Mammouth Cave, how impossible would it be for him to comprehend the upper world. Parents might tell him of its life and light and beauty, and its sounds of joy; they might heap up the sand into mounds, and try to show him, by stalacties, how grass and flowers and trees grow out of the ground, till at length, with laborious thinking the child would fancy he had gained a true idea of the unknown land. And yet though he longed to behold it, when the day came that he was to go forth, it would be with regret for the familiar crystals and rock-hewn rooms, and the quiet that reigned therein. But when he came up, some May morning, with ten thousand birds singing in the trees, and the heavens bright and blue, and full of sunlight, and the wind blowing softly through the young leaves all a glitter with dew, and the landscape stretching away green and beautiful to the horizon, with what rapture would he gaze about him, and see how poor were all the fancyings and interpretations which were made within the cave, of the things which grew and lived without; and how he would wonder that he could ever have regretted to leave the silence and dreary darkness of his old abode. So, when we emerge from this cave of earth into that land where spring growths are, and where is eternal summer, how shall we wonder that we have clung so fondly to this dark and barren life!"

Is there not a "Better land?"

EVILS OF TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION.—An old lady, living on one of the telegraph lines leading from Louisville, observed some workmen digging a hole near her door. She inquired what it was for?

"To put up a post for the telegraph," was the reply.

Wild with fury and afright, she incontinently seized her bonnet and ran to her next door neighbor with the news.

"What do you think!" she exclaimed; in breathless haste, "they're sitting up that telegraph right agin my door—and now I reckon a body can't spank a child, or scold a hand, or chat with a neighbor, but the plaguy thing 'll be blabbin' it all over creation! I won't stand it! no, I won't, no how! I'll move right away, where there aint none of them onnatural fixin's!"

The old lady immediately after making known her complaint, returned to her house, packed up all her household effects and departed to some place unknown, leaving the telegraph pole to settle all arrearages with landlord, grocer, &c.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON ORGANS.—And so, Isaac, you've been to see Lincoln and Hamlin's Cabinet Organ? They say it has an aromatic smell that's not like anybody else's, and even better'n the night blowing serious. I hope you didn't hear the one that has the penal base. It's strange good people can patronize these baser sort o' things. And you heard the sympathy of A. Miner did you? For my part I should raley like to hear that. He was our next door neighbor, and my Paul used to say that Adolphus Miner hadn't a mossel of sympathy for anybody, and people generally didn't think he had, but, la me! times change, and now it seems he has got some, and had it set to music

[Boston Post.

Several fine colors are produced from the residum of petroleum. One is a bright and fixed cerulean blue, and is called the Humboldt color. Another delicate color is a light blue called "azuline," the popular "magenta," is in course of experiment. These colors are ascertained by dropping the oil, in a certain state, into the water, by which the most beautiful hues are brought out.

The Confederates are a nation of regicides. They have been burning their king—cotton—ever since the war begun.

The Reveille.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1865.

HOME.—The blessings of home can hardly be overestimated. Too much can not be said of the refining and elevating influence of a well regulated household, where there is an effort of the members to contribute to each other's happiness. We have an idea that the place where a man should spend his leisure time when he is not engaged with his business, is at home with his wife and children, (that is, if he is so fortunate as to possess these blessings, and if he does not possess them, it should be one purpose of his life to obtain them.)

For what purpose does a man want a home, if it is not for a place in which he can forget the cares of the world, and where he can find his highest and purest enjoyment. A place in which he can not only receive happiness but also administer to the happiness of loved ones.

We pity that man who has no other idea of home than as a mere boarding place where he can get his meals and lodging, and who seeks for pleasure at a whisky shop, or in any place where sensual gratification alone can be found. What a miserable substitute this is for the pure pleasures of home life. How it degrades the soul; starves it; and renders a man anything but that which God designed he should be and which he is capable of becoming.

Official War Dispatches.

WASHINGTON, April 1. To Major General Dix: The following telegram in relation to military operations now going on at the front was received this morning. Nothing later has reached this Department. E. M. STANTON.

CITY POINT, 8:30 P. M., March 31. Hon. E. M. Stanton: At 12:30 P. M. to-day, Gen. Grant telegraphed me as follows: There has been much hard fighting this morning. The enemy drove our left from near Dabney's House, back well toward the Boydtown plank road. We are now about to take the offensive at that point, and, I hope, will more than recover the lost ground.

LATER.

He telegraphed again as follows: "Our troops, after being driven back to Boydtown plank road, rallied and drove the enemy in turn, and took the White Oak road, which we now have. This gives us the ground occupied by the enemy this morning. I will send you the rebel flags captured by our troops in driving the enemy back. There have been four flags captured to day."

Judging by the points from which Grant telegraphs, I infer that he has moved his head quarters about one mile since he sent the first of these two dispatches. A. LINCOLN.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 1, 11 P. M.—Major General Dix: The following dispatch from the President received to-night shows that the desperate struggle between our forces and the enemy continues undecided, although the advantage appears to be on our side.

CITY POINT, April 1.—To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War: I have just received a dispatch showing that Sheridan, aided by Warren, had, at 2 P. M., pushed the enemy back so as to retake the Five Forks and bring his own headquarters up to Bossows. The Five Forks was barracaded by Deven's division of cavalry. This part of the enemy seems to be now trying to work along the Whiteoak road to joint the force in front of Grant, while Sheridan and Warren are pressing them as closely as possible.

[Signed] A. LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON, April 2, 2 P. M.—To Gen. Dix: A dispatch just received from Grant's Adjt. Gen. at City Point announces the triumphant success of our armies after three days hard fighting, during which the forces on both sides exhibited valor:

CITY POINT, March 2, 5:40 A. M. A dispatch from Gen. Grant states that Sheridan, commanding cavalry and infantry, has carried everything before him. He captured 3 brigades of infantry, a wagon train, and several batteries of artillery. The prisoners captured will amount to several thousand.

[Signed] L. S. BOWERS,
Asst. Adjt. Gen.

WASHINGTON, April 2, 11 A. M. To Gen. Dix: The following from the President gives the latest received from front where a furious battle was raging with continued glorious successes.

CITY POINT, April 2, 8:30 A. M. Hon. M. M. Stanton: Last night Gen. Grant telegraphed that Sheridan, with his cavalry and the 4th Corps, had captured three brigades of infantry, a train of wagons and several batteries. The prisoners, amounting to several thousand. This morning Grant having ordered an attack along the whole line, telegraphs as follows:

"Both Wright and Parks got through the enemy's lines; the battle rages furiously. Sheridan, with his cavalry and the 5th corps, which was sent to him this morning, is now sweeping down from the west, all now looks highly favorable. Gen. Ord is engaged, but I have not yet heard the result in front.

A. LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON, April 2, 2 A. M. The President in the subjoined telegram gives the latest news from the front.:

CITY POINT, April 2, 12 M. To Hon. E. M. Stanton: Dispatches are coming in that all is going on finely. Gens. Parks, Wright and Ord's lines are extending from the Appomattox to Hatcher's Run. They have all broken through the enemy's entreuchments and lines taking some forts, guns and prisoners. Sheridan with his own cavalry and the 5th and part of the 3d corps is coming in from the west on the enemy's flank. Wright is already tearing up the South Side road. [Signed] A. LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—General Dix: The following telegram from the President reports the condition of affairs at half-past 4 this afternoon. E. M. STANTON.

CITY POINT, April 2. E. M. Stanton: At 10 A. M. Gen. Grant telegraphs as follows: Everything has been carried from the left of the 9th corps. The 6th corps alone captnred 3,000 prisoners. The 2d and 4th corps both captured forts, guns and prisoners from the enemy, but I cannot tell the numbers.

We are now closing around the works of the line immediately enveloping Petersburg. All looks remarkably well. I have not yet heard from General Sheridan. His headquarters have been moved up to the Banks House, near the Boydtown road, about three miles southwest of Petersburg. A. LINCOLN.

CITY POINT, April 2, 8:30 P. M. Hon. E M. Stanton: At 4:30 P. M. to-day Gen. Grant telegraphs as follows: We are now up and have a continuous line of troops, and in a few hours will be intrenched from the Appomattox below Petersburg to the river above.

The whole capture since the army started out will not amount to less than 12,000 men, and probably 50 pieces of artillery. I don't know the number of men and guns accurately, however. A portion of Foster's division of the 24th corps, made a most gallant charge this afternoon, and captured a very important fort from the enemy with its entire garrison. All seems well with us, and everything is quiet just now. A. LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON, April 3, 12 M. The following official confirmation of the capture of Richmond and the announcement that the city is on fire has been received.

E. M. STANTON.

CITY POINT, April 3, 11 A. M. To E. M Stanton: General Weitzell telegraphs as follows: We took Richmond at 8:15 this morning. We captured many guns. The enemy left in great haste The city is on fire in one place. We are making every effort to put it out. The people received us with enthusiastic expressions of joy. General Grant started early this morning with the army toward the Danville road to cut off Lee's retreating army if possible. President Lincoln has gone to the front. T. S. BOWERS,
Act. Asst. Gen.

NEW YORK, April 3. The Commercial's Washington special says: Information received from the headquarters of our forces warrant the assurance that Mobile is now in our hands. Positions had been taken which promised to place the city at our mercy.

It is said that a great battle remains be to fought in Virginia, and that Lee still has the means to make a formidable resistance, but it is believed the war is substantially over, and that humanity will induce the rebels to abandon the contest.

A Nevada paper describes a curious scene in a theatre in Virginia City, in February, where the performances of two actresses were so well liked that the audience rattled down upon the stage a shower of gold and silver pieces. The actresses picked up one hundred and forty-seven dollars from the boards. Even the male performers were not slighted. They picked up halves and quarters to the amount of from three to five dollars each, to say nothing of jack-knives, pocket-combs and tooth-picks. The young ladies were so often forced to return to gather the silver showers that they appeared several times on the point of giving it up. One of them, having finished gathering a bountiful harvest of halves, was making a hasty retreat from the stage, when there suddenly fell about her such a glittering and overwhelming shower of silver that in despair she sat down and covered her face with her hands. The pockets of another gave out, and a torrent of silver rolled about the floor in every direction. All this was, of course, fun for the audience, though the young ladies found it quite as profitable as funny.

A Singular and Sudden Death.

The Titusville Reporter relates the following strange story:

A young man barely twenty-one years of age who came to this place from Canada, a few weeks since, to operate in oil territory, died on Sunday, 27th ult, under the following circumstances: He was passing the evening with his customary associates in a private room, and in course of conversation he remarked that by the time he was forty years of age he should be worth a princely fortune, and should then retire. One of his companions suggested that he might not live to be forty years of age. The Canadian replied that "they were not yet ready for him down there," pointing downward. Some one asked him for one of his fvorite songs, and he complied, beginning with the words, "I've come home to die, mother; I've come home to die." Scarcly had he completed the sentence, when his head fell upon his breast, and he become motionless and rigid. His companions rushed to his side and found that he was pulseless—dead.

CORRECT SPEAKING.—We would advise all young people to acquire, in early life, the habit of correct speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible, the use of any slang words and phrases. The longer you live the more difficult the acquirement of correct language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim if neglected, is very properly doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in hispower. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and poets in the country, to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show the weakness of vain ambition rather than the polish of an educated mind.—[Selected.

A distinguished writer says: "I can pick out men in New York—great men who count millions to their names—of whom, if you should take away their wealth, there would be nothing left—you might hunt with a lighted candle, and you would not find them to all eternity." You may find such men everywhere; who "take on airs," because they happen to have been successful in money matters—but who, if their lives were at stake, could not tell how their native State is bounded—or ever read the Constitution of the United States.

THE PATIENCE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—A Washington correspondent of the Methodist gives us a glimpse of old Abe's dealings with the multitudinous claims of so-called loyal men from Georgia, that are every day pressing upon his attention. He says:

We do not mean to say that the President's patience never yields. In one instance we entered his office and found him in close and loud conversation with a gentleman from a certain portion of reclaimed southern territory. The visitor professed to be a southern loyalist, and wanted certain papers signed by the President, making good great damage inflicted upon him by the war.

The claimant urged his claims in soft timid tones, and the President answered in a way quite the reverse. He was not pleased. "Why, this paper does not say you are entitled to the money." "No, sir, but it recommends my claim to your consideration.' "But, sir, you do not prove your claim." "We are loyal, sir.' "Yes, sir, and so are the men who stand up in front of Richmond to be shot, but they don't come here to plague me." "We don't wish to worry you, Mr. President." "No, I know what you want—you are turning, or trying to turn me, into a justice of the peace, to put your claims through. There are a hundred thousand men in the country, every one of them as good as you are, who have just such bills as you present; and you care nothing of what becomes of them so you get your money." "We think our claim just, Mr. President." "Yes, but you know you can't prove what is in this paper by all the people in the United States, and yet you want me to prove it for you by writing my name on the back of it, yes, in plain words you wish me to lie for you that you may get your money. I shall not do it." The visitor stands a moment as if dizzy and undecided; and gathering up slowly retires to digest his repulse as best he may.

The latest personal anecdote of General Grant is told of a recent journey of his in a a railroad train, where he displayed, as usual, none of the insigna of his rank. A youthful book-pedlar traversed the cars, crying. "Life of General Grant." A mischievous aide pointed to the General's seat, suggesting to the boy that "that man might like a copy." General Grant turned over the pages of the book, and casually asked, "Who is it this is all about?" The boy, giving him a look of indignation and disgust, replied, "You must be a darned greeny not to know General Grant!" After this volley the Lieutenant General of course surrendered, and bought his biography.

A young woman in England aged twenty-two, born "stone-blind," was recently restored to perfect vision in four days by a surgical operation. The effect of her new sense was most curious. She had at first no idea whatever of perspective. She put her hand to the window to try to catch the trees on the other side of the street; she was utterly ignorant also of common things—e. g., what such things as a bunch of keys were, or a silver watch, or a common cup and saucer; but when she shut her eyes and was allowed to touch them (the educated sense) she told them at once.

It is said that the deaf mutes at the Hartford asylum have a company who have acquired surprising proficiency in military drill, all the orders being, of course, given by signs.

The Secretary of War has decided that soldiers who have been in continuous service for two years are entitled to the United States bounty of $100. It has been heretofore the practice among Paymasters to refuse payment of this bounty, if the parties applying for it had served in different branches or in different organizations of the service, even though they had served for two years successively. The decision of the Secretary of War settles this point, and many discharged soldiers, who were refused the bounty because they had not served two years in one branch of the service, although serving for two years in different branches, will now be entitled to receive their pay.—[Cincinnati Times.

CURIOUS.—A sixty pound catfish was caught in White river, by Joe Schemerhorn, and sold to a gentleman in East Bedford, last week, which, upon being opened, was found to contain an old English bulls-eye watch. From its appearance it had been a resident of the aqueous navigator's stomach for several years. The finny watch-stuffer had evidently taken "no note of time."

[Bedford independent.

A merchant in Whately, Mass., who was expecting a barrel of kerosene, lately rolled into his store by mistake a barrel of whiskey, which had been sent to the hotel keeper, and unwittingly began to deal it out for kerosene. He discovered his error when the real kerosene arrived, but his customers apparently did not know the difference—at least they said nothing about it.

HOSPITAL REPORT.

Changes at General Hospital No. 6, for the week ending April 5.

Whole number of beds,	550.
Admitted,	11.
Discharged from Service,	7.
Returned to duty,	7.
Transfered	3,
Deserted,	1.
Furloughed,	30.
Died	0.
Remaining	322.

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SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE

Constantly on hand, as

TEA SETS,
CASTORS,
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SPOONS,
FORKS,
GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,

Spectacles, Gold Pens of the finest quality,.

In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of

FANCY GOODS.

As Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases, &c., &c.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.

40tf JOHN KNEFFLY.

PROVISIONS,

Bologna Sausage, Ham Sausage, Choice Cigars, Cuba Sixes, Golden Era and Navy Tobaccos, Western Reserve Cheese, Hominy Fancy and German and Castile Soaps, Splendid Dried Beef, Mackerel in bbls, half and quarters, 20 Boxes Raisins, Zantee Currants Buck Wheat Flour, Teas, Nutmegs, Coffee and Sugar, at

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entirely new, and retailing on 1st floor, at WHOLESALE PRICES

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STENCIL ESTABLISHMENT.

Get your name cut on BRASS or SILVER PLATE, so that you will be able to mark your name on Linnen, Silk or Cotton Apareal, Books, Cards, &c. with Indelible Ink.

Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates for all business. Many years experience and uniform price enable me to confidentally recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.

P. FRENTZ,

No. 336 MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

NEW ALBANY, INDIANA. }
September 3rd, 1864. }

COUGH NO MORE!

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STRICKLAND'S

MILLIFLUOUS

COUGH BALSAM.

Cures Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM, to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gurgle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.

Price 75 cents per bottle. For sale by Druggists generally. Sold at J. H. Conner's Drug Store New Albany, Indiana.

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All descriptions of Boots and Shoes at very lowest prices.

Persons will do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

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PIPES, TOBACCO BOXES, Etc. Etc

Next door to the Post Office, sign of the big Indian.

Cheap Clothing!

FRANK SMITH,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Market Street, corner Lower First.

NEW ALBANY, IND.

dec21

POETRY.

SPRING FLOWERS.

The flowers! the lovely flowers;
They are springing forth again;
And opening their gentle eyes
In forest and in plain!
They cluster round the ancient stems
And ivied roots of trees,
Like children playing gracefully
About a father's knees.

The flowers! the lovely flowers!
Their pure and radiant eyes
Greet us where'er we turn our steps,
Like angels from the skies;
They say that naught exists on earth,
However poor and small,
Unseen by God, the meanest things,
He careth for them all.

The flowers, the lovely flowers!
The fairest types are they
Of the soul springing from its night
To sunshine and to day;
For though they lie all dead and cold,
With winter's snow above,
The glorious spring doth call them forth
To happiness and love.

Ye flowers, ye lovely flowers,
We greet you well and long;
With light, and warmth, and sunny smile,
And harmony and song;
And dull and sad would be this earth,
Were your bright beauties not;
And thus without life's flowers of love,
Oh, what would be our lot?

MISCELLANY.

JOHNNY AND THE DUTCHMAN.

The day that Wade Hampton charged Kilpatrick's camp I was at Gen Carlin's headquarters when a rebel soldier, carrying a carbine, and a Teutonic member of 9th Michigan cavalry came up. On reaching the tents the Dutchman saluted and said:

"Captains, there ish un brisoner"

"Where did you get him?" inqnired the Adjutant-General.

"Well, yer see, I was in der perginning of the fight, and got cut off; and without der gun or horse, hid in der swamp. Pimepy I sees der Shonny coming up, so I shust shumped pehind der tree to grab hims. Der tam fool didn't cums close ter nuff, and I sheps out mit 'surrender!' I sook hands mit him, and we made une compact to stike for ter camp; and, if it so pe we make rebel lines I was to pe his prisoner, and, if der were ter Union lines, he is to pe mine prisoner."

The story seemed so improbable that the rebel was appealed to, and confirmed the Dutchman's tale, merely adding:

"I were tired of toting the gun, and wanted to sell out cheap for cash or hard tack."

☞A good story is told of the recent "smash up,, on the C. &. R. I. R. A soldier, who in coming frm Baltimore to Rock Island, had met with four accidents, was on this occasion in the car that was turned completely over. Making his way throngh a window, and gaining an upright position, he looked around him and coolly inquired, "*What Station do you call this?*"

Plato recognizes in music the expression of our inner life, and gave to it the idea of the beautiful as foundation, which as moral beauty, and united with the good, comes from God, and therefore leads back to unison in Him.

BLANKS

For Furloughs and Vouchers,

For sale at the Reveille Office.

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BOOTS & SHOES

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Economize your Money by buying at the

EAGLE SHOE STORE,

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Refreshments of all kinds, and meals at all hours, and also Cigars and Tabacco, sold at

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SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE

Constantly on hand, as

TEA SETS,
CASTORS,
WAITERS,
PITCHERS,
GOBLETS,
SPOONS,
FORKS,
GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,

Spectacles, Gold Pens of the finest quality,.

In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of

FANCY GOODS.

As Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases, &c., &c.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.

40tf JOHN KNEFFLY.

Provisions.

Bologna Sausage, Ham Sausage, Choice Cigars, Cuba Sixes, Golden Era, and Navy Tobaccos, Western Reserve Cheese, Hominy Fancy and German and Castile Soaps, Splendid Dried Beef, Mackerel in bbls, half and quarters, 20 Boxes Raisins, Zantee Currants Buck Wheat Flour, Teas, Nutmegs, Coffee and Sugar, at

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to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gurgle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.

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For the Soldier in the Field and Hospital.

VOL. II. NEW ALBANY, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1865. NO. 5.

The Reveille.

Published every Wednesday at
HOSPITAL No. 6, NEW ALBANY, IND.,
BY
C. T. ATHEARN,
AND
M. UMBDENSTOCK.

Terms, fifty cents for three months

Letters and communications should be addressed to the "Reveille."

POETRY.

For the Reveille.

The Deserted Mansion.

Hail mansion deserted, once the seat of my forefathers,
Sweetly beneath thy warm roof they reposed;
While Prayer-book and Bible lay open before them,
In cheerful devotion the evenings were closed.

And ye tow'ring oaks, for your wide spreading branches
Shaded their steps as they pensively roved;
To catch the wild notes of the sweet feathered songsters,
And contemplate nature as onward they moved.

But the time is long past, and their dust now reposes
Beneath the green turf where the evening breeze sighs;
Ye hills and ye vallies bespangled with roses,
No more shall your beauties enrapture their eyes.

No more shall they wander in sweet contemplation,
To view the white billows, that play on the shore;
No more shall their footsteps be seen on the margin,
For places that knew them shall know them no more.

Dear mansion, deserted, how often I view you
With feelings of wonder and mournful delight;
You seem like a monument figured before me,
And faint recollection revives at the sight.

Oh wisdom direct me, and teach me my duty,
Teach me to press forward as those did of old,
Till gained is the city of immortal beauty,
Where saints in full glory their Saviour behold.

ARMOFLEED.

Edgartown, March 31, 1865.

POLITENESS.—A would-be erudite young man, wishing to ask a young lady if he might speak to her a few moments, "wanted to know if he could roll the wheel of conversation around the axle-tree of her understanding for a moment." The poor girl fainted.

MISCELLANY.

A Chapter about Horses.

A San Francisco correspondent of the New York times indulges in the following gossip about horses:

The people of Yamhile, Oregon, are raising money to purchase the finest Black Hawk horse in Oregon, to be forwarded as a tribute of their esteem and regard for Gen. Sheridan, who was formerly stationed at that place—a Second Lieutenant then. The horse will of course go by steamer, and be delivered to the General at his head quarters.

There are some fine horses in Oregon, but I wish they would commission me to select one here. I don't mean the native California stock, for one of that breed would give him a more sudden "hoist" than even his late well deserved promotion. The California horses indulge in a little amusement called "bucking," which performance consists in a short run, a bound in the the air, and coming down stiff legged, followed up by putting their noses to the ground, and their heels in the air about sixty times in a minute, by which time they have got rid of rider, saddle, and nearly their own skins—delightful beasts. There are some splendid horses here raised from imported stock, fit even for a Major General to ride, although the Oregon people think they are some on horses. Speaking of "bucking" reminds me of a little circumstance I witnessed in Charleston once upon a time. I laid over for one day in traveling through, at the solicitation of a friend, to see a grand review of all the city troops. The commanding General had engaged for his steed a fine looking charger that had been doing duty for several years in a bread cart. The troops were formed in line to be reviewed, and as the band struck up the General and staff came galloping down in front at a good round pace, when just as he was passing the centre of the line a fellow in the ranks, knowing the characteristics of the animal, sung out "Bread." The old horse, true to habit, when hearing the word, came to a sudden "halt," and, as a matter of course, pitched his rider over his head, and landed him, spread eagle fashion, on the grass. Discipline couldn't stand it, and there was a roar of laughter from one end of the line to the other, including several spectators. I think I never saw so mad a man since I was born. He jumped up, and drew his sword, and for a few moments it seemed as if he would take the life of every man on the ground. He stormed, and raved, offered untold wealth for the name of the man who did the mischief, but I doubt if he ever knew. I never see a General and staff galloping down the line that I don't think of the scene and the way that high functionary went to grass.

The Lunatic and the Sportsman.

In an article on 'The World at Large,' the purport of which is to shew that men who are reputedly sane men, often act very insanely, a writer in "Chamber's Journal" reproduces this story:

A gentleman of fortune visited a lunatic asylum, where the treatment consisted chiefly in forcing the patients to stand in tubs of cold water; those slightly affected, up to the knees; others, whose cases were graver, up to the middle; while persons very seriously ill, were immersed up to the neck. The visitor entered into conversation with one of the patients, who appeared to have some curiosity, to know how the stranger passed his time out of doors.

"I have horses and grayhounds for coursing," said the latter, in reply to the other's question.

"Are they expensive?"

"Yes, they cost me a good deal of money in the year, but they are the best of their kind."

"Have you anything more?"

"Yes, I have a pack of hounds for hunting the fox."

"And they cost a good deal, too?"

"A very great deal. And I have birds for hawking."

"I see; birds for hunting birds. And they swell up the expense, I dare say."

"You may say that, for they are not common in this country. And then I sometimes go out alone with my gun, accompanied by a setter and retriever."

"And these are expensive, too?"

"Of course. After all, it is not the animals themselves that run away with the money; there must be men you know, to feed and look after them, houses to lodge them in—in short the whole sporting establishment."

"I see—you have horses, hounds, setters, retrievers, hawks, men; and all for the capture of foxes and birds. What an enormous revenue they must cost you! Now, what I want to know is this, what return do they pay? What does a year's sporting produce?"

"Why, we kill a fox now and then—only they are getting scarce hereabouts—and we seldom bag less than fifty brace of birds each season."

"Hark!" said the lunatic, looking anxiously around him. "My friend," in an earnest whisper, "there is a gate behind you; take my advice, and be out of this place while you are safe. Don't let the Doctor get his eyes upon you. He ducks us to some purpose; but as sure as you are a living man, he will half drown you."

A Pretty Anecdote.

The following anecdote is related by the celebrated Professor Grimm:

"Not long ago, a little girl of about eight years old, apparently belonging to a good family, rings at the door of Dr. Grimm, and tells the servant that she wishes to speak to the 'Herr Professor.'

"Thinking that the little one had to deliver a message, the servant showed her into the study of the Professor, who received her kindly and asked after her errand. The child looks at him with earnest eyes, and says: 'Is it thou who hast written those fine Marchen?" (fairy tales). 'Yes, my dear,' answered Dr. Grimm, 'my brother and I have written the Hans Marchen.' 'Then then hast also written the tale of the clever little tailor, where it is said at the end, who will not believe it must pay a little thaler?' "Yes, I have written that, too.' 'Well, then, I don't believe it, and so I suppose I have to pay a thaler; but as I have not so much money now, I'll give thee a groschen on account, and pay the rest by-and-by.' The savant, as may be imagined, was not a little surprised and amused. He inquired the name of his conscientious little reader, and took care that she reached her home safely.

The Laugh of a Woman.

A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes upon the water. It leads from her in a clear sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen figure through the trees, led on by a fairy laugh, now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of cares and sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing throughout the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns prose to poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darkness of the wood in which we are traveling; it touches with delight even our sleep which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

at last! J.D.R.

The Reveille.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1865.

An election taking place in one of the NewEngland States attracts but little attention at the West. We have merely the telegraphic announcement of the results, which possesses interest only to the politician, or the native of the State who has wandered far away. The war news has demoralized the Demoeracy, who could only hope to thrive on the disasters of the country. In Connecticut the Union triumph has been complete. The only Democrat from the State has been defeated. The same is true of New Hampshire In the First District of the latter State it was feared that the copperhead Marcy would be re-elected over the veteran soldier, Brigadier General Marston. When the rebels fired on Fort Sumpter General Marston was in Congress. Fired by patriotic ardor he gave up his seat, and went to work and recruited a regiment. On the disastrous field of Bull Run, and while refusing to fly, and vainly endeavoring to rally the panic stricken fugitives, he was badly wounded in the shoulder. For his bravery Colonel Marston was made a Brigadier. In '63 a copperhead district elected Marcy, a man willing to surrender to armed rebels all for which General Marston had fought and bled. At the late election the same candidates ran a second time, when General Marston was triumphantly elected. I have known General Marston from a boy, and a more noble, generous, and kind-hearted man does no exist. The soldier will find in him a friend, and should rejoice at his elevation to so important a position. The country will find in him a faithful servant and wise legislator. He is one of the best speakers, and one of the best lawyers in the State of New Hampshire. E. J. P.

The Crowning Victory!

SURRENDER OF LEE!

THE WAR AT AN END!

It gives us pleasure to announce today, in the subjoined dispatches, the final victory of the war. After four years of bloodshed, the bow of peace is rising in the heavens. A million homes in the North and in the South will this day be filled with rejoicing. "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will towards men."

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
April 8.

Major General Dix: A telegram from Gen. Grant dated this day at 12 noon, at Fannville Mills, west of Burk's station, says the rebels have been pushed from the road toward Danville and are now being pursued toward Lynchburg, and that he is very confident of receiving the surrender of Lee and what remains of his army. E. M. STANTON.

CLIFTON HOUSE, VA., April 9, 1865—P. M. To Hon. E. M. Stanton: The following correspondence has taken place beeween Gen. Lee and myself. There has been no relaxation in the pursuit during its pendency.

U. S. GRANT.

April 7, 1865. Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.: General: The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the C. S. Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

Very respectfully, your ob'd't serv't,
U. S. GRANT,
Lieut-General Com'g U. S. A.

April 7, 1865. General: I have received your note of this date. Though not entirely of the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and, therefore, before considering your proposition, I ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

R. E. LEE, General.
To Lieut-Gen. U. S. Grant, Commanding Armies of the United States.

April 8. Gen. R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. A.: General: Your note of last evening, in reply to mine of the same date, asking the conditions on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply, I will say, that peace being my first desire, there is but one condition I insist upon, viz: that the men surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms again against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or designate officers to meet any officers you may name, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,
U. S. GRANT,
Lieut-General, Commanding U. S. A.

April 8, 1865. General: I received at a late hour your note of to-day in answer to mine of yesterday. I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army, but as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desire to know whether your proposals would tend to that end. I would not, therefore, meet you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia, but as far as your proposition may affect the Confederate States forces under my command and tend to the restoration of peace. I should be pleased to meet you at 10 o'clock A. M. to-morrow, on the old stage road to Richmond, between the lines of the two armies.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,
R. E. LEE, General.
To Lieut-Gen. U. S. Grant, U. S. A.

April 9, 1865. Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.: Your note of yesterday is received. As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace, the meeting proposed for 10 A. M. to-day could not lead to any good. I will state, however, General, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood by the South—laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event—save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions dollars worth of property not yet destroyed. Sincerely hoping that our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another human life, I snbscribe myself,

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,
U. S. GNANT, Lieut-General.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 9, 9 P. M. This Department has just received official reports of the surrender this day of General Lee and his army to Lieutenant General Grant, on the terms proposed by General Grant. The details will be given as speedily as possible. E. M. TTANTON,
Sec'y of War.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES, April 9, 1865.—Hon. E. M. Stanton: General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon upon terms proposed by myself. The accompanying and additional correspondence will show the conditions fully. U. S. GRANT, Lieut-Gen.

April 9, 1865. General: I received your note of this morning on the picket line, whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposition of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now request an interview in accordance with the order contained your letter of yesterday for that purpose.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,
R. E. LEE, General.
To Lieut-Gen. Grant.

April 9, 1865. General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A: Your note of this day is but this moment (11.50 A. M.) received. In consequence of having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road to the Farmville and Lynchburg, I am thus writing about four miles west of Walter's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. A notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.
Very respectfuly, your obedient servant
U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

Appomattox Court-House, April 9, 1865.
Gen R. E. Lee. Commanding C. S. A.

In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th instant, I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate, the officers to give their individual parole not to take up arms against the Government of the Unieed stat until properly exchanged, and eac company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of his command. and the arms, artillery, and public property to be parked or stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, or their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as he observes his parole and the laws in force where he may reside.

Very respectfully,
U. S. GRANT, Lieut-General.

HEADQR'S ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, April 9, 1865.
Lieut.-Gen. U S. Grant, Comd'g. U. S. A.:
GENERAL: I have received your letter of this date, containing the terms of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, as proposed by you As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,
R. E. LEE, General.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 9, 1865, 9:30 P.M.
To Lieut.-General Grant:
Thanks be to Almighty God for the great victory with which this day has crowned you and the gallant army under your command. Accept the thanks of this Department and of the Government of the people. Their reverence and honor have been deserved and will be given to you and the brave and gallant officers and soldiers of your command for all time.

(Signed) E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 9, 1865, 9:30 10 P. M.
Ordered, that a salute of 200 guns be fired at the headquarters of every army, and department, and at every post and arsenal in the United States, and at the Military Academy at West Point, on the day of the receipt of this order, in commemoration of the surrender of General Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia to Lieut. General Grant and the army uuder his command.

The report on the receipt and execution of this order to be made to the Adjut. General.

(Signed) E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

A coal mine has been discovered about three miles from Fort Price, in Dakota territory, which will probably be of great value in future operations. Gen. Pope says of it in his official report: "The existence of this great coal field half way between the great lakes and the Rocky Mountains, is a fact the value of which can not well be overestimated. Aside from furnishing fuel for the navigation of the upper Missouri river, it is a controlling element in the location of a railroad to the Pacific.

A venerable lady in Hartford, born in the mouth and year of our independence, July 1776, has knit 96 pairs of socks for the soldiers, 52 during the past year. Another lady in a neighboring town, asked for some yarn to knit soldiers' mittens: and to the reply, "you are lame in your hands," she said, "Well, but I ain't lame in my heart." She has sent most convincing proof that lame hands can knit excellent mittens, if assisted by a sound loyal heart.

A Tavern keeper in England, who was talking boastingly about his customers, said of one of them. "He is the most regular man in Harwick; he comes here and gets drunk every Saturday, and has done the same for ten years, except when his mother died, and that time he came on Sunday it is a grand thing to be punctual."

Reduction of the Hours of Labor.

The question of reducing the hours of labor is one which is beginning to agitate the public mind, and in the large cities and manufacturing towns it is assuming an importance which must force it upon the attention of the public. It is claimed, and justly, that eight hours a day is enough for any honest man to work. A faithful workman will do as much in eight hours as as he can in ten. The emblematic division of the "twenty-four inch guage" is the true division: Eight hours for labor, eight hours for study and recreation, and eight hours for refreshment and repose. Who will object to the equal division of the hours of the day? Man is not a machine; he is beginning to learn the great lesson that continued uninterrupted toil dwarfs his intellect and shortens his days of usefulness. The race is fast rising to the dignity of true manhood and the workingmen are beginning to yearn for opportunities for self-improvement and study. Labor is taking its legitimate place by the side of capital, and the latter is beginning to learn that an intelligent, educated mechanic is worth more than an ignorant, unthinking one. The former can do more work and do it better in eight hours than the latter can do it in ten or more, and while by the adoption of this system, the laboring man—the producing capital of the nation—takes long strides in the onward march of progression, while he is developing his mental powers, he is at the same time becoming more valuable to his employer in the exact proportion as he becomes educated and intelligent, and it is strange that there should be any objection from any source to this most righteous demand of the working men for a reduction of their hours of labor.

[Portland Courier.

Sharp Practice - - - - Inexhaustible Oil Well.

The Titusville Reporter gives particulars of an enormous swindle practised by a pair of sharpers, near Frankline, one day last week: It appears that the parties had been sinking a well near the borough, and calling on certain parties in town, they stated that they had struck oil, that their well was yielding one hundred barrels per day, and that they would sell out the whole thing for $75,000 cash. A couple of gentlemen were dispatched to look at the well, and on arriving there, found everything as represented, the machinery in perfect operation, and the well pumping into a huge tank a very good quality of oil, at fully the rate indicated. The visitors agreed to invest, but wanted a few hours for deliberation. They accordingly returned to Franklin, and consulted some of the best "oil men," to ascertain the value of such a "supposable" investment, and were assured that it would be worth $300,000 at the least. This settled the question and the buyers hurried back to the well owners, closed the bargain, planked the cash, and prepared to make their fortunes without delay. The next day it was found that the old employes of the company had left, but others were promptly installed, and the pumping resumed. Judge the astonishment of the purchaers upon discovering that, not withstanding the continual pumping and flow of oil, it did not rise in the tank! In other words, there was "surface indications" of a big leakage. The pump was stopped, and an excavation commenced at the side of the tank. A few feet below, a smaller tank was found, communicating with the uper by a small tube, through which the oil was conducted From the lower tank another tube descended diagonally to the well, about eighteen feet below the surface, and at a still lower depth the well was plugged. This devise for securing an inexhaustible well could not well be improved. But the victims "couldn't see it." They went back to Franklin in search of the sharpers, but the latter were *non est*, and up to the present they have not been arrested.

How She Received the News.— On Monday last week, as the bells were ringing out joyful peals over the fall of Richmond, a lady who occupies a high social position, is a prominent female democrat of the straighest school, and lives within less than a thonsand miles of University Square, came to the door of her hospitable mansion, in great alarm, and inquired of a passer-by where the fire was. On learning that Babylon was fallen, her alarm was changed to grief, and she burst into a flood of bitter tears. She wept as Rachel wept, and refused to be comforted. We hope some of our kind-hearted druggists will send Mrs —— a bottle of soothing syrup. Ind. Journal.

Army Coffee Pot.—A correspondent describes a huge coffee pot in use by the Potomac army. It consists of three large boilers, containing about twenty - five gallons, with furnaces underneath. These are supported by two wheels, and under the axle is a box for wood and coal. On four wheels is a chest, containing canisters for coffee, tea, farina, sugar and condensed milk. The whole is drawn by two horses, and is intended to operate on the battle-field to supply the wounded with coffee, &c. This has been used on several battle-fields.

Bunting.— Among the statements of the Secretary of the Navy was one which is not to the credit of American industry. The bunting under which our soldiers fight and citizens hurrah is not the product of American hands. We rely upon foreign factories for the principal material of which the thousand flags of the Republic are composed. How long shall this reproach last? Manufacturers of America, see to it that foreign looms shall no longer have the monopoly of producing the bunting which floats from our mast-heads and flag-staffs, as the emblem of our assailed, yet surely triumphant nationality.

Cabbage plants may be raised easily from sprouts thrown out by the old stumps.— They merely require to be cut from the stump with a portion of its bark pertaining to them and to be planted in rows like rooted seedlings and to have the usual watering. It is the mode of raising cabbages universally adopted by the Chinese.

HOSPITAL REPORT.

Changes at General Hospital No. 6, for the week ending April 12.

Whole number of beds,	550.
Admitted,	6.
Discharged from Service,	2.
Returned to duty,	21.
Transfered	0.
Deserted,	0.
Furloughed,	5.
Died	0.
Remaining	300.

J. Cadwalader, Son & Co.

Are offering a well assorted stock of

Boots & Shoes,

entirely new, and retailing on 1st floor, at

WHOLESALE PRICES

n order to change Boots and Shoes into Dry Goods.

No. 55 State St., between Market and Main

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Good Photographs!

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PROVISIONS,

Bologna Sausage, Ham Sausage, Choice Cigars, Cuba Sixes, Golden Era and Navy Tobaccos, Western Reserve Cheese. Hominy Fancy and German and Castile Soaps, Splendid Dried Beef, Mackerel in bbls, half and quarters, 20 Boxes Raisins, Zantee Currants Buck Wheat Flour, Teas, Nutmegs, Coffee and Sugar, at

REILLY'S,

45 State Street.

FOR SALE

A FARM, of 30 ACRES with good improvements, one mile South-east from Sellersburg, 8 miles from this City.

Mrs. ELIZA MORE.

Marcus W. Lewis. Frank A. Lewis

LEWIS BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FOREIGN LIQUORS,

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American Brandies, Gins and Whiskies,

Also sole Agents for the South and West, for GENESEE AND BORBON COUNTY OLD WHISKIES,

Agents for Schultz's Cincinnati, Cream and Stock Ale.

No. 258 Main Street, Crawford's Building,

NEW ALBANY IND.

New York, Cincinnati and Louisville Prices. 40tf

POCKET DIARIES

Of all styles and prices, for sale at wholesale and retail, by

JNO. R. NUNEMACHER,

BOOKSELLER AND

STATIONER,

268 Main st., New Albany, Ind.

47

JOHN KNEPFLY,

No. 300 Main St.,

Has just received a New and Complete Stock of Gold and Silver Watches, Chains, Clocks of every description, and Jewelry of the most hansome and latest styles.

SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE

Constantly on hand, as

TEA SETS,

CASTORS,

WAITERS,

PITCHERS,

GOBLETS,

SPOONS,

FORKS,

GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,

Spectacles, Gold Pens of the finest quality,.

In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of

FANCY GOODS.

As Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases, &c., &c.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.

40tf JOHN KNEPFLY.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS.

SOLDIER'S RESTAURANT.

Refreshments of all kinds, and meals at all hours, and also Cigars and Tabacco, sold at

NICHOLAS NOLAN,

A discharged Soldier,

CORNER OF LOWER 2d & MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, IND.

March, 8th 1865.

Job Printing

EXECUTED AT THE

REVEILLE OFFICE

POETRY.

Your Mission.

If you can not on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storm you meet:
You can stand among the sailors.
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high;
You can stand within the valley
As the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver,
Ever ready to command,
If you can not to the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Savior's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You con find it anywhere.

MISCELLANY.

A young gentleman was paying special attention to a young lady, and one day a little girl, about five years old, slipped in and began a conversation with him:

"I can always tell," said she, "when you are coming to our house."

"You can," he replied, "and how do you tell it?"

"Why, when you are going to be here, sister begins to sing and to get good; and she gives me cake and anything I want; and sings so sweetly—when I speak to her she smiles so pleasautly. I wish you would stay here all the while; then I would have a nice time. But when you go off, sister is not so good. She gets mad, and when I ask for anything, she slaps and bangs me about." This was a poser to the young gentleman. "Fools and children tell the truth," quoth he;" and taking his hat he left, aud returned no more.

An old criminal was once asked what was the first step that led him to ruin, when he answered· "The first step was cheating a printer out of two years' subscription, when I had done that the devil got such a grip on me that I could never shake him off."

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FOR SALE

A FARM, of 30 ACRES with good improvements, one mile South-east from Sellersburg, 8 miles from this City.

Mrs. ELIZA MORE.

MARCUS W. LEWIS. FRANK A. LEWIS

LEWIS BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FOREIGN LIQUORS,

AND DISTILLERS OF

American Brandies, Gins and Whiskies,

Also sole Agents for the South and West, for GENESEE AND BORBON COUNTY OLD WHISKIES,

Agents for Sehultz's Cincinnati, Cream and Stock Ale.

No. 258 Main Street, Crawford's Building,

NEW ALBANY IND.

New York, Cincinnati and Louisville Prices. 40tf

CHEAPEST

BOOTS & SHOES

IN THE CITY.

Economize your Money by buying at the

EAGLE

SHOE STORE,

297 Main St., between Bank and Pearl, South side, New Albany, Ind.

THOS. RAWLEY.

JOHN KNEPFLY,

No. 300 MAIN ST.,

Has just received a New and Complete Stock of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, CHAINS, CLOCKS of every description, and JEWELRY of the most hansome and latest styles.

SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE

Constantly on hand, as

TEA SETS,
CASTORS,
WAITERS,
PITCHERS,
GOBLETS,
SPOONS,
FORKS,
GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,

Spectacles, Gold Pens of the finest quality,.

In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of

FANCY GOODS.

As Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases,
&c., &c.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.

40tf JOHN KNEPFLY.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS.

SOLDIER'S RESTAURANT.

Refreshments of all kinds, and meals at all hours, and also Cigars and Tabacco, sold at

NICHOLAS NOLAN,

A discharged Soldier,

CORNER OF LOWER 2d & MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, IND.

March, 8th 1865.

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HERMAN PRALLE,

Wholesale and retail dealer in

TOBACCO, CIGARS,

PIPES, TOBACCO BOXES, ETC. ETC

Next door to the Post Office, sign of the big Indian.

CHEAP

Boots & Shoes.

J. C. HURSELL,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 244 MAIN ST., NEW ALBANY. IND

All descriptions of Boots and Shoes at very lowest prices.

Persons will do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

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COUGH NO MORE!

TRY

STRICKLAND'S

MELLIFLUOUS

COUGH BALSAM.

Cures Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of

STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM,

to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gurgle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.

Price 75 cents per bottle. For sale by Druggists generally. Sold at J. H. Conner's Drug Store New Albany, Indiana.

GET ONE.

FRANTZ'S

STENCIL ESTABLISHMENT,

Get your name cut on BRASS or SILVER PLATE, so that you will be able to mark your name on Linnen, Silk or Cotton Apareal, Books, Cards, &c. with Indelible Ink.

Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates for all business. Many years experience and uniform price enable me to confidentally recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.

P. FRENTZ,

No. 336 MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

NEW ALBANY, INDIANA,
September 3rd, 1864

Cheap Clothing!

FRANK SMITH,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Market Street, corner Lower First,

NEW ALBANY, IND.

dec21

THE REVEILLE.

For the Soldier in the Field and Hospital.

VOL. II. NEW ALBANY, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1865. NO. 6.

The Reveille.

Published every Wednesday at Hospital No. 6, New Albany, Ind.
BY
C. T. ATHEARN,
AND
M. UMBDENSTOCK.

Terms, fifty cents for three months

Letters and communications should be addressed to the "Reveille."

POETRY.

For the Reveille

Stanza.

While youth can every joy afford,
Remember thy Creator Lord;
Thy days are swift, the years draw nigh,
When thou shalt say no joys have I.

God formed the sun with dazzling light,
And moon and stars that gild the night;
He holds the tempest in His hand,
And clouds bring forth at His command.

He formed the dreadful depths of hell,
He formed the heavens where angels dwell;
This wond'rous ball on which we stand,
It was formed by His almighty hand.

He can create, or can destroy;
With wonder, veneration, joy,
We bow ourselves before His shrine,
And all His works of wonder own.

Say, what is all this vast expanse?
Who views it at a single glance;
Each creeping thing, each breathing soul,
Is under His divine control.

Then shall we pass the youthful hour,
Regardless of God's sovereign power,
Let this blest season run to waste,
Till all our active joys are past.

In age shall we with sorrow say,
Our* summer months have passed away;
The harvest's ended, sun is set
And we, alas! not saved yet.

ARMOFLEED.

Edgarstown, Mass. April 1st. 1865.

* Jeremiah viii 20.

'I stand,' said a western stump-orator 'on the broad platform of the priciples of '*nintey eight; and palsied be my arm, if I desert 'em!' 'You don't stand on nothin' of the kind!' interrupted a little shoemaker in the crowd; 'you stand in a pair of my boots, that you've never paid for, and I want the money!' This blunt remark seemed to lessen the value of 'principles' in the mind of the by-standers.

The great "anaconda" is contracting its coils. Grant and Sherman are its head and tail, and they nearly touch. The attempt of the rebels to capture the "anaconda" by putting salt on its tail is not likely to succeed.

MISCELLANY.

MY GHOST.

This is not a tale of spiritual rappings. I never heard any. Possibly I am not worth a rap, being only an artist. My table does not hop, or rear up, or fly. Between you and me, it is lucky it does not. If it did, the claw would come off, to a dead certainty. I think it right to mention this, to warn any playful young ghosts or ghostesses of the fact. Now to my tale.

Aurelia Garfore and I loved one another passionately; so passionately that at the age of seventeen we resolved to marry. Both our parents opposed the scheme. We had neither of us any money, and though I myself a Titan, the portraits I daubed were poor things, even for sign painting. But we could not wait. We grew desperate. We determined to run away into the wide world.

The wide world! How narrow is it after all. A gimlet eight thousand miles long would bore a hole right through it. And what is eight thousand miles? Less than most people walk in a couple of years. "What is anything composed of everything?" as the editor down east observed.

Aurelia's parents lived in Two-hundred and Twenty-second street. Their house is near the corner of Fourth avenue. It is a long way "up town" Some say there is no such street. But that, of course, is nonsense, because I know Aurelia lived in it. Many people, no doubt, have started off in the cars to look for the street, and never found it. It is not easy to find; though, as it is the next street to Two hundred and Twenty-first street, it is not difficult at all. But I know the street like a book. There was only one house in it, and that was only half built, owing to the owner's want of funds. I need not add that house was the house of Aurelia's parents.

There was a large garden in the house. People can afford space for gardens up in Two hundred and Twenty-second street. It was a very nice garden. Only one thing grew in it, and that was grass. But give me grass to walk on. Trees are all very well for climbing, and timber is used for building. Fruit is a capital thing if you want to eat, and flowers are pretty if you want to look at them. But Aurelia and I only wanted to walk about with our arms round one another's waists; and we preferred grass to trees, as we did not want to climb like squirrels, or build like carpenters We valued grass even more highly than flowers, because we preferred sitting down upon it and looking into one another's eyes, to gazing at all the roses and magnolias in creation. And as for fruit, we scorned to think of earthly peaches or apricots, when our lips could be so much more sweetly occupied in exchanging celestial kisses, of which no amount could possibly give us a surfeit.

It is my deliberate conviction that the garden of Eden was a grass-grown bit of land, with good high fence round to cast a shade in hot weather. The rest was love—which makes a paradise of any place.

We resolved to run away. And we did. We met one afternoon behind the wall of the grass-grown garden, and made for the cars. As we went along, I summed up the items of my happiness, drew a line, and calculated the total. The items were:

1. An angelic disposition.
2. The softest black eyes in the world; silken tresses to match.
3. A complexion pure as the whiteness of a pearl.
4. A mouth which beats all the Greek statues to fits.
5. A neck and shoulders of human, though quite equal to vegetable ivory.
6. A slender, graceful figure, that would have destroyed St. Anthony's saintship to a dead certainty, and so much the better for him if it had tempted him.
7. Love for a certain individual (who like Mr. Ferocious in 'Tom Pepper,' shall be nameless), carried to the confines of hero worship.

Total: Aurelia Garford.

I was in a state of tremendous exhiliration. My soul cut capers, and threw up its hat inside my breast; at least so I conjectured from the thumps I felt against the walls of that portion of my body. Aurelia and I took one long-drawn, champagnish sort of kiss just before we turned the corner of that, to many, apochryphal Two hundred and Twenty-second street, and in another minute we were at the railway station.

So was old Garford!

He had come home two hours before his time from his office down town, where he was supposed to make money somehow. Not that he ever made any. His wife had a small income of her own, and that supported the family. Mr. Garford—at least so it appeared to me—was allowed to play at business, just to keep himself out of mischief.

"Hollo, young people!" he cried jovially; "taking a walk, hey? Where are you off to, and what does my pretty Aurelia carry in that confoundedly bulgy basket there?"

"Oh, papa!" cried Aurelia, whose self-possession was upset by the sudden rencontre, and the dear girl burst into a passionate flood of tears—tears of disappointment and vexation, I conscientiously believe.

"Hollo! what's this, what's this, young gentleman?" said old Garford sternly, smelling a rat for the first time?

"Why, Sir," said I, perhaps stupidly impelled by an irresistible impulse, "if you had not met us so unluckily, we should have run away and got married."

"Hum!" said old Garfield looking at me fixedly; "is there any particular reason for your getting married in such a hurry?"

"Yes, Sir," said I.

"And, pray, what is it?" said old Garfield severely.

"We love one another!" said I, looking him boldly in the face.

"Oh, is that all? Very well. You need not run away; I have not the least objection to your being married."

"Oh, Sir.——"

"Stop a moment. I have a great objection to your marrying without anything to live on. Much as I am attached to Mrs. Garford, Sir, I should never have dreamed of marrying her unless we had had between us sufficient to support a respectable establishment, Sir."

"But, Sir.——"

"But, Sir," resumed Mr. Garford, who evidently took a pleasure in playing his part of heavy father in the drama; "but, Sir, you perhaps imagine that I can give my daughter a fortune. You anticipate.——"

"Not at all, Sir," I interrupted, eager to disclaim all interested motives. "I know very well that you cannot give your daughter anything."

"Indeed, Sir, indeed? And pray how do you know that I cannot give my daughter a fortune? Are you aware, Sir, that the business I am engaged in is one by which some of the largest fortunes in this city have been realized, Sir?"

To use a somewhat worn but expressive phrase, I had hit my intended father-in-law "in the raw," and all attempt to conciliate proved fruitless. Nor did a hint from Aurelia that "papa knew very well that he had not made the rent of his office for the past two years," at all mend matters.

Farther, Mr. Garland positively forbade my farther visits or correspondence with his daughter until I could show him that I was worth five thousand dollars clear; and making an income of at least two thousand dollars a year.

Thus we parted. I made several a

[See the fourth page.]

What!! God knows why. T. P. R.

The Reveille.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1865.

MURDER!

OUR NOBLE PRESIDENT is dead!—shot, murdered by the hand of a cowardly assassin. It carries us back to the dark ages when such crimes were not uncommon. A man with no aspiration but to do his duty, with more than ordinary kindness and humanity, not a cruel despot, has fallen a victim to the barbarism of slavery. Abraham Lincoln has died a martyr for his country. He has sealed his devotion to the cause of the Union and human liberty by his blood. Let good men mourn, but let no traitor presume to rejoice. Let rebels put on sackcloth and ashes, for they have murdered one who has often stood between them and a halter. Let us nerve ourselves with a stronger resolution to crush the rebellion. We were ready in our joy to welcome the traitors back; but we believe that they should perish like the nations of Canaan, and that the country should be occupied by Christians. Some may say that the act was the act of one, or at least of two men, and that others should not suffer in consequence. It was the spirit of the Confederacy;—the same diabolical spirit that starved and tortured to death thirty thousand prisoners—fired upon defenceless steamers loaded with women and children—fired the hotels of New York and elsewhere with their hundreds of occupants—set fire to Barnum's Museum when crowded—threw trains off the track—shot in cold blood men and officers after they had surrendered, and stripped them to the skin. No! the men, and even the women of the Confederacy, are as guilty, with very few exceptions, of the horrid deed as J. Wilkes Booth himself. "We should be magnanimous when the rebels have laid down their arms." Great credit do they deserve, after fighting, murdering and starving the defenders of the nation as long as they could, for surrendering when we have at last got them by the throat. Yes, pity them, like the countryman who found a viper cold and stiff, take them to the bosom of the nation, feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and then, when the nation's head is planning new acts of mercy, let them shoot him in the back. Watch the cowardly assassins who hoped to paralyze the nation, or some day we may all be murdered in our beds.

Good bye rebel capitol; Richmond is restored to the Union. Good bye rebel Congress; you are scattered broadcast, never to be re-united. Good bye Jeff Davis; your bogus government is busted, and your occupation gone. Good bye rebel Cabinet; your despotic rule is ended. Good bye Libby; the day of redemption has broken your bonds, and let the oppressed go free. Good bye Southern Confederacy: you were never recognized as a nationality, but simply as a myth; and now you can go glimmering into utter darkness, and hemp is the doom of traitors. Look out.

Details of the Surrender.

NEW YORK, April 14.—The World has a graphic account of the pursuit and surrender of Lee. It appears the 2d and 5th corps came first upon Lee's rear from the east, just west of Amelia Court House. The Army of the James at the same time pressed forward from the southwest. The 6th corps came in between and struck Ewell's corps, and with Sheridan's cavalry, captured that commander, with most of his command. A moment before Ewell sent a note to Lee urging him to surrender. Our line forming three-fourths of a circle north, east and south, around the rebel forces, pressed on until Saturday evening, when Custer's and Merrill's cavalry reached the Appomattox C. H., (on the maps Clover Hill), the county seat of Appomattox county, west of the rebel army, and completing the circle. During Saturday night Lee thought he could cut his way through and reach Danville, directly south. Having encountered cavalry only at the point he had selected for his enterprise, on Sunday morning he made an attempt, but in the meantime the 5th corps came up and the rebels received a shock which told them at last that all was over. The negotiations for the surrender then followed.

MOBILE CAPTURED.

CAIRO, April 16.—The New Orleans Times publishes official despatches of the capture of Spanish Fort and Blakely—the former at 1·30 A.M. on the 9th, with 700 prisoners; the latter on the same day, by assault, and over 5,000 prisoners, with a large amount of ordnance stores.

The gunboats and troops are proceeding unrestricted towards Mobile.

LATER, 3 P. M.—From reliable source it is learned that Mobile was captured last evening by a portion of General Smith's command, assisted by light draught boats after a short resistance by the enemy.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF ARMY NEWS.—The correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer with Grant's army writes thus:

"We have three species of news in the army. The best, most satisfactory, and which contains something tangible, is news based on orders received from head quarters, regarding preparations for the movements, or the official announcement of victories elsewhere, &c., communicated to the troops through their immediate commanders. Next in order comes chin news, which consists in somebody hearing something from somebody else, which somebody told him he got from somebody who heard it from some reliable source, that something had taken place somewhere, or something that would undoubtedly occur before long. The next, and last on the list, is 'cook house news,' which contains exaggerations, impossibilities, and oftentimes such evident impossibilities that no one save an ebony cook, would be thought capable of disseminating it through the camps."

The Indianopolis Journal says: The Surgeon in charge of the Cumberland U.S. Hospital sends us the following indorsement, which he found on the discharge papers of a private soldier of the 31st Indiana Volunteers:

"Private Hiram Gilbert joined the company at its first organization, August 15, 1861; since has served as faithfully as man could serve, having never been absent from the command on any account whatever. Besides many numerous skirmishes and many long marches, he has participated in the following great battles and campaigns: 'Fort Donelson,' February 15, 1862; 'Shiloh,' April 6th and 7th, 1862; 'Siege of Corinth,' from May 1 to May 29, 1862; 'Stone River,' from December 31, 1862, to January 3, 1863 'Chickamangua,' September 19 and 20, 1863; campaign against Atlanta, of Sherman, from May 3 to September 5, 1864, with the innumerable battles and Skirmishes occurring daily; battle of 'Franklin,' November 30, 1864, and last, the battle of 'Nashville,' December 15, 1864, where, while in the front rank, in the column charging 'Montgomery Hills,' he fell, seriously, if not dangerously wounded. His bravery and coolness in battle, and his devotion to duty at all times, commands the admiration and esteem of both his officers and his fellow soldiers.

WORKING AND THINKING.—It is a no less fatal error to despise labor when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas, the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker ought often to be working; and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying and the other despising his brother; and the mass of society is made up of the morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement.—[Ruskin.

SELF-ACTING CANDLESTICK.—Among the objects recently displayed at the South London Exhibition was a rough model of a candlestick, which the inventor says possesses the following extraordinary properties: "Indicates the time after the candle is partly consumed; repeats the hours over again if required; snuffs itself out; rings you up; opens your door; boils a pint of water, by a pot which boils at both ends, to make a cup of tea or coffee, and rings a bell when the water boils; rings the servant up, and drags off the bedclothes, and pulls her out of bed if refusing to get out at the proper time."

A horse belonging to Locum Snow of New Bedford, Mass., lost his tongue in a singular manner lately. The animal was making the acquaintance of a horse in the next stable, the two being able only to touch noses over the high partition, when the latter seized the tongue of the former between his teeth, and absolutely pulled it out from the roots.

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones it will be sought at other and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore, let fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children. Half an hour of merriment around the lamp and firelight of a home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sensation.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.—A traveler in China, speaking of burials there, says: In point of fact the corpse is buried, when it is laid in its coffin. The coffin is made of thick, heavy timber, and the joints are all carefully closed by pasting layers of paper over them, so as to make them perfectly air tight. For greater security, a little lime is generally put in with the corpse. In this way it is possbile to keep the corpse in the house for years without any unpleasant consequences. The practice, indeed, is not uncommon. Some have not the means at hand for burying in such style as they would wish. They must wait for better days. Some do not find a place to suit them. Thus it sometimes happens that on entering a Chinese gentleman's house, a coffin is one of the most prominent objects seen among the articles of furniture.

A GOOD story is told of 'Old Hays,' when he was crier of the Court of Sessions. The room was unusually warm, and he was very apt in the afternoon to drop away in a doze. On one occasion, while the Recorder was charging a jury, the old man snored, quite audibly. An officer immediately whispered in his ear: 'Uncle Jacob, some one is snoring, and disturbing, the court.' Up Jumped Hays, and with his stentorian lungs cried out, Silence! there must be no snoring in court!' And turning to the Recorder, he said: 'You can go on now without interruption.' The story is sometimes told of him, that being awakened one day by a peal of thunder, he cried out, "Silence!"

Superintendent Latham of the Grand Trunk Railroad, who tore a flag from a train on the 10th inst., was waited on by a quiet mob the next day, in Portland, Me., and conducted through the city, dressed in soldiers' uniform, and carrying a flag, which he was obliged to salute. He was also obliged to make patriotic speeches. Finally the flag was nailed to his house.

At a family gathering in Danbury, Mass., not long since, a great-great-grandmother, Mrs. Irene Taylor, held in her lap, a child, a grand-child, a great-grand-child, and a great-great-grand-child, in all five generations!

Capture of Col. Coburn's Brigade.

BY WM. H MARTIN, CO. H, 22D WIS. VOLS.

A tale I will tell, that lately befell
Some brave Northern boys;
A thousand or more, a number of score,
All stripped of their joys.

'Tis held in derision to live in a prison,
As if we were fellons;
The fortunes of war have brought us so far,
And not the stealing of mellons.

It was a bright day we met in the fray
The wild host of Vandorn,
I should think as much, sent into his clutch,
Sure trapped as we were born.

The great C. S. A. then came in our way,
We fought them full four days, sir,
We made great slaughter, but had to back water,
Because overpowered, sir.

Our cavalry flew, our artillery too,
Things began to look blue,
Gilbert dorted he, must fool or traitor be,
We to the last stood true.

In cars rickety, old, we shivered with cold,
Some were minus a door,
Scarce fit for hogs, we squated like frogs,
Over cold cracks in the floor.

Crawled on by lice, run over by mice,
Those we had to endure sir;
Forded cold streams, no sleep, no dreams,
Did not quite undo us, sir.

Weeks to months wore on, we well worn and gone,
E'er to Richmond we came,
To breathe the bad air, and eat the poor fare,
Of Libby prison of fame.

The food is not sweet from such tainted meat,
To live men do desperate things;
So we ate the stuff up with wooden spoon and cup,
And whittle the bones into rings.

A good day has come, we are on our way home;
Farewell Dixie's bars and grips;
Exchanged, take the field, think of Bragg, nor yield,
Until they cease to shoot at Uncle Sam.

An immense cave, nearly as large as the Mammoth cave of Kentucky, has been discovered about ten miles from Fort Ruby, California. It has been explored to the distance of half a mile. It was found to be an immense subterranean lake of clear water, with high walls of limestone on either side. The party explored it to a distance of half a mile in skiffs, and finding no indications of a stopping place, returned to explore it further at a future time.

The Springfield Republican says: "A physician in this city was called to attend upon a soldier's widow through a long and severe attack of pneumonia. He rode six miles for every visit during some of the severest weather of the past winter, and on her recovery presented her with his bill of nearly $50 receipted in full, "in consideration of services rendered to him and his country by her lamented husband." Such an instance of benevolence is worthy the highest praise.

How to Stop the Fall in Gold.—The Philadelphia Press is good for the following:

A good thing is attributed to Hugh McCulloch, the new Secretary of the Treasury. A frightened speculator was asking him to arrest the downward tendency of gold. "Well, my good friend," was the Secretary's reply "if you can get Grant, Sherman and Sheridan to let the rebels whip them, you will be gratified; but I am afraid they won't oblige you."

A wanderful story-teller, addicted to humming an air, beginning "Strike the Lyre," was much surprised when one of his acquaintances, taking him at his word, knocked him down.

A telegraphic despatch from Washington announces that negotiations are now in progress between Generals Sherman and Johnston for the surrender of the army of the latter, The situation in which General Johnston's army was placed by the surrender of Lee gives credit to the intelligence. General Lee, in an interview with General Grant, announced his intention to communicate with Johnston at as early a date as possible and urge him to surrender, that peace might be restored without the useless shedding of additional blood. General Lee has doubtless carried out his intention. The surrender of Johnston, the capture of General Forrest's command at Selma, and the fall of Mobile, already announced, will put an end at once to the entire rebel military organization east of the Mississippi. The situation thus presented promises the complete cessation of hostilities and the speedy return of peace. How cheering the prospect is to every patriotic heart! The nation's redemption from war and bloodshed is at hand.—[Louisville Journal.

Game is having a holiday down South. Deer and bears are reported to have reappeared in the districts where they had not been seen for many years prior to the commencement of the war. Quails and rabits literally swarm in the desolated settlements of Virginia, and it is stated that last summer partridges actually made their nests in the streets of Charleston.

Artemus Ward is lecturing. His tickets read, "admit the bearer and *one* wife." He adopts the precautionary restriction because of his experience in Utah, were two or three family ticket, from the number of wives pertaining to each household, filled the entire Hall.

Hospital Chaplains

Rev. E. J. Purdy Chaplain No. 6. Religious Services at No. 6. Tuesday 7½, P. M. Sunday 11 o'clock. A. M.

Rev. W. V. Daniel, Chaplain No. 4, and Floating Hospital.

Rev. S. S. Potter, Chaplain No's. 5 and 8. Services at 10 A. M, and at 2 and 6 P. M. Sunday.

HOSPITAL REPORT.

Changes at General Hospital No. 6, for the week ending April 19.

Whole number of beds,	550.
Admitted,	6.
Discharged from Service,	8.
Returned to duty,	4.
Transfered	0.
Deserted,	0.
Furloughed,	13.
Died	I.
Remaining	280.

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Cheapest Clothing House in the West!

We offer for sale a large assortment of Clothing, Hats, and Furnishing Goods, Cheap for Cash.

I. & H. DAVIS.

32 State St., New Albany, Ind.

PROVISIONS,

10 Half Bbls. Roll Butter.
Sugar and Hams.
Western Reserve Cheese.
20 Boxes New Raisins.
Cincinnati Dried Beef and Bologne Sausage.
Nos. 1 and 2 Mackerel in Kits and larger packages.
Prime Lard.
German Soap.
Cotton Batting at 30 cts per lb.
Small and Large Wrapping Paper.
Golden Syrup and Orleans Molasses.
Navy and Golden Era Tobacco.

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AT

REILLY'S,

45 State Streat New Albany Indiana

Apr. 19th

CHEAP

Boots & Shoes.

J. E. HURSELL.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's

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No. 42 State Street, between Main and Market.

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March, 8th 1865.

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Wholesale and retail dealer in

TOBACCO, CIGARS,

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New Albany, Indiana, September 3rd, 1864.

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47

Cheap Clothing!

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NEW ALBANY, IND.

dec21

tempts to see Aurelia, but failed. In the end I resolved to set to work to make the required sum and the income, with the least possible delay.

Luckily, I made friends with a very clever painter, who undertook to put me in the right way. I had to begin again. The fact was, I had a tolerable dexterity in the blending of colors, but I drew like a Chinese, or Yankee as I was. My father was a Frenchman; he had studied at Paris under Delaroche. He opened my eyes I was quick. In a few months, with considerable labor, I could produce a portrait tolerably correct in outline and perspective. This at once raised me above the majority of my rivals, and I soon procured considerable custom.

I had just laid the first stone of my fortune in the shape of a hundred dollars deposited in a bank, when an overwhelming blow destroyed the whole edifice of my hopes.

I received a letter announcing the death of Aurelia from her father. She had been dead three weeks when the news reached me. My friend the painter was present. He saw me turn pale and cover my face with my hands.

"What is it?" he asked kindly.

"She is dead!" I replied, in a shaken voice.

He knew my history, and needed no farther explanation.

I threw myself on a sofa and wept convulsively. When I had exhausted the first violence of my grief, my friend approached me, and in a tone of grave sympathy asked me of what I was thinking.

"Of death," I replied.

"Of suicide?" said he.

I made no answer.

"Do you not possess her portrait," said he?

"Yes, a daub of my own, but which reminds me at least vividly of the original. I have also a daguerreotype, but daguerreotypes have always a cold and ghastly look."

"You should paint her."

"Paint her?"

"Yes; paint her as an angel of heaven;—realize your beauty of her memory on the canvas. Leave a monument of your love and talent behind you. Then die, if you please."

The artist's suggestion pleased me. No youth of eighteen is in a violent hurry to die, even for love. I resolved to adopt my friend's idea, and a gloomy sort of ambition seized me to make this work a work of art worthy of its model. Nay, I even dreamed of posthumous fame—of going down the stream of American art-history, as the man who painted a real angel, and then pursued its prototype into the world of angels.

I commenced my task that very day, and labored as long as the light allowed, without cessation. My master aided me by his counsels: and when the work was complete, he laid his hand affectionately on my shoulder and said, "Truly you are a pupil worthy of a greater master."

We had the picture framed and sent to the exhibition of the Academy. On the very first day my triumph was unquestionable. "An Angel" was decidedly *the* attraction of the exhibition. The same afternoon an offer to purchase it for a large sum arrived from one of the richest merchants of New York. I sat with the letter in my hand trying to read it by the already waning light in my studio, when I heard the door open and somebody enter. Supposing it to be the painter, I did not look round.

Presently I raised my eyes, and beheld to my horror a shadowy figure in white, with a face of unearthly pallor.

The face was Aurelias!

I confess that fear seized me. My shattered nerves, my recent over-exertion, my fasts and vigils, had increased my nervous sensibility to an alarming degree. I tried to reason with myself, and account for the vision on grounds of mental delusion, when I was startled out of all reasoning by the figure saying in a low but distinct tone:

"Frederick, do you know me?"

"Yes, I know you," was my solemn answer.

"And you still love me?"

"Now and forever."

"Then why do you not embrace me?" said the figure, gliding near.

"Can ghosts embrace?" I cried, rising dubiously, and gazing more assuredly at the pale phantom.

"Try," said the ghost.

And I did try; but it was no spectre; it was a living, breathing angel I folded in my arms.

"What is the meaning of this? I thought you dead."

"And I believed you buried. They told me so at home. I have had a fever in consequence; see how thin and pale I am."

"But I am alive; so are you."

"That is evident."

"What could have been your father's motive for such conduct and such falsehood?"

"An insane wish to marry me to his partner, Mr. Smithson."

"His partner?"

"Yes. He has caught a partner with money, as Mamma says, and he thanks God she will not have to pay the rent of the office out of her income any longer."

"But how did you know I was alive?"

"Dead men do not paint pictures."

"Then you know."

"Yes, I have seen—oh, you flatterer.

"Flatterer, not at all. But look at this—an offer of seven hundred dollars for the picture. An hour ago I would not have sold it for seventy thousand. But now—suppose we take the seven hundred dollars and run away at once?"

"It is not necessary; my father gives his consent—and here he is.

Old Garford entered.

"Well, Sir," said he, "I congratulate you on your success. We shall be glad to see you at Two hundred and Twenty second street this evening, if you are not otherwise engaged."

Shortly afterward I was married. As soon as Aurelia and I were alone in the carriage that bore us from the church, I said to her, smiling, "My dear little ghost, I sincerely trust you will haunt me to my dying day."

"I will try," said Aurelia, looking full at me with beautiful and fathomless eyes, "to be your ghostly comforter as long as I live."

It is my opinion that a ghost is very much improved by having a body attached to it.

EMANCIPATION IN BRAZIL.— Slavery now appears to be doomed the world over. By the Constitution of Brazil slavery will expire in that empire in twenty years, but many of the leading statesmen are anxious for its more speedy end.

A Bashful printer refused a situation in a printing office where females were employed, saying that "he never set up with a girl in his life."

A Psalm of Oil.

Tell me not in mournful measure,
Oil is but an empty show;
For 'tis earth's deep hidden treasure,
And a pump will make it flow.

"Oil is greasy," "Oil doth smell bad"—
So say those who have it not;
So of old, the poor fox felt bad,
When the grapes he had not got.

Not to stay at home and grumble
Is the way to make your pile;
But in hearty rough and tumble,
Dig and bore till you "strike ile."

Rods are long, and wells are sinking,
And the earth half full of holes,
Shows the signs of constant drilling—
Shows the faith that fills our souls.

See at the Oil Creek how they rally,
See at Mecca's mud domain,
In the Alleghany valley,
All have oil "upon the brain"

Trust no agent's specious story,
Go yourself, get your lease,
Drill—drill deep in search of glory,
Find it when you find the grease.

Hints of greenhorns oft remind us,
We, perhaps, by patient toil,
Can, departing, leave behind us,
Quite a striking "show of oi

Such a show as that another
Boring after without luck;
Some forlorn and fainting brother,
Seeing, may keep up his pluck.

Let us then be busy boring
With the means at our control;
Keep on drilling, keep exploring,
With a pump in every hole.

SHORTFELLOW.

A Novel Plant.

There is a singular plant found growing in Sonora, which preserves its vitality under the most trying circumstances, and it is called by the Mexicans siempre viva, or ever-living plant, grows in profusion, covering the rocks upon the mountain sides with a coat of the liveliest green. Though not strictly a moss, it is allied to that class of plants. Each one has seperate roots firmly holding it to the rocks, and from these roots grows out a plant that opens to the diameter of a common tea-cup, or a saucer, and spreads itself flat on the rock. The leaves somewhat resemble in texture the arbor vitæ.

Their peculiarity is, to come out into beautiful green life in the rainy season, and then, when all moisture has deserted them, to turn as brown as autumn leaves, and roll and curl themselves up like a ball, as uninteresting to see as a brown stone, seemingly dead. But with the return of moisture, they uncurl their leaves and spread out again as beautiful and green as ever. Another peculiarity of the plant is, that you may pluck it, throw it into your saddlebags and keep it six months, and then place the roots in a cup or saucer of water when you retire for the night, and in the morning you will find by your side a lively green plant.

CURE FOR A FELON —— As soon as the part begins to swell, get a tincture of lobelia and wrap the part effected with cloth thoroughly saturated with the tincture, and the felon is dead. An old physican says he has known this cure in scores of cases, and it never fails if applied in season.

The Independent says:

"The beginning of the war saw Fort Sumter standing on a foundation of New England granite; the end of the war shall see South Carolina standing on a foundation of New England ideas."

JOHN KNEPFLY,

No. 300 MAIN ST.,

Has just received a New and Complete Stock of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, CHAINS, CLOCKS of every description, and JEWELRY of the most hansome and latest styles.

SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE

Constantly on hand, as

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GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,

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THOS. RAWLEY.

THE REVEILLE.

For the Soldier in the Field and Hospital.

VOL. II. NEW ALBANY, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1865. NO. 7.

The Reveille.

Published every Wednesday at
HOSPITAL No. 6, NEW ALBANY, IND.,
BY
C. T. ATHEARN,
AND
M. UMBDENSTOCK.

Terms, fifty cents for three months

Letters and communications should be addressed to the "Reveille."

POETRY.

For the Reveille.

To Emily.

Sister, dear, I'm sad and lonely;
On this cheerless Sabbath day,
While without the rain drops falling,
Mingle with the hungry clay.

All above is clouds and dullness,
Shutting out the glorious sun,
All around is dressed in mourning,
Sad is nature, dark and dun.

Well in keeping with all nature
Is my dark and cheerless heart,
For within no joyous sunlight
Bids desponding thoughts depart.

Fallen to the earth my visions,
Like the hopeless, helpless rain,
Left the fairy land above me,
Swept and scattered o'er the plain.

Clouds of earth are idle efforts,
Of the sea to reach the sky,
How exultant is the vapor,
How triumphant sails it by.

But the lightning and the thunder,
Soon in terror it has found,
Rend its fragile form asunder,
Hurl it broken to the ground.

But it need not murmur harshly,
That its lot is hard to bear,
In its death as flying vapor,
Higher life it soon shall share.

It shall dwell in perfumed chambers,
In the bosoms of the flowers,
Having joys it dreamed of never
In its selfish vaporing hours.

So the purposes we cherish
Are o'er ruled by higher will,
If they fail, be not desponding,
He has got a purpose still.

HOSPITAL No. 6, April 9, 1865. R. M. W.

We have heard the story of Dr. P.'s absence of mind, to illustrate which it is related, that while located at Portsmouth, N. H., he returned home late one rainy night from an unusual protracted ministers meeting, and so absorbed was he in the subject of the meeting, that he put his wet umbarella into the bed with his wife, and stood himself behind the door.

MISCELLANY.

Foley the Fiddler.

The most extraordinary and the best attested instance of enthusiasm in conjunction with perseverance, says Coleridge, is related of the founder of the Foley Family. This man, who was a fiddler, living near Stourbridge, was often witness of the immense labor and loss of time caused by dividing the rods of iron necessary in the process of making nails. The discovery of the process called splitting-mills, was first made in Sweden, and the consequences of this advance in art were most disasterous to the manufacturers of iron about Stourbridge. Foley, the fiddler, was shortly missed from his accustomed rounds and was not again seen for many years. He had mentally resolved to ascertain by what means the process of splitting bars of iron was accomplished; and, without communicating his intention to a single human being, he proceeded to Hull, and thence, without funds, worked his passage to the Swedish iron port. Arrived in Sweden, he begged or fiddled his way to the iron foundries, where, after a long time, he became a universal favorite with the workmen; and from the apparent entire absence of intelligence or anything like ultimate objects, he was received into the works, to every part of which he had access. He took the advantage thus offered, and having stored his memory with observations and all the combinations, he disappeared from among his kind friends, as he appeared—no one knew whence or whither. On his return to England he communicated his voyage and its results to Mr. Knight and another person in the neighborhood, with whom he associated, and by whom the necessary buildings were erected and machinery provided. When at length everything was prepared, it was found that the machinery would not act; at all events, it did not answer the sole end of its erection—it would not split the bar of iron. Foley disappeared again, and it was concluded that shame and mortification at his failure had driven him away forever. Not so; again, though somewhat more speedily, he found his way to the Swedish iron-works, where he was received most joyfully, and, to make sure of their fiddler, he was lodged in the splitting-mill itself. Here was the very end and aim of his life obtained beyond his utmost hope. He examined the works, and very soon discovered the cause of failure. He now made drawings or rude tracing, and having abided an ample time to verify his observations, and to impress them clearly and vividly on his mind, he made his way to the port, and once more returned to England. This time he was completely successful, and by the results of his experience enriched himself and greatly benefitted his countrymen.

Hope for Rough Boys.

Don't be discouraged mother. What though the boys are rude and rough, that should not discourage you. The new farm is rough and rugged when the husbandman first begins to till it, but by patient toil he gradually extracts the roots, removes the boulders, levels the knolls, and fills the hollows. If the soil seem at first to refuse a return for his toil—presenting only heaps of rocks, and more unsightly heaps of barren earth—don't let him be discouraged, for there is a mine of wealth in the deeply-dug and well wrought field, which shall soon yield ample profits for the labor and patience invested. The old marsh shall blush with beauty and health. The sand-hill shall yet be spread with a carpet of green a monarch might be proud to own and tread. The boulders shall yet kiss the feet of both the proud and humble—the poor and the rich—and draw forth praises from the man of science and of taste. The tough, unsightly tussuck shall yet yield food that feeds the tiller. Don't be discouraged, mother, for those very forbidding characteristics in your boy, when checked and moulded by an intelligent and persevering discipline, will be of worth to him when a man. It may cost more to subdue and direct a stubborn will, but when the work is done, you have made an efficient commander. It may cost more to polish the rude boy, but you have succeeded in giving the world a man instead of a statue. There is a jewel under that forbidding frown and hostile resentment. If you would realize its full value, be very patient. Train surely and carefully.

Your investment may not at once yield you a return; nay, it may be years ere it affords you much fruit of a desirable beauty or richness; but be well assured of this: the more diligent and patient your toil, the sooner will you be blessed with a satisfactory return.

THE RIGHT WAY.—It is a sore trial when a daughter shall marry against her father's approbation. A little hard-heartedness and aversion to a reconcilement is almost pardonable. After all, Will Dockwray's way is, perhaps, the wisest. His best-beloved daughter made a most imprudent match; in fact, eloped with the last man in the world that her father would have wished her to marry. All the world said he would never speak to her again. For months she durst not write to him, much less come near him. But, in a casual rencounter, he met her in the streets of Ware—Ware, that will long remember the mild virtues of William Dockwray, Esq. What said the parent to his disobedient child, whose knees faltered under her at the sight of him? "Ha, Sukey! is it you?" with that benevolent aspect with which he paced the streets of Ware, venerated as an angel; "come and dine with us on Sunday." Then turning away, and again turning back, as if he had forgotten something, he added, "And, Sukey, do you hear?—bring your husband with you." This was all the reproof she ever heard from him. [Charles Lamb.

The Shooting Fish.

This very remarkable fish is a native of the East Indies. Nature has constructed this acquatic sportsman in a very singular manner, but one admirably adapted to his sporting predelections. The fish has a hollow, cylindrical beak. He frequents the river or the sea-shore, in search of food, and from the unusual manner in which he provides for his daily wants he derives his name. When this hungry gentleman espies a fly or an insect not taking due care of himself, but sitting on the plants that grow in shallow water, he swims away to the distance of four or five, and often six feet, that he may take aim at his prey; and when he has done so to his satisfaction, he then, with amazing dexterity and cleverness, ejects out of his tube-like mouth one drop of water, which is well directed and so swiftly shot forth, that it never fails to knock the fly into the water, and once there all hope of escape is gone—the fish darts upon his prey and eagerly devours it; thus supplying us with another instance of the diversified modes by which nature qualifies its countless millions of creatures with the powers necessary for providing food.

STRAYED.—An exchange contains the following notice: "Broke into the pocket of the editor of this paper, sometime during the week, a silver dime. Who it belongs to or where it came from, is a mystery to us, and we earnestly request the owner to come and take it away; we have been without silver so long that its use is entirely forgotten. Upon one side is a beautiful young lady with a handkerchief to her eyes—weeping to think that she has no mate, and a night cap on a pole as a signal of distress."

The Reveille.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1865.

QUITE A TREAT.—Last Monday evening, between three and four o'clock, the school of Miss CARNEY, composed of thirty or forty scholars, mostly young Misses, ranging from the age of seven to twelve years, accompanied by their instructress, visited this Hospital and regaled the soldiers with several songs, after which they distributed a great many little presents in the shape of pincushions, boquetts, cakes, apples, &c., for which they have our kindest wishes The music was excellent, and highly appreciated by us. It was charming to see the little children, lispingthe words of patriotic songs sang on the occasion. We conclude by saying it was highly entertaining, hoping they will call again and favor us with another vocal concert.

CURTIS T. MORE. For nearly two years young Moore, has had charge of the Registering, office of this Hospital. His term of service having expired, yesterday afternoon he left for Oswego N. Y. He was an excellent young man, of correct habits, and good business qualifications On leaving the officers and men presented him the new Edition of Websters Dictionery, with the following inscription.

PRESENTED TO CURTIS T. MOORE, CO. B 16TH UNITED STATES INFANTRY

In leaving us at the close of your term of service, it is fitting for us to express towards you our grateful sense of your faithful performance of duty while in this Hospital. For nearly two years occupying the position of Chief Clerk, a position requiring patience, energy and rare business qualifications, we are pleased to bear testimony, in behalf of all the officers and men of the Hospital, that it has been filled faithfully and honestly, and with such accuracy as to receive the highest commendation of the Medical Inspectors.

Our regret at parting with you after so many months of constant intercourse, is relieved, in a manner, by the thought that you are again to return to your home—again to renew the social relations, which for three long years have been broken.

The best wishes of your associates will go with you into the walks of private life, and may the highest success crown your efforts in the arts of peace, as they have, thus far, in those of war.

Before you leave us we wish to present you this testimonial of regard—the noblest memorial that, in a nation like ours, can be given—the treasury of its language and literature.

GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 6,
New Albany, Ind. April 25, 1865.

THE OHIO VOLUNTEER.—We have received No. 4 of a sprightly little paper of the above name, published by the convalescents, at Dennison General Hospital. It is neatly printed, and shows evidences of much good taste. We welcome it into the brotherhood. Since our friend of the War Eagle quit soldiering, we have been waiting to fill the blank in our list of soldiers' papers.

A great step is gained when a child has learned that there is no necessary connection between liking to do a thing and doing it. [Ware.

President Johnson's Views.

"In the Senate of the United States, when the conspiracy was matured, and Senators were retiring from their seats, when I was called upon to say what I would do in the matter, my reply was that Gen. Jackson, while President of the United States in 1832 and 1833, declared that traitor's should be hung as high as Haman's gallows, and then put his foot upon it and crushed it out. That old man now sleeps in the tomb; and were it possible to communicate intelligence to the dead, and he could be made to know that traitors and treason were rampant in the land, it would cause the old man to turn over in his coffin and burst its lid, and rise from the tomb and shake off the habiliments of the dead, and again reiterate that memorable sentience, that, "The union of States must be preserved." When asked what I would do, I said I would arrest them as traitors, I would try them as traitors, commit them as traitors, and hang them as traitors. And in this connection I will say that, taking into account the persecution, oppression and banishment from all that is sacred and dear to men, that the traitors—that is the leading traitors, who have deceived and involved the nation in this diabolical rebellion—I should say that their reward should be a halter and the gallows. I repeat, that conscious, intelligent, leading traitors should suffer the penalty of death. And, on the other hand, to the people who have been deluded and misled, I would extend leniency and humanity, and an invitation to return to the allegiance they owe to the country.

"Such a crime—the murder of a great and good man, honored and revered, beloved and the hope of the people—springs not alone from a solitary individual of ever so desperate wickedness. We can trace its cause through successive steps—without enumerating them here—back to that source which is the spring of all our woes. No one can say that if the perpetrator of this fiendish deed be arrested, he should not undergo the extreme penalty the law knows for crime.

"None will say that mercy should interpose; but is he alone guilty? Here, gentlemen, you perhaps expect me to present some indication of my future policy. One thing I will say: Every era teaches its lesson. The times we live in are not without instruction.

"The American people must be taught, if they do not already feel, that treason is a crime and must be punished, that the Government will not always bear with its enemies; that it is strong not only to protect, but to punish. When we turn to the criminal code and examine the catalogue of crimes, we there find arson laid down as a crime, with its appropriate penalty; we find there theft and robbery and murder given as crimes, and there too we find last and highest of crimes, treason.

With other and inferior offenses our people are familiar, but in our peaceful history, treason has been almost unknown. The people must understand that it is the blackest of crimes, and will be surely punished. I make this allusion not to excite the already exasperated feelings of the public, but to point out the principles of public justice, which should guide our action at this partitular juncture, and which accord with public morals. Let it be engraved on every heart that treason is a crime, and that traitors shall suffer its penalty. While we are appalled and overwhelmed at the fall of one man in our midst by the hand of a traitor, shall we allow men—I care not by what weapons—to attempt the life of the State with impunity? While we strain our minds to comprehend the enormity of this assassination, shall we allow the nation to be assassinated? I speak in no spirit of unkindness. I leave the events of the future to be disposed of as they arise. Regarding myself as the humble instrument of the American people in this as in all things, justice and jugdment shall be determined by them. I do not harbor a bitter or revengeful feeling toward any.

"In general terms I would say, that public morals and public opinion should be established upon the sure and inflexible principles of justice. When the question of exercising mercy comes before me it will be considered calmly, judiciously, remembering that I am the Executive of the nation.

I know men love to have their names spoken of in connection with acts of mercy, and how easy it is to yield to this impulse, but we must not forget what may be mercy to the individual is cruelty to the State. In the exercise of mercy there should be no doubt left that this high prerogative is not used to relieve a few at the expense of the many."

AN EXTRAORDINARY SOMNAMBULIST. The Journal de Roubaix relates a singular instance of somnambulism in that town. A young women belonging to a family of the working class has during the last week risen in her sleep every night at the same hour, lighted a fire, prepared coffee, sat out the table as if for a meal, not forgetting either spoons, knives, nor forks, and then has gone to bed again. An hour later she rises again, clears the table, puts the things in their places, cleans the lower rooms o the house, and then once more returns to bed. A remarkable fact is, that the young woman works in factory, she does not usually prepare the repasts of the family, or do any of the house-work, and also that she lays out the table for three persons only, although she lives with her father, mother, three sisters and two brothers.

COULDN'T STAND THAT.—Two Spanish officers recently met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilboa when a poor fellow approached the seconds, and in a lamentable voice said, "Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan with a large family, and it would——". "My good man, don't trouble us just now," cried one of the officers, "don't you see my friends are going to split each other? We are not in a charitable humor." "It is not alms I ask for," said the man; "I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and, having heard that you were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffins." At these words the individuals about to commence the combat burst into a loud fit of laughter, simultaneously threw down their swords, shook hands with each other, and walked away.

A Noble Southern Union Man.

A Charleston correspondent of the Boston Transcript relates some interesting incidents in the life of a noble Union man who died in Charleston about eight months ago. His name was Nelson Mitchell. He was a lawyer by profession, and an anti-slavery man by conviction, and from the moment Sumter first opened fire upon us, he never ceased to talk against the institution that caused the war. Twice he was sentenced by secret commission to be hung, but each time he got out of his danger because the authorities could get no one to do their secret work.

After our black men were taken prisoners, the military authorities decided that they had no jurisdiction in their cases, and turned them over to the civil courts. When this was done, Mitchell volunteered to be their counsel, and in the face of a defiant mob he daily went to the court-house and spoke his mind. After great toil and delay, Mitchell carried his point, and by his eloquence and energy fairly drove this wretched South Carolina jury to do justice. They decided that the case was one belonging to the military jurisdiction, each party shoving the responsibility off upon the other, until finally the men were released from danger, and practically regarded as prisoners of war. Dr. Mackey says Mitchell always had the stars and stripes unfurled in his house, and taught all its inmates to show it homage.

A Poser.—"What thou hast to do it with all thy might," said a clergyman to his son one morniug.

"So I did this morning," replied Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye.

"Ah! what was it, my darling?" and the father's hand ran through his offspring's curls

"Why, I walloped Jack Edwards till he yelled like blazes; you should have heard him holler, dad."

"Dad," looked unhappy, while he explained that the precept did not imply a case like that and conluded mildly with:

"You should not have done that, my child."

"Then he'd a walloped me," retorted Bill

"Better," expostulated his sire, to have fled from the wrath to come."

"Yes," argued Bill, by way of a final clincher," but Jack can run 'twice as fast as I can."

The good man sighed, went to his study took up a pen and, endeavored to compose himself and a sermon reconciling Practice and Precept.

Not long since a married couple in Farmington, Van Buren county, Iowa, early one morning, found a cow and calf in their lot; the cow had a color on with a note attached, requesting that she should be taken care of until called for. Some few nights afterwords a basket was found at their door, containing an infant about a week old, and a note saying the baby was the owner of the cow.

The Wisconsin Indians, who have just received their annuities, call the fractional paper currency "papoose money."

A Novel,

TO BE READ IN FIVE MINUTES.

VOL. I.

Moonlight evening—shady grove—
Two young people much in love;
Heroine with great wealth endowed
Hero handsome, poor and proud;
Truth eternal—hearts united—
Vows of changeless passion plighted;
Kisses—quarrels—sighs—caresses,
Maiden yields one of her tresses;
Obstacles to be surmounted,
Happy hours pass by uncounted.
Ugly rival, old and stale,
Overhears the tender tale.

VOL. II.

Morning in the East looks ruddy;
Scene—Young lady's father's study.
Hero, with his hat in hand,
Comes her ditto to demand:
Angry parent storms—abuses—
And at once consent refuses;
Maiden faints beneath the blow—
Mother intercedes—no go;
Shrieks—hysterics—protestations,
Mixed with old man's execrations.
Exit lover midst the din—
Ugly rival enters in.

VOL. III.

Time—A moonlight night once more,
Scene—Outside the lady's door.
Lover, with half-broken heart,
Swears he'd rather die than part.
Garden—flowers—umbrageous shade—
Manly accents—serenade.
Chamber window opens wide—
Debut of expectant bride;
Little dog most kindly mute—
Tears—rope-ladder—flight—pursuit—
Gallant steeds—too late—night's screen—
Triumph—marriage—Gretna Green
Old man's rage—disowns forever—
Ugly rival—scarlet fever.

VOL. IV.

Old man sickly—sends for child—
All forever—reconciled;
Young men making money fast—
Old man's blessing—dies at last.
Youthful couple prove probate—
Get the money—live in state—
Family mansion—jewels, plate.
Moher's wishes crowned with joy—
Doctors—nurses—little boy—
Time proceeds—heir ties endear—
Olive branches year by year.
Blessing on the good attend—
General gladness—moral end.

[London paper.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—"What a wonderful fine discourse the parson gave us to-day! It rolled along like the sea."

"What was it you liked so much in it, Betty?"

"Bless your heart!" said Betty, "do you think I would make so bold as to understand our parson? Why, they do say there is not such another scholar in all the country. But it was a wonderful fine discourse. It rolled along like the waves of the sea."—Kitty Trevylyan.

All the Hunters in Virginia cannot find the lost Confederacy, and if found, all the Masons in Virginia could not collect material in its ruins to rebuild it.

AVARICE.—The avaricious man is like the barren, sandy ground of the desert, which sucks in all the rain and dew with greediness but yields no fruit, herbs or plants for the benefit of others.

Flag Presentation at Hospital No. 6.

Yesterday we had quite a gala day at No. 6. The occasion was the presentation of a beautiful flag to the soldiers of the Hospital, by Mrs. Stockdale, and Miss Mary Stockdale, and Mrs. Udderzook. Hon. John M. Wilson, in behalf of the ladies, presented the flag in a very neat and appropriate address. Mr. Wilson spoke eloquently of the flag of our country, the proud and noblest banner in the wide world. A large number of ladies, young and handsome, graced the assembly, and the gallant Colonel, this time, in behalf of the soldier, paid them some well deserved and TAKING compliments. The warm-hearted Colonel, who, from the first, has been the soldier's friend, has the hearty thanks of all—the generous donors, as well as the grateful soldiers.

Rev. Mr. Potter, U. S. A., in a happy response, expressed the thanks of the officers and soldiers of the Hospital, for the beautiful present. Mr. Potter has our thanks for his short, but excellent address.

The occasion was enlivened by some capital music, from the band on duty at the Headquarters of the Provost Guard.

The soldiers especially wish to return their most sincere thanks for the valuable assistance of Wm. Smith and Mr. George Shively, who superintended the erection of the pole. By their kindly efforts the stars and stripes this morning float to the breeze on a staff 116 feet high.

TO SAVE YOUR MONEY
BUY YOUR
BOOTS AND SHOES
AT THE
New York Shoe Store,
South-West corner State and Main Street.
April 26-1m. E. HARDING.

PROVISIONS,
10 Half Bbls. Roll Butter.
Sugar and Hams.
Western Reserve Cheese.
20 Boxes New Raisins.
Cincinnati Dried Beef and Bologne Sausage.
Nos. 1 and 2 Mackerel in Kits and larger packages.
Prime Lard.
German Soap.
Cotton Batting at 30 cts per lb.
Small and Large Wrapping Paper.
Golden Syrup and Orleans Molasses.
Navy and Golden Era Tobacco
FOR SALE LOW TO DEALERS,
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REILLY'S,
45 State Streat New Albany Indiana.
Apr. 19th

Cheap Clothing!
FRANK SMITH,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
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NEW ALBANY, IND.
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JOHN KNEPFLY,
No. 300 MAIN ST.,
Has just received a New and Complete Stock of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, CHAINS, CLOCKS of every description, and JEWELRY of the most hansome and latest styles.
SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE
Constantly on hand, as
TEA SETS,
CASTORS,
WAITERS,
PITCHERS,
GOBLETS,
SPOONS,
FORKS,
GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,
Spectacles, Gold Pens of the finest quality,.
In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of
FANCY GOODS,
As Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases,
&c., &c.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.
40tf JOHN KNEPFLY.

J. Cadwalader, Son & Co.
Are offering a well assorted stock of
Boots & Shoes,
entirely new, and retailing on 1st floor, at
WHOLESALE PRICES
n order to change Boots and Shoes into Dry Goods,
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Feb. 15.

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BOOTS & SHOES
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Econorize your Money by buying at the
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SHOE STORE,
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THOS. RAWLEY.

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PIPES, TOBACCO BOXES, ETC. ETC
Next door to the Post Office, sign of the big Indian.

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Of all styles and prices, for sale at wholesale and retail, by
JNO. R. NUNEMACHER,
BOOKSELLER AND
STATIONER,
268 Main st., New Albany, Ind.
47

Hospital Chaplains.

Rev. E. J. PURDY Chaplain No. 6. Religious Services at No. 6. Tuesday 7½ P. M. Sunday 11 o'clock. A. M.

Rev. W. V. DANIEL, Chaplain No. 4, and Floating Hospital.

Rev. S. S. POTTER, Chaplain No's. 5 and 8. Services at 10 A. M. and at 2 and 6 P. M. Sunday.

HOSPITAL REPORT.

Changes at General Hospital No. 6, for the week ending April 19.

Whole number of beds,	350.
Admitted,	16.
Discharged from Service,	8.
Returned to duty,	26.
Transfered	2.
Deserted,	0.
Furloughed,	13.
Died	1.
Remaining	271.

Job Printing
EXECUTED AT THE
REVEILLE OFFICE

POETRY.

From the Troy (O.) Union.

Shall We Know Each Other There?

When we here the music ringing in the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angels' voices singing, gladly bid us welcome home,
To the land of ancient story, where the spirit knows no care,
In that land of light and glory, shall we know each other there?
When the holy angels meet us, as we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us, in the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining on us, as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining fondly round us as before?
Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices, and my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices, and the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven, are the lov'd of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given, thus their mortal friends to know.
Oh! ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones, droop not faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the lov'd and just ones, in the land of perfect day;
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers, murmured in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers, "We shall know each other there." KATE.

[REPLY TO THE ABOVE.]

We Shall Know Each Other There.

When we hear the angels singing, round the heavenly throne,
There'll be no hearts of anguish wringing, for the lov'd ones gone.
May thy friends all meet in glory, and not one be lost,
There to tell the ancient story of Jesus and the cross.
May I be there to meet thee, with thee join the band,
With a kiss to greet thee, in the spirit land:
May I see thy mild eye shining, as in days of yore,
May I feel thy dear arms twining, as I ne'er have felt before.
(Wilt thou think it is not prudent, thus to meet me so?
Wilt thou think I am too ardent, and the pleasure might forego?)
Yes, dear sister, I will know thee, if I meet thee there,
But this feeling oft comes o'er me, 'tis the feeling of despair,
That my sins are not forgiven, that my heart is prone to sin,
That I ne'er shall see the heaven that thy soul shall enter in.
But, dear sister, I will meet thee, if my God will give me grace,
And in the realms of glory greet thee, before our Father's face.
I'm a weary, sad, and toss'd one, drooping by the way,
But I'll strive to join the just ones, in the judgement day,
There we'll hear the harp-strings playing music through he air,
And saints for sinners praying, to meet them there.
Yes, dear sister, I will know thee, in that glorious spirit land,
And as on earth I oft have met thee, I will take the by the hand,
And with perfect joy I'll greet thee, as I murmur in thine ear,
'Dearest, I fondly love thee—I am glad to meet thee here."
Then we'll live and love forever, free from every wordly care,
And, dear sister, we shall never cease to know each other there.
LOST CREEK. W. S

MISCELLANY.

BALSAM OF WEDLOCK.—The Arabs possess a wise practice in proceeding for divorce. When married people seek a separation, the Cadi orders them to live for some time with a discreet and oustere man of the tribe, that the latter may examine their life and see on which side the blame lies. This elderly man makes a report at the expiration of the appointed time, and this report is the foundation on which the Cadi builds his judgment of divorce. Experience has demonstrated that there is no better method of restoring peace in families. The husband and wife thus put upon their good behavior, resume the manners of court-days. Each strives to be more amiable than the other, to convince the "elder of Israel" that it is not this one's fault if the honey-moon changed its quarters. Old love is awakened, and the pair that went to the approved man's tent snarling, like cat and and dog, return home cooing like doves.

There Is Light Beyond.

When in Madeira, writes a traveler, I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain, to gaze upon the distant scene and enjoy the balmy air. I had a guide with me, and we had with difficulty ascended some two thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen descending upon us, quite obscuring the whole heavens. I thought I had no hope left but at once to retreace our steps or be lost; but as the cloud came nearer, and darkness overshadowed me, my guide ran on before, penetrating the mist, and calling to me, ever and anon, saying:— „Press on master, press on—there is light beyond."

I did press on. In a few minutes the mist was passed, and I gazed npon a scene of transcendent beauty. All was light and cloudless above, and beneath was the almost level mist concealing the world beneath me, and glistening in the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. There was nothing at that moment between me and the heavens.

O ye, over whom the clouds are gathering, or who sit beneath the shadow, be not dismayed if they rise before you. Press on there is light beyond.

A lady, who was in the habit of spending a large portion of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened one day to be taken suddenly ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a few rods, but soon returned, exclaiming: "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?"

A Western wag says: "General Blunt's starategy is in three parts; first finding where the enemy are, second, immediately throwing a bombshell at them; third, going himself to see where it struck."

A Boston storekeeper the other day stuck upon his door the laconic advertisement: "A boy wanted." The next morning, on opening the store, he fouud a little urchin in a basket, labelled, "Here he is."

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Also sole Agents for the South and West, for GENESEE AND BORBON COUNTY OLD WHISKIES,
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No. 258 Main Street, Crawford's Building,
NEW ALBANY IND.
New York, Cincinnati and Louisville Prices. 40tf

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GET ONE.
FRANTZ'S
STENCIL ESTABLISHMENT,
Get your name cut on BRASS or SILVER PLATE, so that you will be able to mark your name on Linnen, Silk or Cotton Apareal, Books, Cards, &c., with Indelible Ink.
Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates for all business. Many years experience and uniform price enable me to confidentally recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.
P. FRENTZ,
No. 336 MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.
NEW ALBANY, INDIANA. September 3rd, 1864.

COUGH NO MORE!
TRY
STRICKLAND'S
MELLIFLUOUS
COUGH BALSAM.
Cures Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM, to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gurgle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.
Price 75 cents per bottle. For sale by Druggists generally. Sold at J. H. Conner's Drug Store New Albany, Indiana.

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SOLDIER'S RESTAURANT.
Refreshments of all kinds, and meals at all hours, and also Cigars and Tabacco, sold at
NICHOLAS NOLAN,
A discharged Soldier,
CORNER OF LOWER 2d & MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, IND.
March, 8th 1865.

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Boots & Shoes.
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THE REVEILLE.

For the Soldier in the Field and Hospital.

VOL. II. NEW ALBANY, WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1865. NO. 8.

The Reveille,

Published every Wednesday at
Hospital No. 6, New Albany, Ind.,
BY
C. T. ATHEARN,
AND
M. UMBDENSTOCK.

Terms, fifty cents for three months

Letters and communications should be addressed to the "Reveille."

THE CONTRARY MAN.

HOW NICELY HE WAS TAKEN IN BY PATTY.

It was a matter of principle with Mr. Coldstream to be always on the contrary side. In this respect he differed from the amiable old woman immortalized by Dickens; for whereas "everybody went contrary" with her he went contrary with everything.

Had he been born in England, and had fitness been all that was necessary, he would, doubtless, have figured largely before parliament as one of the "opposition," but being born in America, he was obliged to confine the exercise of his peculiar talent to a more limited sphere.

To find out what his opinion was upon any subject you had only to express your own, for he was sure to be on the opposite side. He was politically a Republican—that is, he always voted that ticket, but if we may credit his repeated declarations, he was opposed to every principle they advocated. He quarreled persistently with all they did, and all they failed to do.

He had been a member of one of the orthodox churches for a number of years; but why he ever joined it, was a puzzle to most of the brethren. For according to his language he subscribed to none of the articles of faith; very strenuously opposing them whenever they were mentioned with the slightest approval.

He carried his amiable spirit into all the relations of life. He married his wife simply because his friends opposed the match, and displayed a wonderful ingenuity in finding out her opinions and preferences in order that he might contradict and thwart them, until after the first few months, she moved about the house, to whose well ordering she devoted all her energies, with a timid air, as though she really begged pardon for being there at all.

She rarely ventured to express an opinion of her own; but when she did, she was cut short by the original observation, "What do women know about such matters?" or "my wardrobe is in a shocking condition, Mrs. C., not a decent collar or above a dozen shirts that I can wear. Not a very remarkable circumstance, however, when you will occupy yourself with matters entirely beyond your province and comprehension."

In the early part of her married life she had inadvertently expressed the belief that in purchasing articles belonging exclusively to her own attire, she could lay out the money to better advantage than he. This was enough. Ever afterward, at serious inconvenience and loss of time, he insisted upon purchasing everything for her, from a shawl down to a skein of cotton. He was, as he frequently asserted, "a martyr to her incompetency;" spending whole days in penetrating into the mystery of dry goods and millinery, and bringing home such bargains in the shape of dingy silks and ribbons and prints and delains of such a pattern that his wife trembled whenever she saw him coming home with a bundle under his arm, for he would rarely trust commodities to the care of another.

Mrs. Coldstream bore this very patiently, until one day he sent home a bonnet of light blue and profusely ornamented with flowers of the same delicate hue. She was a gark brunette, and taking it from the bandbox, she held it at arm's length, and surveyed it with an air of consternation.

"How could you select such a color as this, my dear?" she said to her husband, who stood by regarding it with evident complacency; "I never can wear it in the world; I look like a fright in blue."

Nothing more was needed. From that time henceforth blue was the color with Mr. Coldstream. In all its shades, from the darkest indigo to the lightest azure, it was the principal color of his wife's wardrobe; meeting her every remonstrance with the assertion:

"A beautiful color, Mrs. C., and so becoming to your complexion."

Mr. Coldstream had two children, a son and a daughter, who were brought up on the agreeable principle of giving them everything they didn't want and continually crossing their inclinations. The natural result of this was that the son left home at the first opportunity, and the daughter determined to do so as soon as she could obtain that indispensdble article to enable her to do so with propriety, a husband. As she was pretty and sensible, and had more than an usual share of feminine tact, her prospects in that respect were very encouraging.

"My dear Patty," said her mother to her one day, "it won't do for you to encourage Charley Reid's coming here any more; your father has a strong prejudice against him."

Now Patty owed her euphonious name to she fact that it was among the few that Mrs. Coldstream disliked; a dislike that was shared by the the young lady herself, who at one time made an effort to change it to Martha. An attempt that was instantly vetoed by her father, who declared that "Patty was her name and Patty it should be." A fact that he lost no opportunity of impressing upon her mind whenever he saw her in the least inclined to rebel against his authority.

"So he would have against any one that any body else liked," was Patty's rather unfilial rejoinder. "But I've made up my mind to one thing; I won't give up Charley."

And Patty's eyes grew bright, and she set her foot down in a very decided manner.

"But my dear, what will you do?" said Mrs. Coldstream, looking very much distressed. "Your father declares that he shall not come into the house again. And you know as well as I do how set he is in his way."

"I know he always contrives to be on the contrary side of whatever happens. You need not look so troubled, mother. I won't have any trouble with father, if I can help it, if it is only for your sake. But I'll manage to have my own way for once in my life as you shall see."

Patty smiled as she said this, and though her mother shook her head dubiously, as if she had little faith in the assertion, she offered no further remonstrance.

The next day they were all seated together in the family sitting-room. Mr. Coldstream was in rather a melancholy mood; nothing having occurred for some time with which he could find any fault, or get up any contention.

Patty sat by the window to all appearances completely absorbed in fashioning some dainty bit of embroidery, though occasionally her bright eyes gleamed out upon the path that led to the road with expectant look.

Suddenly she heard a step. Even before her eyes fell upon the young gentleman who was just opening the gate, the warm color flushed up from the cheeks to the temples, probably with anger, for she immediately exclaimed:

"I declare if that disagreeable Charley Reid isn't coming again."

"Hey, what's that?" said Mr. Coldstream, pricking up his ears as though like a war horse he scented the battle afar off.

"Charley Reid," said Patty, very composedly threading her needle. "I really wish he had sense enough to see where he wasn,t wanted. I suppose because I have talked to him considerably lately, merely to pass away the time, he fancies I am in love with him."

Here the young lady gave her head a toss, as much as to say, whatever he may think, she hadn't the least idea of it.

"You'd showed your good sense if you was then," retorted her father, "instead of encouraging such a set of brainless popinjays, and which I am determined you shall do no longer. Mr. Reid is a very promising young man, as I have often had occasion to remark, and his preference is an honor to any lady."

Mr. Coldstream was blessed with a very convenient memory, and his daughter's language had roused such a strong spirit of opposition, that he actually believed that he had always regarded the young man with unusual favor.

"Those who like his company are welcome to it; I am going up stairs," said Patty.

And rising from her seat, she began to pick up her work, in a very cool, deliberate manner.

"You'll do no such thing, Miss Patty," said Mr. Coldstream, as soon as he could recover from his astonishment at the unprecedented audacity of her words and looks. "Just resume your seat, if you please. And see, too, that you treat the young gentleman in a proper manner."

Patty flirted down into her seat, muttering something to which her father could not reply, as just at that moment the person in question entered.

The young gentleman, though noted for his ease and self-possession, was evidently embarrassed at his reception. The unexpected cordiality of the old gentleman, who the last time he was there had treated him with marked rudeness, and the unaccountable coolness of the daughter, puzzled him.

Mr. Coldstream darted a displeased glance at his daughter, regarding this a tacit rebellion against his authority.

"Patty," said he, clearing his throat and speaking in a loud voice, "don't you see your neighbor, Mr. Reid?"

Patty arose stiffly from her seat, extending with a very ungracious air her two fore fingers to the young man.

As she did so she glanced around. Her father's pompous air, and Charley's rueful look, were too much for her risibilities, and unable to conceal the strong inclination to laugh, she precipitately left the room, overturning the work box as she went, and scattering the

[See the fourth page.]

The Society of Solitude.

"There is society where none intrudes," not only by the deep sea, but also in the solemn woods, in the green fields, on the mystic mountain-top, and on the arid plain, where the blazing sky meets only the blazing sand, and the circling horizon seems to wall the traveler in with fire.

The white-lipped waves, that evermore caress the ocean's shore—kissing, retiring, laving its heated sands or lashing its gray old rocks until it foams in fury round their base—singing in weird and wondrous tones the world-old anthem to which the stars forever isten, and which the mystic winds eternally applaud—are company fit for kings, and teach a royalty the proudest never knew.

There is no mood they cannot match—no chord they may not fill with harmony more tender far, and far more grand, than Eurydice e'er heard, or Orpheus ever made. What variety of melody they make! They sing unwritten hymns throughout all time, and make it musical for aye without the repetition of a single strain. No Solitude here for him who loves to think; for in the presence of such majesty the lips are dumb, and all the mind can do is wonder and enjoy.

The sunshine struggles through the forest trees in golden shreds, and paints the grass where'er it falls a brighter green; the moonlight bathes, and, like a silver sea, floods all the valley o'er; insects hum their songs and zephyrs whisper tales the Fancy overhears, although the sense be deaf to all the marvels they relate; flowers nod unto the grateful breathings of the breeze, and birds make glad their leafy homes with wooings, old as are the boughs on which they build their nests, yet ever new.

There is no loneliness; for here is Nature, in her many moods, a fond companion ever, and one that does not tire a lover with a twice told tale. The trees, like priests, stretch out their never-weary arms as if they said a gentle benediction to the earth; and the brook babbles from its rocky bed a sempiturnal prayer. Lowly listen, and the sympathy so often sought will fill the soul with all the peace the Planet e'er can give.

What joy the daisies, buttercups and violets give, that carpet fields and lift their petals, only asking to be pressed by wandering footfalls that they may fill the air with fragrance. The sated sight, aweary of the works of men and all their ways, lingers on the distant meadow, then floats upon the waving seas of grain, then climbs in gladness rolling hills, and from their tops peers into Paradise beyond and yet within the blue horizon's haze.

The ear, with busy voices so fatigued and with the city's din annoyed, here rests and finds in silence music; while the smell of new-mown grass and clover blossoms gratifies the sense and makes it glad that it is possible to leave the city's self-imprisonment. This is not solitude; for all around a sweet society exists that fills the mind and takes, as if by storm, its every faculty.

Grandeur makes a dwelling place upen the cloudless mountain-top, and on Sahara,s sterile sand the wanderer finds, although the Simoon may not blow, a thousand thoughts, while Fancy peoples all the air with beings worthy its companionship. For him who seeks for solitude this is no place; even here society abounds; the mind, although it tire of all external to itself, turns inward and there finds variety that must suffice.

Still, the senses are all childlike and they tire, as childhood tires of toys. There is monotony in the external music of the sea; the wooings of the birds grow wearisome; the rippling prayer the brook may teach; the blessings of the stately forest trees; the smell of daisies, and of new-mown hay; the vast variety of scene the seasons bring, all fail. The soul is overshadowed by the sense, and desolation haunts it with its ghoul-like face. Where the best society existed Solitude now reigns, and in this solitude the spirit, sated though it be, finds better things than e'er it knew.

Solitude exists within one's self, or not at all. It is subjective, not objective, and may be deeper in the crowded haunts of men, than on the loneliest shore, or in the gloomiest wood. When lovers part, the universe is all inane; when dies a friend all space is void, and men and nature, forest and field, and mountain-top alike deserted and alone.

There is no beauty for the empty eye, and no society for any desolate heart. This is solitude indeed; and, though the finest landscapes open to the view, or sweetest music dwell within the ear; though all the senses find what most is gratifying unto each, they pall, and still the saddened spirit stands alone.

The bright imaginings with which the Fancy once was fraught, have fled. Faith smiles no more and Hope, whose happy eyes mirrored the Paradise to which her finger pointed, tear-blind, only shows the weary soul where Disappointment dwells. Then solitude becomes society; and in its sadness the bereaved hugs Desolation to its bosom and finds in it the best companion the departed left behind.

Seek not to lift the veil that hides the weeper from the world. No compensation can be had, no consolation offered. Open not afresh those wounds by words; but let thy sympathy be sanctified by silence. The hour may come when thou too wilt find in solitude a boon; when all the days will sunless be, the nights all starless; when Time will seem to have a Memphian gloom and all Eternity a darkness deep as that upon the Stygian shore. Then wilt thou find a sweet society in solitude, made sacred by the fact that here the soul may meet its friend, and here commune, though silently, with what it holds too dear to be exposed to the broad gaze of an unsympathetic world.

IMPORTANT MILITARY ORDER.

Reduction of Expenses.

War Department, Adj't-Gen. Office,
Washington, April 28, 1865.

General Order No. 77.]

For reducing the expenses of the military establishment, it is ordered:

1st. That the Chiefs of the respective Bureaus of the Departments proceed immediately to reduce the expenses of their respective Departments to what is absolutely necessary, in view of the immediate reduction of the forces in the field and in garrison, and the speedy termination of hostilities: and that they severally make out statements of the reductions they deem practicable.

2d. That the Quartermaster-General discharge all ocean transports not required to bring home troops in remote Departments. All river and inland transportation will be discharged, except that required for necessary supplies to troops in the field. The purchase of horses, mules, wagons, and other land transportation will be stopped; also, purchases of forage, except what is required for immediate consumption: all purchases of railroad construction and transportation will also be stopped.

3d. That the Commissary General of Subsistance discontinue the purchase of supplies in his department, except of such as may, with what is on hand, be required for the forces in the field to the first of June next.

4th. That the Chief of Ordnance stop all purchases of arms and ammunition, and materials therefor, and reduce the manufacture of arms and ordnance stores in the Government arsenals as rapidly as can be done without injury to the service.

5th. That the Chief of the Engineers stop all work on all field fortifications and other works, except those for which specific appropriations have been made by the commanders for completion, or that may be required for the proper protection of works in progress.

6th. That all soldiers in hospitals who require no further medical treatment, be honorable discharged from service with immediate payment. All officers and enlisted men, who have been prisoners of war, and are now on furlough or in parole camps, and all recruits in rendezvous, except those for the regular army, will likewise be honorably discharged. The officers, whose duty it is under the regulations of the service, to make out rolls and other final papers connected with the discharge and payment of soldiers, are directed to make them out without delay, so that this order may be carried into effect immediately.

7th. The Adjutant General of the army will cause an immediate return to be made by all the commanders in the field, garrisons, detachments, and posts of their respective forces, with a view to their immediate reduction.

8th. Quartermasters, Subsistence Engineers and Provost Marshal General's Departments will reduce the number of clerks and employees to that absolutely required for closing the business of their respective departments, and will, without delay, report to the Secretary of War the number required of each class and grade.

The Surgeon General will make similar reductions of the surgeons, nurses and attendants in his Bereau.

9th. The chiefs of the respective Bureaus will immedately cause proper returns to be made out of the public property in their charge, and statements of the property in each that may be sold, upon advertisement and publication, without prejudice to the service.

10th. Commanders of prisons will have rolls made out of the name, residence, time and place of capture, and occupation of all prisoners of war, who will take the oath of allegiance to the United States, to the end that such as are disposed to become good and loyal citizens of the United States, and who are objects of Executive clemency, may be released upon the terms that the President shall deem fit and consistent with the public safety.

By order of the Secretary of War.
(Signed,) W. A. NICHOLS, A. A. G.
(Official) THOS. M. VINCENT, A. A. G.

What Mrs. Stansbury Found---

The following only goes further to show how poor innocent man is accused and abused by the fairer portion of creation:

As Mrs. Esther Stansbury, residing in a court running from Race, below Sixth street, was about to bring a bucket of water from the hydraat last night, she found a basked suspended from the knob of the front door. Putting her hands into the basket she felt something alive and kicking, but so wrapped up in rags, that no farther discovery could be made without unwrapping the object. A piece of paper, folded like a letter, lay by the side of the animated bundled. Mrs. S. immediately returned into the house, and by the light of the lamp examined the billet It was directed to her husband. She tremulously broke the seal and read as follows:

"Sir—I send you the baby, which you will please take good care of, and bring up right, so that it may turn out to be a better man than its daddy. Oh. Joseph what a sly old rake you are! Who would think that such a sober old spindle shanks could be such a teraing down sinner? The child is yours—you may swear to that. Look at it—it is Joe Stansbury all over. You deceived me shamefully, Joe, letting on to be a vidower! But do a father's part by the young one, and I'll forgive you.

"Your heart broken NANCY.

"P. S. Don't let that sharp nosed wife of yours see this letter. Gammon her with some kind of a story about the baby."

Mr. Stansbury was in the basement kitchen, quietly eating his supper, and little imagining what a storm was brewing over his head. The door of the kitchen was violently thrown open, and his wife's voice yelled out:

"Stansbury, come up here, you villain! Here's a mess for you!"

The astonished Stansbury hastily obeyed the summons.

"Don't you want to see Nancy, the heart-broken Nancy!" cried Mrs. Stansbury, when her guilty husband hobbled up into the room.

"Nancy? what Nancy's that? Exclaimed the sly old rogue, in well-feigned astonishment.

"Why, Nancy, the mother of this baby that's been hung up at the door, Mr. Stansbury! Oh, you look mighty innocent; but just read that letter, and then look into that basket! Don't be afraid—it won't bite; it's got no teeth, poor thing. You'll know it, for, as the hussy says, it's just like you all over. Please goodness, I'll expose you before everybody."

In less than five minutes Mrs. Stansbury had collected a room full of spectators—half the inhabitants of the street—to witness the process of unwrapping the baby. Anxious expectation sat on every countenance, as the jealous lady tore away rag after rag

from the body of the foundling, the vigorous writhings of which astonished everybody. "It's full of the devil already," said Mrs. S., "that only shows that it's his. You'll soon see that it's like him in everything."

At last all the swaddling clothes being removed, out jumped the baby, and made its escape through the open door. *It was a big tom cat.*

GOD WORKS IN MOST MYSTERIOUS WAYS A physician of this city gives it as his opinion that the cutting of Mr. Seward's throat by an assassin is probably what has saved his life He does not say that this is the kind of treatment he would have prescribed had he been the attending physician, but gives a reason, and a very sensible one, in support of the theory. The incisions in the Secretary's neck not dangerous in themselves, attracted the inflammation from his more serious wounds, received in a fall from his carriage, removing, in a degree, the danger from that source, and allowing the broken bones to heal more rapidly and kindly. Scarification for the removal of inflamation from a wound was once generally approved and practised by the medical profession, and in a different way is still practiced, as, for instance, in the use of croton oil, and other irritants, applied to the skin. Although in the Secretary's case the scarification was intended for a different purpose, yet in the wisdom of Providence the blow which the assassin aimed at his life may have been the means of saving him from death.—Chicago Post.

DECIDEDLY COOL.—The problem of suspending life by freezing seems to be accumulating data. Perch and mullet have been carried from Lake Champlain to eastern cities, frozen perfectly solid, and on being put into a tub of water, have come to as lively as ever. A female convict in Sweden is in ice on experiment. A man was found lately in Switzerland who gave signs of life after being frozen nine months. The power of stopping, while the world goes on may be the next wonder. Ice houses may soon be advertised with comfortable arrangements for skipping an epoch, or waiting for the next generation.

PECOCIOUS.—"Where was I, ma," said a little urchin to his mother, as he stood gazing at his drunken and prostrate father; "where was I when you married pa? Why didn't you take me along? I could have picked out a better man than he is!"

Hospital Chaplains.

Rev. E. J. PURDY Chaplain No. 6. Religious Services at No. 6. Tuesday 7½, P. M. Sunday 11 o'clock. A. M.

Rev. W. V. DANIEL, Chaplain No. 4, and Floating Hospital.

Rev. S. S. POTTER, Chaplain No's. 5 and 8. Services at 10 A. M, and at 2 and 6 P. M. Sunday.

HOSPITAL REPORT.

Changes at General Hospital No. 6, for the week ending May 3.

Whole number of beds,	550.
Admitted,	6.
Discharged from Service,	3.
Returned to duty,	0.
Transfered	0.
Deserted,	0.
Furloughed,	0.
Died	0.
Remaining	227.

I. & H. DAVIS.

Cheapest Clothing House in the West!

We offer for sale a large assortment of Clothing, Hats, and Furnishing Goods, Cheap for Cash.

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32 State St., New Albany, Ind.

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Good Photographs!

is at

PHILLIPS & TEWALT'S

270 MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY IND.

PROVISIONS.

10 Half Bbls. Roll Butter.
Sugar and Hams.
Western Reserve Cheese.
20 Boxes New Raisins.
Cincinnati Dried Beef and Bologne Sausage.
Nos. 1 and 2 Mackerel in Kits and larger packages.
Prime Lard.
German Soap.
Cotton Batting at 30 cts per lb.
Small and Large Wrapping Paper.
Golden Syrup and Orleans Molasses.
Navy and Golden Era Tobacco.

FOR SLE LOW TO DELERS,

AT

REILLY'S,

45 State Streat New Albany Indiana.

Apr. 19th

TO SAVE YOUR MONEY

BUY YOUR

BOOTS AND SHOES

AT THE

New York Shoe Store,

South-West corner State and Main Street.

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1865.

Thas. P. Fitsch'

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AND

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY

PEARL ST. BETWEEN MAIN AND MARKET.

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PIPES, TOBACCO BOXES, ETC. ETC

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

Market Street, corner Lower First,

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dec21

CHEAP

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES

No. 244 MAIN ST., NEW ALBANY. IND

All descriptions of Boots and Shoes at very lowest prices.

Persons will do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

dec21

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re offering a well assorted stock of

Boots & Shoes,

entirely new, and retailing on 1st floor, at

WHOLESALE PRICES

n order to change Boots and Shoes into Dry Goods.

No. 55 State St., between Market and Main

Feb. 15.

POCKETDIARIES

Of all styles and prices, for sale at wholesale and retail, by

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BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,

268 Main st., New Albany, Ind.

47

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For sale at the Reveille Office.

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Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates for all business. Many years experience and uniform price enable me to confidentially recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.

P. FRNTZ,

No. 336 MAN STT, [illegible] LBANY, INAN.

NEW LBANY, INDIANA, September 3rd, 1864.

COUGH NO MORE!

TRY

STRICKLAND'S

MELLIFLUOUS

COUGH BALSAM.

Cures Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM, to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gurgle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.

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CASTORS,
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GOBLETS,
SPOONS,
FORKS,
GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,

Spectacles, Gold Pens of the finest quality,.

In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of

FANCY GOODS.

As Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases, &c., &c.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.

40tf JOHN KNEPFLY.

Job Printing

EXECUTED AT THE

REVEILLE OFFICE.

contents at the feet of her lover, who had risen from his seat, and who began seriously to fear that the young lady had taken leave of her senses. It was a long time before Mr. Coldstream's astonishment and anger would allow him to speak.

"Very rude and improper conduct," he said at last.

"If this is the way you are bringing up your daughter, Mrs. C., it is high time she was taken out of your hands."

The reader will readily conclude that under the circumstances Mr. Reid did not care to prolong his stay.

When he arose to leave, Mr. Coldstream invited him to come again, in a tone and manner that would have been gratifying to him had it not been for the fears he began to entertain that he had not obtained that hold on the heart that he was so desirous of winning, as he had supposed.

In the mean time Patty had run out the back way, down through the orchard to the garden gate, which she knew he would pass, waiting for him.

Charley's countenance brightened as he caught a glimpse of her smiling face. What she said seemed to be satisfactory, so much so that at its conclusion he caught her in his arms, kissing repeatedly her cheeks and lips.

And though Patty blushed, and said: "For shame, Charley!" she did not look in the least angry, nor did she make the slightest resistance.

Charley did not fail to respond to Mr. Coldstream's invitation, spending at his house at least two evenings in every week, taking very philosophically the various exhibitions of sullenness for which Patty rewarded his perseverance, seeming on the whole rather to enjoy them than otherwise. This quite delighted Mr. Coldstream, who declared him to be vastly superior to the common run of young men, just the husband for Patty, inasmuch as he would have a mind of his own, and not give way to all her whims and caprices.

Patty immediately began to extol the graces and accomplishments of the elegant Alphonso Fitzpoodle, following it up by lavishing upon him, when he next called, her sweetest smile. This had the effect of elevating the young coxcomb to the seventh heaven of felicity, from which he was brought rudely down by Mr. Coldstream rudely informing him "that furthermore he need not trouble himself to call on his daughter," much to the satisfaction of the latter, to whom Fitzpoodle was an insufferable bore.

Encouraged by Mr. Coldstream's words and manner, and not at all discouraged by Patty's coolness, Charley made a formal proposal to the former for the hand of his daughter. As he was careful to insinuate that Patty's manner towards him was not calculated to inspire him with much hope, Mr. Coldstream immediately gave his unqualified approval.

"Never mind Patty," he added, "leave her with me. She will come around in time if she sees there is no help for it. And if you carry a steady hand with her, not giving her too much of her way, she will make you as good wife as you can find."

Mr. Coldstream smiled grimly to himself as he said this. And certainly Rarey never felt more satisfaction at an opportunity of snubbing some vicious horse than did this amiable individual at the thought of bringing to terms his refractory daughter.

At the first opportunity he informed Patty of what he was pleased to term her "undeserved good fortune."

As he expected, she stoutly rebelled, and as she expected, he as stoutly insisted. A stormy scene followed, and it was not until Mr. Coldstream gave her the alternative of marrying Mr. Reid or leaving the house that Patty yielded, and then it was with a very bad grace.

"I won't be married for six months, at any rate!" she said.

"You'll be married this day fortnight! I do not approve of long engagements as I have often told you," was the anticipated rejoiner.

"Then it shall be done very quietly, as in that case I shall need no further outfit, and shall escape the annoyance and fatigue of shopping."

"You need not trouble yourself to give any further direction," replied Mr. Coldstream, with a lofty air, "I am quite competent to decide these points. You will be married in a manner suitable to your station, and also in the presence of your friends and acquaintances, and not slyly, as though you were ashamed of the husband I have selected for you."

Then taking a roll of bills from his pocket book, he handed it to his wife, saying:

"It is my wish that you see that Patty has everything in the way of clothing, that is befitting my daughter should have. And if this sum is not sufficient, you call on me for more."

It was Patty's wish to get at once to housekeeping. Though surrounded by every nominal comfort, she had never enjoyed the peace and freedom inseparable from a truly happy home, and which she now hoped to realize for herself.

But she knew that Charley was not able to buy a house, neither would his moderate salary admit of his renting such a one as she wished. But she was aware that her father was the owner of several tenements, and had been hoping all along that he would offer to give them one, which he could well afford to do. She knew his peculiar disposition too well, however, to let him know that she had any such expectation or wish.

One day as she was conversing with one of her young friends, she remarked in a very confident tone:

"We shall board, as a matter of course. I do not intend to tie myself down to housekeeping yet awhile, I promise you."

Her father heard this, as she meant he should.

"Do not be too sure of that, Patty. I do not approve of young people boarding out, as I have often said before. It gets them into bad habits—the wife especially; making her shiftless and extravagant, which you are too much inclined to be already. It is, of course, my intention to settle something on you on the day of your marriage, and it shall be a house."

"Charley will not be able to furnish it; so we shall have to board for a while, at any rate."

"I'll take care of that; I rather think I am able to furnish a house as well as my neighbors. So don't flatter yourself that you'll get off on that score." Just then Charley entered the room, to whom he made known his intention, asking him if he had any choice.

"I'll leave that to you and to Patty," he said, looking very much gratified, for it was something which he hardly expected.

"Well, Patty, what do you say?"

Now had not Patty known her father so well, she might have thought he was really desirous of ascertaining her wishes in order to gratify them; but as it was, she was too wary to be caught in such a trap.

"If I must go to housekeeping," she said, "I do not care much where. Only do not let it be that dull, lonely place on Pleasant street."

"The very one that is most suitable, as any one with the least particle of sense could see. It is very convenient, in perfect repair, besides having a nice garden attached to it."

And taking his hat, he invited Charley to go over and examine it.

"The very one I wanted!" exclaimed Patty gleefully, as the door closed after them.

There was something in her mother's eyes that instantly sobered here.

"I know what you are thinking of," she said, in a low tone; "and I am half ashamed of myself at acting such a deceitful part. But what can I do? You know very well how everything would be if I should speak and act as I feel, and that there is no other way to get along with father."

Mrs. Coldstream could not deny this.

"I am not blaming you, my dear," she said "But this peculiarity in your father is calculated to cultivate in those living with him a spirit of artfulness and deception, unless the disposition is naturally truthful and sincere, as I trust yours is. I hope in your new home you can act yourself, and will not try to be anything else."

"I know one thing," exclaimed Patty, energetically, after a long and thoughtful silence, "that if I thought Charley would ever manage so, dearly as I love him, I would sooner die than place it in his power to make me so completely wretched."

It was not until Patty stood beside him whom her heart had so freely chosen, to be made his in the presence of God and man, that she dared to shadow forth the blissful and happy emotions that filled her bosom.

The change was so sudden and complete that her father noticed it.

"Ah, she is making the best of it as I knew she would," he said to his wife, in a tone of triumph. "See what it is to have firmness and judgment. If she could have had her own way, she would have married that contemptible coxcomb, Fitzpoodle, instead of being the wife of an honest and sensible man."

As time passed on, proving the true worth of the heart she had won—binding it to her own by yet nearer ties, Patty felt that earth did not contain a happier home than her own. Her father, however, took the whole credit to himself, declaring that she owed her happiness entirely to him, and often asked her if she did not remember how bent she was on rejecting Charley and throwing herself away on the most worthless man in town.

Patty never attempted to disprove the assertion, though she sometimes remarked, with a roguish smile, that she was not the only person who "went by contraries."

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Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates for all business. Many years experience and uniform price enable me to confidentally recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.

P. FRENTZ,

No. 336 MAIN STREET, NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

NEW ALBANY, INDIANA, September 3rd, 1864.

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Cures Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM, to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gurgle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.

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Job Printing

EXECUTED AT THE

REVEILLE OFFICE.

THE REVEILLE.

For the Soldier in the Field and Hospital.

VOL. II. NEW ALBANY, WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1865. NO. 9.

The Reveille.

Published every Wednesday at Hospital No. 6, New Albany, Ind., BY C. T. ATHEARN, AND M. UMBDENSTOCK.

Terms, fifty cents for three months

Letters and communications should be addressed to the "Reveille."

POETRY.

For the Reveille.

ON PICKET.

To-night is my night on picket, John,
And dark and drear 'twill be,
But duty is always duty, you know,
And we're striving to be free.
'Tis not with a coward's heart,
That I go forth to-night,
But with the heart of a true soldier,
Resolved to defend the right.

I'm not afraid to die, John,
For such a glorious cause,
For the Union must and shall be preserved,
And we'll help maintain our laws.
But lest I should fall to-night,
By a shot from the cowardly foe,
I ask you, as a last request,
To write to mother and Joe.

Tell them I lived and died for them,
My country and my God,
And that my soul has gone to heaven,
Though my body is 'neath the sod.
That often on the battle field,
Or on picket duty, alone,
I've thought of the dear old cottage,
And the old, old bench of stone.

I've thought of the rippling rills,
Which through the meadows creep,
And the shady, pleasant orchard,
With the grass so cool and deep.
I have thought of the dear old cow,
Which I reared to call my own,
How often have I driven her down,
At night from the pasture alone.

All this, my brave, sturdy comrade,
I entrust for you to write,
When I'm laid 'neath the sod,
Shut out from earthly light.
But I hear the evening call,
And now I bid you good bye,
I hope we will meet in heaven,
Where the soul can never die.

* * * * * * *

The soldier went to his lonely beat,
Far out near the enemy's camp;
But never again did he return,
Through the woods so dark and damp.
But when the sun at early dawn,
Began to restore the day,
His first bright rosy glances,
Shone down on lifeless clay.

BILLY.

MISCELLANY.

WOULDN'T WEAR CRAPE.—A Philadelphia exchanger, speaking of the general display of mourning in that city during the past week, relates the following: The rules of the nondescript society of Quakers recognize no expression of inward grief by outward signs, and the othodox Friends have maintained their uncovered house fronts amid the general craping. Occasionaly it has led to a little inconvenience, and suspicion of unfriendliness toward the Union, A veteran sailor from the Princeton came on shore on Saturday afternoon. He strolled up to Fifth and Race where a straightbrimmed disciple lives. The house is ample in dimensions, but austerely simple in its furnture and decorations. The engravings in the parlor are two in number, One is a representation oj the Saviour riding on as ass toward the city of Jerusalam, and the other is a picture of Moses commanding the children of Isreal to follow simplicity in all their desires. Both engravings are suspended from a whitewashed wall with heavy manilla cord, clipped from the end of a new clothes-line.

Broodbrim didn't crape his house, and the sailor saw it. On his way up, the salt imbibed freely. His potations were water, improved with sundry pokers, and he was ripe and mellow for mischief. A huge marlinspike was carried in his dexter mauler. He came to the house and stopped. There was no crape visible—he was a secessionist. No other conclusion was devisable, and Jack sat down on the door-step. In half an hour out came the Quaker. Jack brightened up. Where's your crape, you land lubber?" "Eh?" hemmend broadbrim, with a look askance at the old man of the sea. "Whar's your crape? Why don't you run up your colors? "My colors?" "Yas-as! your colors! Where's you flag? Shiver my skylights but you're blockaded. Why don't you rig up your bow and put your colors out? Don't you know the President's dead? Are you a seceshea?" "Nay, verily, I am Friend." "Afriend! blow me if you're a friend of Jack's. Avast there; run your lugger aback; I'll swamp you;" and the Quaker, who had tried to pass the querulous salt, retreated from the threatened attitude and brandished marlinspike of the sailor. "Belay now and show your colors. Are you a true blue?" "I am a friend my good sailor, and thee mustn't take possession of my doorstep. I never put crape on my house; nay, not even if my own child lay dead would I robe my windows in black." "Why the devil wouldn't you?" "Because I am a Friend." "A friend of old Nick, then. If I had you between decks I'd lay you in the scuppers and drown you with bilge water. Belay there, or I'll break your figure head into splinters," and as the Quaker again tried to cross the sailor, the marlinspike abrased the skin from the nose and forehead of "Nay, verily."

A policemon who passed saw the occurrence, and took Jack and the Quaker to Alderman Welding's office. The story was soon told. The Quaker demanded vengeance, but the good natured magistrate explained the matter to the salt and discharged him. Jack went away wondering how "anybody wouldn't crape his house and be a friend to anybody but Jeff."

The Drummer Boy.

An incdent occurent in the President's room in November last which illustrates the tenderness of his great and noble heart.

Among the large number of persons wating in the room, standing around to speak to him, was a small, pale delcate boy. The President saw him standing looking so faint and weak, and said to him' "Come here, my boy, and tell me what you want." The boy advanced, placed his hand on the arm of the President's chair, and, with bowed head and trembling said, "Mr. President I have been a drummer in a regiment for two years, and my Colonel got angry with me and turned me off; I was taken sick and have been a long time in hospital. This is the first day I have been out. I came to see if you cannot do something for me."

The President looked kindly and tenderly at him, and asked him where he lived. He replied that he had no home. "Where is your father?" said the President. "He died in the army," answered the boy. "Where is your mother?" "My mother is dead also I have no father, no mother, no brothers no sisters," and, bursting into tears, the boy said, "and no, friends. Nobody cares for me." The scene was very affecting. Mr. Lincoln's eyes filled with tears and he said to him: "Can't you sell newspapers?" "No." said the boy, "I am too weak, and the surgeon of the hospital told me I must leave; and I have no money, and no freinds, and no place to go to."

The scene was indescribably tender and affecting, and the President immediately drew from his drawer a card, on which he wrote his wishes, that the officers should care (in his own affectionate language), "for this poor boy."

When the card was handed to the drummer boy, a smile lit up his face, all wet with tears, and he returned fully convinced that he had at least one good and true friend in Abraham Lincoln.

A Rebel Girl on Union.

The following letter was captured among the effects of Hood's army. There is a good deal of music in it:

Nashville, Jan. 20, 1865.

Dear Brother Tom—I wrote to you some six months ago, and feel quite uneasy about you, as not a line has reached me since your letter last June. I now repeat to you that matters and things are getting worse every day. You will be astonished to hear that your friends of the female denomination are dropping off every day. Yes, dropping off, too, as willing victims into the arms of the ruthless invader. Just think of it! Mollie, the unconquerable, who used to parade that large Beauregard breast-pin, and who used to sing "Maryland, my Maryland," with so much pathos, was married some four months ago to a Federal with one bar on his shoulder. Sallie, who used to sleep with the "Bonnie Blue Flag" under her pillow, who looked daggers and pistols at the invaders, who would not speak to her school-mates, N—— and C——, because they received and treated Federal officers with due politeness, she, too, is gone—yes, married to a Federal officer with two bars! Sue, the historical one, who carried the glittering stilletto in her belt, who was going to imitate Charlotte Corday, and assassinate somebody for her country's sake, she, too, has gone the way of all flesh, and married an officer with that detestable eagle on his shoulder, and now, pull out your handkerchief, and prepare for the worst, my poor brother Tom. Your old sweetheart, Anna, the one to whom you dedicated your sweetest verses, and whose melodious voice so often mingled with yours in days of yore, who defied both Generals and the whole 15th Army Corps, who was sent first South, then North but upon whose rebellious temperament no change could have the least influence, she, too, has hauled down the stars and bars, and is about to surrender at discretion. I should not have believed this, but to convince myself I passed her house the other night with a gentleman who protects us during your absence, on purpose to find out the state of her political sentiments from her musical programme. Take it like a man, Tom! for I must tell you that I heard very distinctly the words of "Rally round the Flag," and "The Union Forever," sung in her best style, with a glorious tenor voice mingling with it.

Poor brother Tom! You know I considered her always the Gibraltar of the South, and now, when she surrenders, I must think that the Confederacy has gone up. You had better come home immediately and look to your interests in that quarter, as perhaps, it may not be too late yet to produce a favorable change in your suit. Tell the boys down in Dixie if they do not return soon they will not find a single girl or widow, below conscript age in these parts, as the watchword now seems to be "Sauve qui peut," which means "Marry who you can." My principles are unchanged, and I am as true to the South as

[See the fourth page.]

The Reveille.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1865.

VALEDICTORY.

The present number of the REVEILLE will be the last, at least for the present. All of our printers are to be mustered out of service under the last order. The period of Hospital life is also about closed. In a few months this Hospital with most of the Hospitals throughout the country, will be no longer needed.

The REVEILLE commenced more than one year ago, when clouds were dark above our country. With what energy could be spared from the active duties of Hospital work, we always battled for the right. When others in our midst grew discouraged, and even ventured to say that the rebellion could not be put down, we pinned our faith to our brave boys, and the victories of the present is our rich reward.

THE REVEILLE has furnished employment to many persons, disabled in the field, on whose hands time would otherwise have hung heavily enough. The office has also been the means of furnishing for this Hospital a great variety of blanks, Diet lists, &c., thus bringing up the various Departments of the Hospital to the highest degree of efficiency. We have learned a lesson which will not be forgotten— that the printing-press is one of the necessary appliances of war. No Hospital of 500 beds can be efficient without its aid. Let us hope, however, that war is now at an end and that the press will only be used, in its legitimate sphere, as an instrument of peace throughout the land.

The loyal people of New Albany have our earnest thanks for their hearty co-operation in the little work we have been able to do.

The attempts of traitors to destroy this Goverment has signally failed. The nation is stronger to-day than ever before. The United States has passed through the ordeal, and has come out tried and ready for any emergency.

HOSPITALS.—The rapid closing up of the war has occasioned a number of changes in the Hospitals of this city. No. 5, (colored,) and No. 8 are to be closed up immediately. No. 4 and 6 still remain, one of them, most likely, till Hospitals are no longer needed. Several of the surgeons on duty in this city have been discharged: Surgeons Sloan, Clapp, Moore, Green, Reilly, Cooper, and Glasspoole. Dr. Shields is relieved from duty at Hospital No. 6, and ordered to the Hospital Boat.

The hospitals of this city, under the superintendence of Surgeon Fry, have been creditable to the Medical Department and to the State. No Hospitals in the country have been spoken of more highly, or more fully answered the wants of our suffering soldiers.

☞No. of letters mailed at the post office of Hospital No. 6, for the month of April:

No. mailed 2088, No. Received 1821,
" of Papers mailed 218, No. " 725,

WEATHER.—Cool and cloudy, with the appearance of rain.

To all appearances the great rebellion of the nineteenth century is fast drawing to a close. The rebellion (which has marshaled over three millions of men to arms) is about to cease. Those who have been instrumental in its overthrow are quietly returning to the arms of loved ones at home, to enjoy the rewards for all their trials, troubles, hardships and privations, through which they have passed during the last four years. Their privations and hardships have been many and various; too well known and understood to require illustration. But the greater the sacrafice the richer the reward. Although acquaintances, friends and relatives slumber beneath the soil they fell to defend, yet the nation lives. Yes, thank God, the nation lives. The noble institutions founded by the patriots of seventy-six yet remain unpoluted by a traitor's touch. The noble principles advocated by the founders of this great Republic have been vindicated and sustained. The old flag again waves triumphantly from the lakes to the coast. The great leader of the rebellion, himself, a fugitive fleeing from the hand of justice, with the mark of a murderer stamped upon his forehead, deeper, darker than that worn by Cain. So may it ever be with traitors. D. S.

A frightful and fatal disease has made its appearance in the Townships of Hay, Hibbert and Osborne, in the county of Perth. Several deaths have already occurred. It generally commences with a pain in the back of the head or neck; the body gets spotted in a few hours; delirium then ensues; then death.—Hamilton (C. W.) Spectator.

Four men were killed, on the receipt of the news of the assassination of President Lincoln, in New Orleans, for rejoicing over his death.

The French Moniteur, in an article on the best mode of laying down a submarine-cable, proposes a system of buoys supporting it in midwater.

There is a Pennsylvania soldier who has lost both arms, both legs and one eye, and remains alive to tell the story.

For the first time since the suspension of specie payments, the supply of cents at the mint in Philadelphia, it is stated, exceeds the demand.

Secretary Stanton has ordered that all civilians desiring to visit Richmond and immediate points must go via the Baltimore boats.

President Johnson and the Cabinet are considering measures for the restoration of order throughout the South. Another proclamation will be issued in a few days.

Howdoesalinelookwithoutspaces.

The Result of a Slight Mistake.

A good story is told of a gentleman residing several miles outside the lines, whose politics are as doubtful as the precise fate of Sir John Franklin and his crew of explorers. When General Hatch's division of cavalry was encamped in his vicinity, he took the oath of allegiance to the Government, more for the purpose of obtaining protection for his property than from conviction. He received every protection, and lost nothing by the proximity of the "Yankees." Anon Gen. Hatch's command was ordered to other scenes, and soon after a brigade of Forrest's cavalry encamped on the same spot. Horses and mules were in great demand with the 'graybacks," and the gentleman already mentioned, who was the owner of a large stock, to save them found it necessary to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate States, and take papers of protection from Forrest, as he had so recently done from Hatch. The rebel cavalry finally left and the gentleman's property uninjured; and he felicitated himself upon his shrewdness in having so safely escaped the "double trouble." His wife carfully put away the protection papers from both sides, until it should be necessary to make use of them again. Weeks afterward, a brigade of Federal cavalry, returning from an expedition, made a temporary resting place of the old camping ground, and called upon their neighbor for horses and mules. "But I have papers of protection," replied the owner "Produce them." rejoined the commanding officer. And running into the house, the gentleman soo brought out the documents. Having read them, the officer remarked; "We don't do business with Mr. Forrest—we run another "shebang';" then turning to his commaud, said: "Boys take every animal this old codger has on his premises; he's been riding two nags at once." In a few minutes there was not a quadruped left on the plantation. The difficulty was this: the gentleman, in his haste, had produced the rebel papers, instead of those received from Gen. Hatch, and thus exposed himself. Truly, these are times that try men's consciences.—Memphis Bulletin.

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.—The Atlanta Intelligencer publishes the following among its selected items:

It is a well known fact that the reason assigned by many for the panic which caused our troops to break at the battle of Mission Ridge, was that the enemy showed themselves in such overwhelming numbers that our boys thought the whole world was marching to attack them. We, to show the opinion prevailing among our boys, will relate the following anecdote, which we do not remember to have seen in print:

As line after line, and mass after mass of Yankees appeared, crossing the plain and ascending the hill-side marching onward with seemingly resistless force, our troops began to waver, and many of them, to their shame, fled without firing a gun. Some of them, however, stayed until the last. Among them was one fellow, who, to use his own language, "stayed thar till they got so close that I heered one of the Yankee ginerals give the command: 'Attention, world! By nations, right wheel! By states, fire!' Then I thought it was time for this darned little Southern Confederacy to get out of the way!" Don't blame him for it; it was about time to "get out of the way."

IMAGINATION OR AFFECTATION.

A lady, possessing exceedingly delicate nerves, was relating to some friends, who were making her an afternoon call, the unpleasant effects which she experienced from the perfume of roses. "The odour of that flower,,, said she, "is very offensive and gives me the vertigoes, and sometimes deprives me of all sensaion." She was interrupted by the entrance of a young lady, an acquaintance, who wore in her bosom a beauiful moss rose. As she advanced toward the fair mistress of the house, that lady turned pale, appeared to be in much distress, raised her hand imploringly, and fell fainting on an ottoman. "What wonderful nervous sensibility!" exclaimed one of her friends. "What a delicate organization!" said another. "Do, my dear madam be so good as to leave the room, for you have undoubtedly caused this sudden indisposition." "I!" replied the young lady, much astonished. "What have I done?" "Done Nothing. But it is the powerful odour from that moss rose you wear in your breast which has caused this misfortune." "Indeed! If that is the case, I will hand over to you the culprit for punishment; but I only ask you to judge the case impartially before you condemn my poor flower." She then took the rose from her bosom, and handed it to the ladies who were present. Their inquietude soon gave place to surprise. It was an artificial rose!

The indications now are that Bowles, Milligan and Horsey, the leaders of the sons of liberty, convicted at Indianapolis a few weeks since, will be executed. The sentence of the miletery tribune has never been divuged, but it is supposed to be death, and the culprits have been spared thus long only by the forbearance of the last President.

The wheat crop in Kint County, Md., is said to present a fine apperance, but the peach buds have been injured by recent frost.

Simeon Draper was announed to address a public meeting in Charleston on the 28th.

Gen. Grant's house, which the denizens of the City of Brotherly Love, have presented to that officer, has been thoroughly furnished in the best manner and was to have been occupied for the first time by the General's family yesterday.

My Neighbor's Wife.

We are taught to love, from childhood's years
'Twas stamped upon my mind;
My earliest article of faith
Was love for human kind;
To love my neighbor as myself
Is Christian-like they say;
And if I love my neighbor's wife,
How can I help it, pray?

The golden rule I strive to heed
Wherever I may be,
And do to others as I would
That they should do to me;
And so one day, I thought 'twere well
If I precept tried,
And filled with, generous, thoughts, I took
My neighbor's wife to ride.

But ah! this kind and simple act,
Gave rise to slanders high:
A host of furious tongues assailed
My neighbor's wife and I;
We're taught to share withe liberal hearts
The blessings that we prize—
To smile with others when they smile
And dry the mourner's eyes.

[illegible] one day I chance to find
My neighbor's wife in tears,
whispered words of sympathy,
Within her listening ear;
drew her trembling form to mine,
And kissed her tears away;
The act was seen; and lo! there was
The very deuce to pay.

Alas; alas; 'tis passing strange—
I'm sure I can't see through it;
I told to love with all my heart,
Then blamed because I do it;
Impresept that I learned in youth,
Will cling to me through life;
To love my neighbor, and
I'M SURE I love his wife.

On the day of the President's funeral, a bronzed and weather-beaten soldier, anxious to obtain a better view of the procession, happened to step before a party of ladies and gentlemen. One of the gentlemen nudged him on the elbow, at the same time observing, "Excuse me, sir, but you are right in front of." Bowing handsomely in return, the soldier replied: "That is nothing remarkable with me, sir, for I have been in front of you for three years." So these iron-men, marching with the nonchalance of veterans, are men who have stood in "front of us three years."

Hospital Chaplains.

Rev. E. J. PURDY Chaplain No. 6.
Divine Services at No. 6. Tuesday 7½, P. M. Sunday 11 o'clock. A. M.
Rev. W. V. DANIEL, Chaplain No. 4, Floating Hospital.
Rev. S. S. PETTER, Chaplain No's. 5 and 8. Services at 10 A. M, and at2 and 6 P. M. Sunday.

HOSPITAL REPORT.

Changes at General Hospital No. 6, for the week ending May 10.

Whole number of beds,	550
Admitted,	4
Discharged from Service,	4
Returned to duty,	3
Transfered	1
Deserted,	0
Furloughed,	29
Died	0
Remaining	274

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10 Half Bbls. Roll Butter.
Sugar and Hams.
Western Reserve Cheese.
20 Boxes New Raisins.
Cincinnati Dried Beef and Bologne Sausage.
Nos. 1 and 2 Mackerel in Kits and larger packages.
Prime Lard.
German Soap.
Cotton Batting at 30 cts per lb.
Small and Large Wrapping Paper.
Golden Syrup and Orleans Molasses.
Navy and Golden Era Tobacco.
FOR SLE LOW TO DELERS
AT
REILLY'S,
45 State Streat New Albany Indiana.
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Boots & Shoes.
J. C. HURSEL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
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BOOTS AND SHOES
No. 244 MAIN ST., NEW ALBANY. IND
All descriptions of Boots and Shoes at very lowest prices.
Persons will do well to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.
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TO SAVE YOUR MONEY
BUY YOUR
BOOTS AND SHOES
AT THE
New York Shoe Store,
South-West corner State and Main Street.
pril 26-1m. E. HRDIN G.

BLANKS
For Furloughs and Vouchers
For sale at the Reveille Office.

POCKETDIARIES
Of all styles and prices, for sale at wholesale and retail, by
JNO. R. NUNEMACHR,
BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,
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Wholesale and retail dealer in
TOBACCO, CIGARS,
PIPES, TOBACCO BOXES, ETC., ETC
Next door to the Post Office, sign of the big Indian.

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FINE ART
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PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY
PEARL ST. BETWEEN MAIN AND MARKET.
40tf

J. Cadwalader, Son & Co.
re offering a well assorted stock of
Boots & Shoes,
entirely new, and retailing on 1st floor, at
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n order to change Boots and Shoes into Dry Goods.
No. 55 State St., between Market and Main
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If you want good
PHOTOGRAPHS,
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WILSON'S GALLERY,
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Market Street, corner Lower First,
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CHEAPEST
BOOTS & SHOES
IN THE CITY.
Econonize your Money by buying at the
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SHOE STORE,
297 Main St., between Bank and Pearl, South side, New Albany, Ind.
THOS. RAWLEY.

GET ONE.
FRANTZ'S
STENCIL ESTABLISHMENT,
Get your name cut on BRASS or SILVER PLATE, so that you will be able to mark your name on Linnen, Silk or Cotton Apareal, Books, Cards, &c. with Indelible Ink.
Persons could please their friends by having their names cut and sending it to them by mail. I also get up Stencil Marking Plates for all business. Many years experience and uniform price enable me to confidentally recommend our work as unsurpassed in the west.
I. FRANTZ.
NEW ALBANY,
INDIANA.
September 3rd. 1864.

COUGH NO MORE!
TRY
STRICKLAND'S
MELLIFLUOUS
COUGH BALSAM.

Cures Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma and Consumption. It is only necessary for any one troubled with these complaints to try one bottle of STRICKLAND'S MILLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM, to convince them that it is the best preparation ever used. It not only cures the above affections of the Throat and Lungs, but it cures Night Sweats and Spitting of Blood, and is an excellent gurgle for any kind of Sore Throat. It is pleasant to take, and a safe medicine for infants.
Price 75 cents per bottle. For sale by Druggists generally. Sold at J. H. Conner's Drug Store New Albany, Indiana.

JOHN KNEPFLY,
No. 300 MAIN ST.,
Has just received a New and Complete Stock of GOLD AND SILVE. WATCHES, CHAINS, CLOCKS of every description, and JEWELRY of the most hansome and latest styles.
SILVER AND SILVERPLATED WARE
Constantly on hand, as
TEA SETS,
CASTORS,
WAITERS,
PITCHERS,
GOBLETS,
SPOONS,
FORKS,
GOLD AND SILVER HEADED CANES,
Spectacles, Gold Pens of the finest quality,.
In connection with the above I have an entire Stock of
FANCY GOODS.
A Ladies' Fancy Combs, Fans, Work Boxes, Portmonies, Silver and Pearl Card Cases,
full
40tf
J

ever. We have a captain boarding with us merely by way of protection, who appears to be rather a clever fellow for a Federal. He takes a sly glance at me at the table sometimes, but of course I do not return it. You know me too well for that. Let me hear from you soon, and believe me, ever,

Your loving sister, MARIE.

P. S. I. Do you think it would be a violation of my Southern principles to take an occasional ride for my health with the captain? He has such a nice horse and buggy. You know there can be no possible harm in that.

P. S. II. That impertinent fellow actually squeezed my hand as he helped me out of the buggy this evening. We had such a delightful ride. I want you to come home and protect me, Tom, as I don't like to live this way much longer.

P. S. III. If ever I should marry a Yankee, (but you know my principles too well for that,) I would do it merely as the humble instrument to avenge the wrongs of my poor oppressed country. Little peace should he find day or night; thorns should be planted in his couch; his dreams should be of Holofernes and my dry goods bills as long as the Internal Revenue law.

P. S. IV. Come home, brother Tom, and take the amnesty oath for two months or thereabouts. I want to tell you a secret! On due consideration I have come to the determination to make a martyr of myself! Yes brother Tom, I am going to marry the captain on patriotic principles. MARIE.

A Dry Pump.—In a town in the goodly State of Massachusetts, did one time reside a lass of six years old, whose name was Martha. In the same house with this little lass lived a maiden lady of very unpleasant ways, whose delight it was to "pester" the small Martha with questions, by which means Martha had come to much dislike Miss Pump. Once Martha made a visit to Boston. When she returned, Miss Pump at once set upon her. Whereat this colloquy:

"Where ye been, Marthy?"

"To Boston, Miss Pump."

"La! And who'd ye see there, Marthy?"

"O, I saw a—a angel."

"My! And what'd the angel say, Marthy?"

"He said, 'How do you do, pretty little girl."

"Sakes! And what else d'ye see, Marthy?"

"O, I saw—I saw—the Devil!"

"Marcy! And what'd he say, Marthy?"

"He said, 'How is my good old friend, Miss Pump?"

The pump became suddenly dry.

Good morning, Mr. Henpeck have you any daughters that would make good type setters?

Not exactly, but I have got a wife that would make a first-rate devil.

☞ 'My lad,' said a lady to a boy who was carrying the ma... do

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